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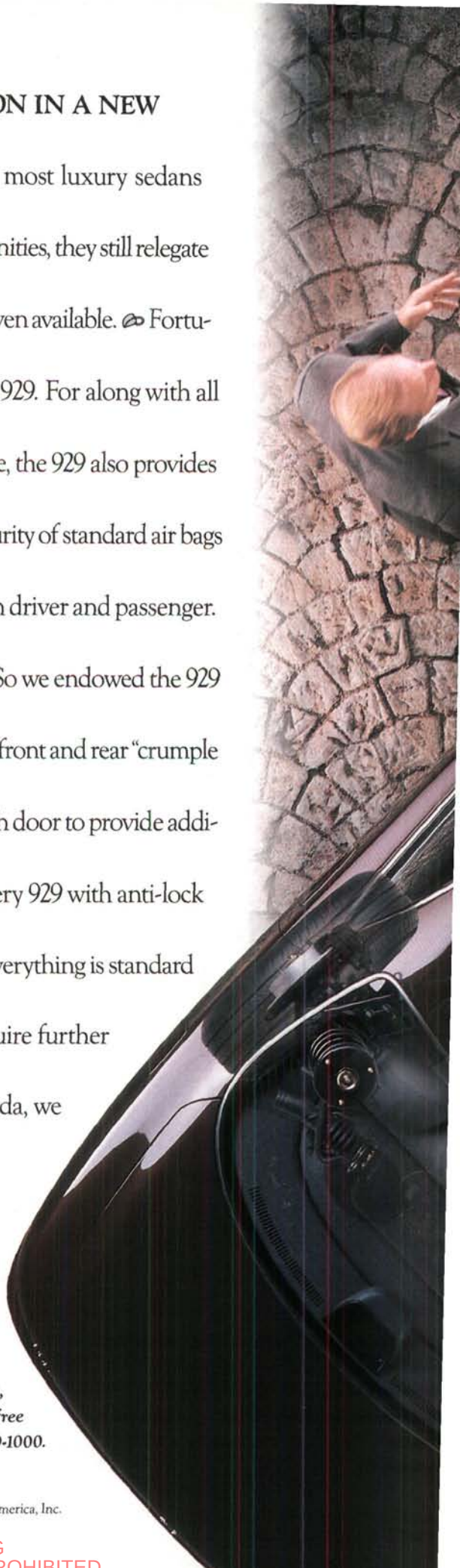
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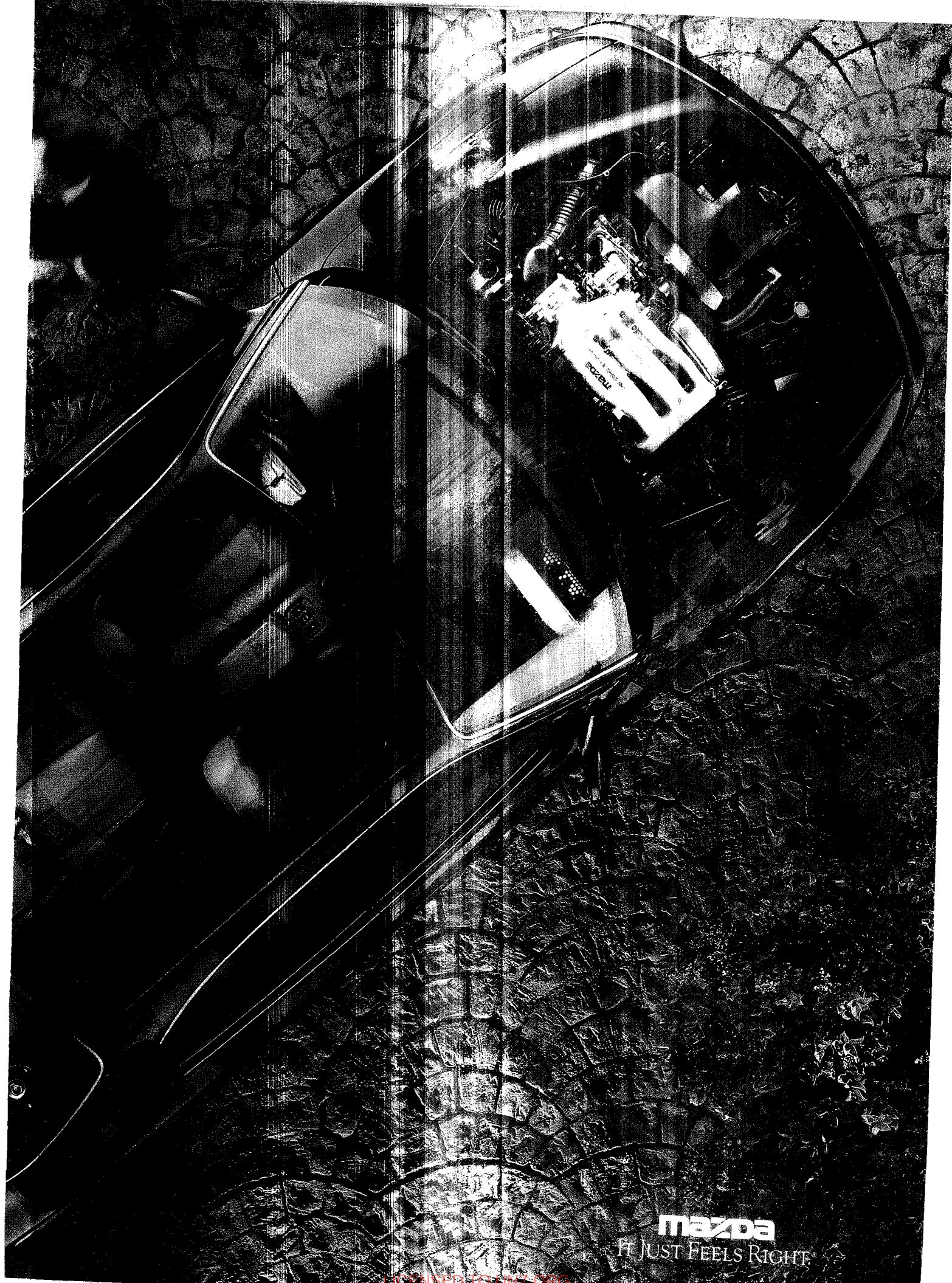
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THE NEW YORKER

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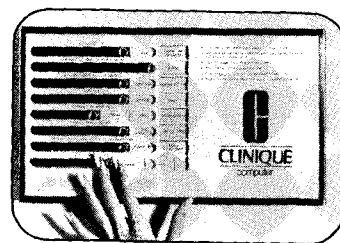
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

WILLIAM STYRON's 1967 book, "The Confessions of Nat Turner," made the charismatic Virginia slave a recognizable name in middle-class households throughout America. What the writer did not do, according to certain critics, was make Turner a recognizable historical figure. These commentators complained that Styron exaggerated Turner's affection for a white woman and downplayed his violent resolve; more damaging, the portrayal of the 1831 uprising in Southampton County, Virginia, which Turner led, was said to be insufficiently critical of slavery as an institution. There's nothing pusillanimous about Michael Henry Brown's Nat Turner. In Brown's new play, "Ascension Day" (Hudson Guild Theatre; through March 8), it is Turner's transformation from Bible-toting pacifist to wronged firebrand which is both crucial and moving. The playwright has set his character's conversion amid a slightly plodding dramatic structure, but the material has been well served by the director, L. Kenneth Richardson, and by an ace cast, which includes Arthur French, Novella Nelson, and Ving Rhames. Michael Beach gives a subtle, resonant performance as Turner.

Nat Turner would hardly have merited a mention in the project undertaken by Ellen Winston, the central character in Janet Reed's new comedy, "Making Book" (Primary Stages Company; through March 1). Winston (played by Claudia Fielding), a New York editor, is compiling an American-history textbook in which any incident deemed even remotely controversial is excised by her superiors. There's nothing particularly remarkable about Susan Einhorn's production, but she at least has Reed's clever script to work with. "Making Book" had us thinking about everything from our fifth-grade social-studies teacher to Hayden White's theories about historical narrative. It's a welcome, albeit slight, satire on political correctness.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

BEFORE IT HITS HOME—Frankie R. Faison, Yvette Hawkins, and James McDaniel in a play by Cheryl L. West. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

COWBOY IN HIS UNDERWEAR (A DARK JOURNEY)—A play written and directed by Adam Oliensis, which is presented by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company. Jake Daehler and Alice Haining are featured. Opens Feb. 17 at 8. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 886-1889.)

CRAZY FOR YOU—A new musical that incorporates nineteen Gershwin songs and has a book by Ken Ludwig. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson lead the cast; Mike Ockrent directed. Preview on Feb. 18. Opens Feb. 19 at 6:15. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN—A drama by the Chilean playwright Ariel Dorfman which stars Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman. Mike Nichols directed. In previews. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

FOUR BABOONS ADORING THE SUN—Stockard Channing and James Naughton star in a new play by John Guare. Directed by Peter Hall. Previews begin Feb. 22. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



A LIFE IN THE THEATRE—F. Murray Abraham and Anthony Fusco star in a revival of David Mamet's 1977 play about actors. Kevin Dowling directed. Previews through Feb. 23 at 2. Opens Feb. 23 at 5:30. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667.)

PRIVATE LIVES—Joan Collins is Amanda and Simon Jones is Elyot in this revival of the 1930 Noël Coward comedy, which Arvin Brown directed. Previews Feb. 18-19. Opens Feb. 20 at 6:45. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SEARCH AND DESTROY—Griffin Dunne has the lead in this dark comedy by Howard Korder, which had its premiere at California's South Coast Rep. in 1990. Previews through Feb. 25. Opens Feb. 26 at 6:45. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF FIRE—Jon Robin Baitz's play, which ran at Playwrights Horizons last spring, moves to Lincoln Center. The cast once again comprises Patrick Breen, Sarah Jessica Parker, Ron Rifkin, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ASCENSION DAY—The Working Theatre presents a play by Michael Henry Brown about the 1831 slave rebellion led by Nat Turner. Directed by L. Kenneth Richardson. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 279-4200. Closes March 8.)

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

THE BELLS; OR, THE POLISH JEW—Everett Quinton has adapted an adaptation of a hundred-and-twenty-year-old "dramatic study." He also plays all nine roles. Eureka directed. (Charles Ludlum, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

BOESMAN & LENA—This revival of Athol Fugard's spellbinding play is more openly emotional than most other stagings have been. Keith David and Lynne Thigpen are the intrepid Cape Coloureds and Tsepo Mokone is the black African whom the couple shelter at considerable risk. All three perform splendidly, under Mr. Fugard's direction. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/92.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CHESS—Tim Rice has revised the book and lyrics for this revival of the musical, which has a score by Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. (Master, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. 663-8893.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The third play of the season is **THE BALTIMORE WALTZ**, by Paula Vogel. The cast, directed by Anne Bogart, consists of Cherry Jones, Joe Mantello, and Richard Thompson. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes March 8.)

CINDERELLA—The Riverside Shakespeare Company presents an English pantomime version of the fairy tale. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes March 8.)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS—A production of Shakespeare's comedy, directed by William Gaskill and presented by Theatre for a New Audience. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

CREDITORS—Zach Grenier, Caroline Lagerfelt, and Nestor Serrano in August Strindberg's 1889 play. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes March 8.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

DOWN THE FLATS—A play by Tony Kavanagh, which is set in Dublin. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

FINKEL'S FOLLIES—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyush Finkel. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA—In eleven scenes, Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. The role of the author is split between Ms. Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams, and the result is a lively and merry evening. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

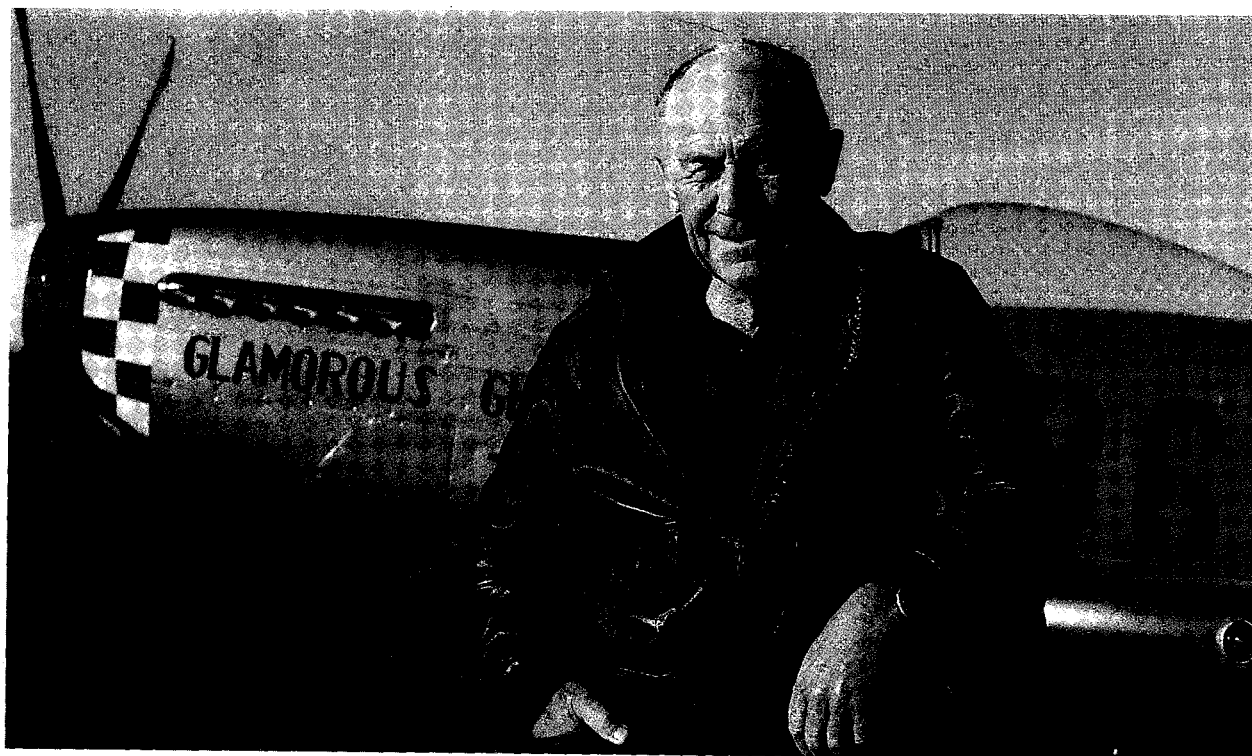
GRANDCHILD OF KINGS—The first installment in Harold Prince's two-part adaptation of the autobiographies of Sean O'Casey. Presented by the Irish Repertory Theatre. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre for the New City, 15 First Ave., at 10th St. 477-7900.)

INNOCENT ERÉNDIRA AND HER HEARTLESS GRAND MOTHER—An adaptation of a novella by Gabriel García Márquez; directed by Jorge Ali Triana. Performed in Spanish; simultaneous-English translation sets are available. (Repertori Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEE** and Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART**. (Bowery Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

JULIE HALSTON'S LIFETIME OF COMEDY—For up-to-the-minute coverage of what it is like to be "divorced, over thirty, hormonally imbalanced," you can't do better than the wit and wisdom of this multi-talented actress-comedienne-sage. She's a little like Joan Rivers, a little like Joan Collins, and a little like St. Joan. Also a little like ZaSu Pitts. Among our favorite moments in this autobiographical show are the story of events leading up to Miss Halston's tragic divorce, the visit to the breast doctor, and the ritual reading of a textual analysis of the *Times* wedding announcements. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

LADY BRACKNELL'S CONFINEMENT AND THE PARTY—The first is a comedy by Paul Doust that concerns one of the characters from "The Importance of Being Earnest," and the second is Ellen McLaughlin's adaptation of three Virginia Woolf stories. (Vineyard, 1 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes March 1.)



"If you want to grow old as a pilot, you've got to know when to push it, and when to back off." *Chuck Yeager*

Throughout his remarkable career, Chuck Yeager has shown an uncanny talent for what pilots call "pushing the edge of the envelope." At 21, only three years after boarding his first plane, Yeager was leading a squadron of fighter pilots in World War II. And at the age of 24, he became the first person to fly faster than the speed of sound.

Attempting such dangerous feats is one thing. Living to describe them to your grandchildren is another. Displaying the enormous courage, skill and cool judgment needed to do both has made General Chuck Yeager an authentic American hero.

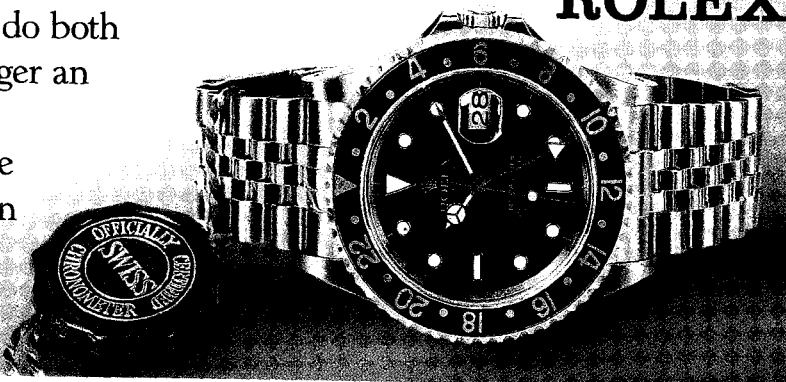
Although retired from the military, Yeager remains a man on the move. He's an avid sportsman with a lifelong

love of the outdoors, a lecturer and a consulting test pilot who still loves to fly. "Maybe I don't jump off 15-foot fences anymore," said Yeager, "but I can still pull 8 or 9 G's in a high-performance aircraft." And in all his exploits, Yeager depends on a rugged and reliable time-piece. "I wore a Rolex 40 years ago when I broke the sound barrier and I still do today," says Yeager matter-of-factly.

"A pilot has to believe in his equipment. That's why I wear a Rolex."



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LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Christine Baranski, Joanne Camp, Jonathan Hadary, and Brian Kerwin; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

A LITTLE HOTEL ON THE SIDE—The National Actors Theatre production of Georges Feydeau's "Hotel Paradiso" (in the John Mortimer translation) is neither so entertaining or well presented that you would actually send anyone to see it nor so terrible that you would pity anyone who had procured a ticket. Your move. (2/10/92) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes March 1.)

MAKING BOOK—A comedy by Janet Reed about textbook publishing. With Daniel Ahearn, Catherine Curtin, Claudia Fielding, Allison Janney, and, in a cameo role, Percy Granger. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes March 1.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering young man. Also with Alice Drummon, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist, David Petrarca the director. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes here on Feb. 23; the show moves downtown to the Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, 420-8000, starting Feb. 28.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—A revival of Frank Loesser's 1956 musical comedy, with Spiro Malas and Sophie Hayden. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez, the production originated at the Goodspeed Opera House, in East Haddam, Connecticut. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PARK YOUR CAR IN HARVARD YARD—Jason Robards, white-bearded and padded to portliness, plays a retired teacher, and Judith Ivey is a former student who gets a job as his housekeeper, in Israel Horovitz's very funny, touching play, which is set in Gloucester, Massachusetts, over a year's time. Under Zoe Caldwell's expert direction, the performances are as near to perfection as makes no matter. (11/18/91) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Feb. 23.)

RETURN TO THE FORBIDDEN PLANET—Gabriel Barré, Julie Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all appealing in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's subsequent indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

SIGHT UNSEEN—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

TUBES—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

THE VISIT—Jane Alexander is impressive as a rich, vindictive old woman who returns to her native town, in Switzerland, to wreak vengeance on the man who once betrayed her, and Harris Yulin performs well, too, as her victim. But under the suffocating direction of Edwin Sherin, Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play seems bleaker than it actually is. (2/3/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes March 1.)

YORK THEATRE COMPANY—Presenting **AFTER THE DANCING IN JERICO**, a comedy by P.J. Barry, which is about two high-school friends reunited after thirty-five years. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Feb. 23.)

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE

KANDER & EBB MUSICAL: A musical revue, with Karen Ziemba, Joel Blum, Terry Burrell, Marcus Lovett, and Marin Mazzie. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)... **BREAKING LEGS**: The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Karen Valentine, Ronald Maccone, and Nick Wyman. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)... **CATS**: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: The longest-running long run turns thirty-two in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **FOREVER PLAID**: Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **GRAND HOTEL**: The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)... **LOST IN YONKERS**: There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)... **LES MISÉRABLES**: The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **MISS SAIGON**: Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)... **NUNSENSE**: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **PAGEANT**: A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)... **PERFECT CRIME**: A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **THE SECRET GARDEN**: This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **SONG OF SINGAPORE**: A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)... **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES**: The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)



DANCE

THE other day, we attended a pow-wow initiated by the Dance Collection at the Lincoln Center Library for the Performing Arts on the subject of the documentation and preservation of dance, and it led us to ruminate on the old question of how one decides what to save. Whenever we start this kind of thinking, we like to go back to a little book from 1962 called "The Shape of Time: Remarks on the History of Things," by George Kubler. Mr. Kubler makes distinctions that seem sensible to us, and one of them is between art and tools. "A tool is always intrinsically simple, however elaborate its mechanisms may be," he wrote, "but a work of art, which is a complex of many stages and levels of criss-crossed intentions, is always intrinsically complicated, however simple its effect may seem." How do you save an intention? Take Balanchine's "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze'" (1980), which the New York City Ballet is performing this month. Suppose you were going to document that work. Of course, you would want a notation score, videos, and so forth. Yet, in the light of Mr. Kubler's definition of art, these don't go quite deep enough.

Suddenly, we remembered something we had learned from the author Suzanne Massie. Ms. Massie had been present at some of the rehearsals for the Schumann ballet, and she asked Mr. B. which musical interpretation of the "Davidsbündlertänze" he himself listened to. "Alfred Cortot," he replied. As it happens, many of the recordings of Cortot—a Swiss pianist trained in France—have just been released on CD by Biddulph. In listening to Cortot's "Davidsbündlertänze," which was first recorded in 1937, we understood an aspect of the music we'd never before appreciated: it provides a pianist with innumerable occasions for instantaneous changes of tone. With Cortot, you almost feel privy to the momentary recalibration of the pianist's touch on the keys. It is at once an intensely thoughtful and an intensely physical music-making, and the physical aspect is not a matter of digital virtuosity alone but of refined neural expression—of emotion. Like the ballet itself. To save our soul we couldn't document the experience. We merely can recommend it.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Final performances of the season. Feb. 18 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,'" and "Symphony in Three Movements."... Feb. 19 at 8: "Mother Goose," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Temperaments."... Feb. 20 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "The Four Temperaments."... Feb. 21 at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Calcium Light Night," "Quiet City," and "Dances at a Gathering."... Feb. 22 at 2: "Apollo," "Quiet City," "Seven by Five plus Two," and "La Valse."... Feb. 22 at 8: "Delight of the Muses," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,'" and "Glass Pieces."... Feb. 23 at 1: "Apollo," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Dances at a Gathering."... Feb. 23 at 7: A benefit for the Dancers' Emergency Fund, with excerpts from "Apollo," "Coppélia," "The Sleeping Beauty," and other works. (New York State Theatre, 870-5570.)

FELD BALLETS/NY—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through March 22. Feb. 18 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Kore," "Evoe" (première), and "Skara Brae."... Feb. 19 at 8: "Common Ground," "Endsong" (première), and "The Jig Is Up."... Feb. 20 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Ion," "Evoe," and "Skara Brae."... Feb. 21 at 8: "Kore," "Evoe," "Endsong," and "Contra Pose."... Feb. 22 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Shadow's Breath," "Clave" (première), and "Common Ground."... Feb. 23 at 2: "A Footstep of Air," "Charmed Lives," "Ion," and "The Jig Is Up."... Feb. 23 at 7:30: "Contra Pose," "Kore," "Evoe," and "Endsong."... Feb. 25 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Fauna," "Clave," and "Endsong."... Feb. 26 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Shadow's Breath," "Evoe," and "Wolfgang Strategies" (première). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

GAIL CONRAD—Presenting "Walk Around the Block (An Urban Riff)," a work for eight dancers and an accordion player. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Through March 12.)

SHAPIRO & SMITH—Presenting "Never Enough" and "Rescue." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 20-22 at 8 and Feb. 23 at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

JOHN PIZZARELLI's recent show at the Blue Note was packed to the rafters and beyond, and he turned in a set so spirited that it nearly got away from him. Describing the thirty-year-old Pizzarelli as a singer-guitarist seems wrong, somehow: his voice can be thin, and it's hard to imagine a day when his vocal gifts won't be dwarfed by his bright and varied guitar playing. Having said that, though, we must admit that Pizzarelli remains a winning front man. At the Blue Note, perched on a stool only a few feet away from the first row of tables, he looked like the master of ceremonies on a children's TV show. He bantered with the audience, and did some well-intentioned skewering of his father, the guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli (who is currently appearing with Rosemary Clooney at Rainbow & Stars). He said of his new album, "All of Me," "The early reports are in. The record has officially gone *zinc*."

"All of Me" finds Pizzarelli playing in a variety of settings: with an orchestra, a swing band, and a trio. It was the trio that held sway at the Blue Note. (The outfit also includes pianist Ken Levinsky and—as if there were any doubt that Bucky's kids didn't grow up watching TV—bassist Martin Pizzarelli.) At times, Pizzarelli played frenetic vamps that had him careering

up and down the frets of his seven-string guitar. At other times, he played quick, lyrical leads and scattered right along. Pizzarelli brought his father up for an encore; later, when the group was leaving the stage, there seemed to be some confusion about whether Bucky or John should wave the final wave and walk offstage last. Pizzarelli is the first to admit that his father has been an indispensable mentor, but this particular evening did not belong to Bucky. It was John who got the last hurrah.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Welsh-born chanteuse **IRIS WILLIAMS**, who sings a fine Welsh rendition of "Amazing Grace," made her New York cabaret debut here last year, in a well-received program of Jerome Kern. Ms. Williams begins her second run here on Feb. 18, this time examining Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Edith Piaf, and others. Shows are scheduled at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffe animal skulls. Look closer and you'll find that the skulls are wearing earrings. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the outdoor food market of your dreams and features a mural filled with people resembling Bob, Carol, Ted, and Alice. The club's Brazilian festival continues, with **JOYCE** Feb. 18-22 and **LYGIA BARRETO** beginning Feb. 25. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. This week's performers include the **JOSHUA BREAKSTONE** trio (Feb. 18), the **NYC BLUES BAND** (Feb. 19), **JOAN TYLER** (Feb. 20), **MARK MORGANELLI** and the **JAZZ FORUM ALL-STARS** (Feb. 21), the **HILTON RUIZ** quintet (Feb. 22), **VERONICA NUNN** (Feb. 23), and **DON BENNETT** (Feb. 24). Music from nine. Dining.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The free passes to this club could pave most of Greenwich Village—and they often do. The Bitter End was all abuzz in the seventies, when it was a stopping point for the sort of singers whose records you can now order from television: Gordon Lightfoot, Melissa Manchester, Neil Sedaka. Music from eight Sundays through Thursdays, from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? **DIANE SCHUUR** is in ascendance Feb. 18-23. The Seattle-based pianist and singer has been gaining ground in jazz circles since the early eighties, and has won two Grammys. She's a versatile musician, comfortable in jazz, blues, R. & B., and pop. In performance, she infuses everything she plays with a strong rhythmic pulse, and she likes to connect with her audience, offering uplift, romantic advice, and sassy innuendo. The **GEORGE SHEARING** duo, with **GRADY TATE**, commences on Feb. 25. **JOE PASS**, playing solo, rounds out the bill. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club tends to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes. If you have trouble getting tickets to the early show, it's usually because some record company has bought the place out. The atmosphere here, as a result, can be a bit weird: the record-company types have to have fun, because their own artists are

onstage, but they can't have too much fun, because their bosses are watching. The later shows, though they're not as well attended and though they tend to rumble off into the small hours, are much looser in spirit. **SUN RA AND HIS INTERGALACTIC ARKESTRA** appear on Feb. 19, at eight and eleven. A folk-music celebration takes place Feb. 20-22, at seven-thirty and ten-thirty. The roster is too long to list here, but we can tell you that this appears to be the Woodstock of folk. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. A trio consisting of pianist **STEPHEN SCOTT**, bassist **RAY DRUMMOND**, and drummer **BEN RILEY** holds forth through Feb. 22. A quartet consisting of **STEVE NELSON** on vibes, **MIKE LE DONNE** on piano, **CHRISTIAN MC BRIDE** on bass, and **YORON ISRAEL** on drums will be on hand Feb. 24-26. Music from ten. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small, peach-walled storefront. Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or café au lait and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. The café doesn't have a schedule per se, so it's often after the fact that one hears that some great Irish rocker has made a stop here. A frustrating state of affairs, perhaps, but one can have fun just hoping, waiting, and watching the door. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—As of Feb. 18, the pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to guitarist **JOSÉ FELICIANO**, who has dozens of gold and platinum records in his catalogue and who's best known for his renditions of "Light My Fire," "Que Será, Será," and "Feliz Navidad." Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. ... Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & ÖMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A club whose mission is to "feature only Chicago-area blues artists working with their regular Chicago blues bands." This concept may not appeal to New York blues artists, but it affords local blues aficionados a chance to hear what they've been missing. The **KINSEY REPORT**, featuring Big Daddy Kinsey, claims Feb. 21-22; **BIG TIME SARAH** begins work on Feb. 25. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled groto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. **QUEEN ESTHER MARROW** is here through Feb. 23. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Young, loud, and rude. N.Y.U. students like it here, as do punks, weekend punks, and anyone with a taste for rough-and-tumble garage-rock music. There's not a lot to look at—except the band and your fellow-patrons. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **GIL SCOTT-HERON** is here through Feb. 23; the **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** quartet starts up on Feb. 25. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

JUDY'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boite* attached to the

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

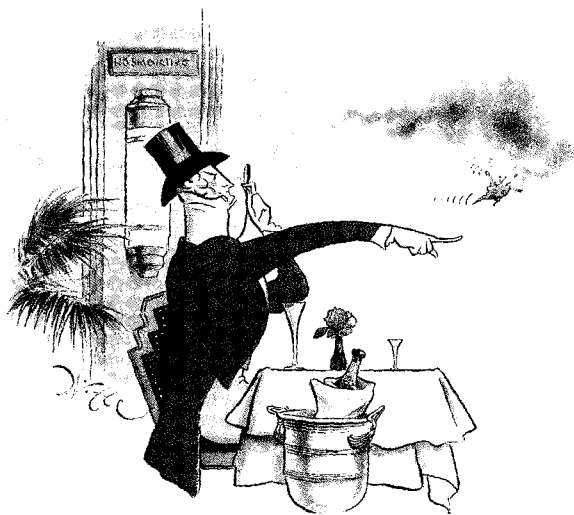
Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out from nine. Shows at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counterculture that somehow landed on Houston Street. **PAUL MOTIAN**, **BILL FRISSELL**, and **JOE LOVANO** appear Feb. 20-22; and **JOHN ZORN's COBRA** performs on Feb. 23. Music after nine.

LUDLOW STREET CAFE, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's an eclectic menu, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various found pop numbers. Sets from ten on weeknights, and from midnight on Fridays and Saturdays.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-



heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes; the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. The Chicago bluesman **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON** performs on Feb. 20. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club, just off the West Side Highway, that is one of the city's main venues for college-radio fare. **BILLY BRAGG**—a great songwriter, a great socialist—is here on Feb. 19. Bragg's most recent album was the exceedingly fine "Don't Try This at Home."

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The legends of Hoboken are many. Some of the legends are true: Sinatra did grow up here; in certain parts of the town, the air does smell of Maxwell House coffee. Some of the legends are iffy: Was the first game of baseball really played here? Does former Hüsker Dü chieftain Bob Mould actually live in Hoboken? (John Sayles, maybe, but *Bob Mould*?) At Maxwell's—which will carry on even when its namesake, the Maxwell House factory, closes its doors later this year—you won't find all the answers, but you will find bands, bands,

and more bands. Sometimes you'll find as many as five a night. Wildgirl and the Empress's Go-Go Rama takes place on Feb. 21; Luna, Hypnolovewheel, and Iowa Beef Experience perform on Feb. 22; the **DEAD MILKMEN** and **Shirk Circus** claim Feb. 23. Dining.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—**ROSEMARY CLOONEY**, who can often be found here at this time of year, is in the midst of a run. Clooney has had two lives in show biz: the first peaked in the early fifties, with a string of hit recordings and a starring role in "White Christmas"; the second began in the late seventies, when she signed with the Concord label. She has since made a slew of records with Concord, half of which are tribute albums, devoted to the likes of Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, and Rodgers, Hart, and Hammerstein. On-stage, Ms. Clooney takes a natural, understated approach: she has a warm, husky but clear voice, a world-weary cheerfulness, and a disarming sense of humor that bubbles up everywhere. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to Howie Wyeth's ragtime trio, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS**, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. On Feb. 19, trumpeter Frank Fighera will appear with his group called Slam. Show times vary.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This space was once a theatre, as the cherubim friezes and Louis the Something ceiling attest. Then it was Studio 54, and, if you try real hard, you can still hear the grunts, moans, and snorts of seventies disco ghosts. Now it's a massive rock club, where the orchestra has been gutted for maximum standing capacity, where you have to wear a hospital-like wristband if you want to drink, and where, if you're bored with the band, you can watch the goons guarding the stage pass along rowdies like buckets of water at a fire. The schedule: **SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES** and **THE WONDER STUFF** Feb. 17-18; **PETER FRAMPTON** on Feb. 19; the **CRAMPS** and Reverend Horton Heat on Feb. 21; and a **DIXIE DREGS** reunion on Feb. 22. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—A small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. The fine and elegant **JULIE WILSON** will be singing here on Feb. 23. Shows Sundays at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SPACE AT CHASE, 98 Third Ave., at 12th St. (475-1407)—One of those East Village joints where, for a few bucks, you can hear a handful of local rock bands. As is usually the case at these establishments, some of the bands will make you want to cower under the pinball machine while others will make you want to dance and shout and start your own independent record label. As for décor, there's a bar, some chairs, some tables, some walls, a ceiling, and two dartboards. Music generally starts at nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. **GRADY TATE** leads a foursome Feb. 18-23; Mr. Tate, a drummer, will be stepping out in front of the kit for this engagement, in his debut as a vocalist. **RAY ANDERSON's** quartet commences work on Feb. 25. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA**. Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room;

buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. On Feb. 19, Wetlands will be the site of what looks to be a pretty promising jam. **COREY GLOVER** and **VERNON REID**, from the extraordinary rock outfit Living Colour, will take the stage with members of **FAMILY STAND**, a soulful, seventies-ish collective known for putting on tight, horn-happy shows. **DR. JOHN** is here on Feb. 21; **URBAN BLIGHT** comes in on Feb. 22; and the **LOST BOYS** perform on Feb. 25. Music at ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Singer **VANESSA RUBIN**, who just released a new record entitled "Soul Eyes," will be here with a duo on Feb. 16. Music from eight.

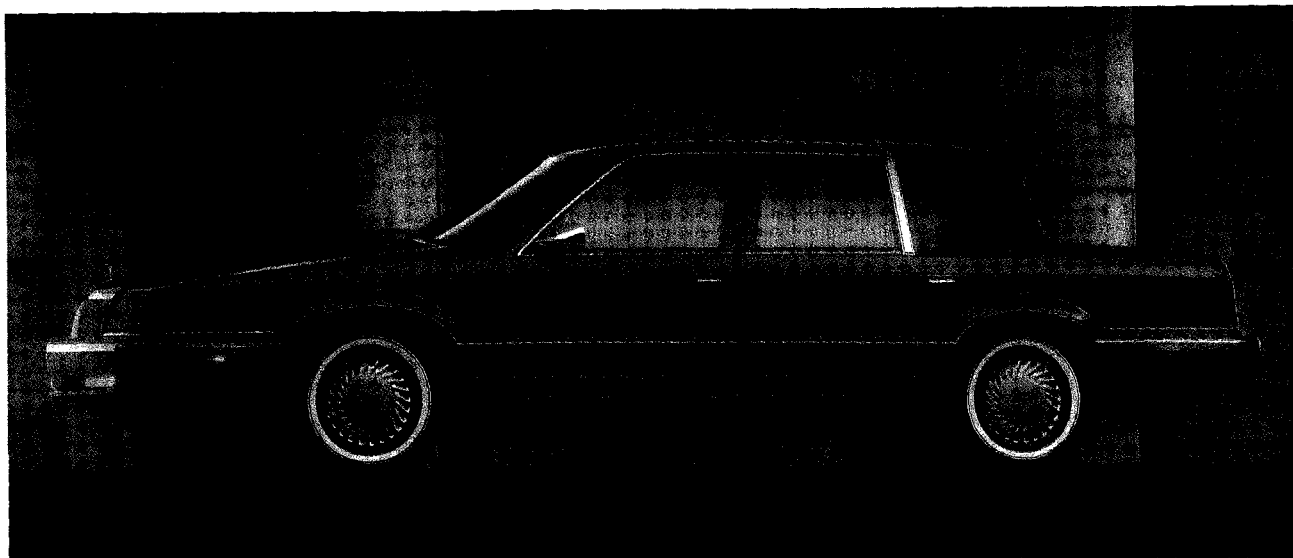
EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

ON a recent sub-freezing Saturday evening, after we had used up all our Duraflame logs watching CBS shred the opening ceremonies of the Olympics to graceless tatters, we drove down Broadway in search of the warmth and conviviality Paula Zahn and Pat O'Brien had denied us.

The silhouette of a half-naked woman on a pedestal, writhing behind a curtain in the window of Café Society (915 Broadway, at 21st Street), brought the car to an abrupt stop, but while we were on the line to get in (it consisted of nineteen guys and two women—a real good mix) one male, who had bet another he could get the silhouette to look his way, was claiming victory, but the other wasn't in a compliant mood. In fact, he was in a slugging mood.

A few blocks away, the line for Rock-It (901 Broadway, at 20th Street) was longer. Lots of loudmouthed offers were being made to some of the young women, suggesting that they exchange their current chills for others ever more dubiously pleasurable. In response, one woman flung her gum into a would-be suitor's hair. It hardened on contact. We ran for the car, and drove to the Coffee Shop (29 Union Square West), only to find ourself blocked by the contents of four squac cars and a police van converging to subdue a gentleman struggling against the hood of a parked car. We swerved just in time to avoid the cop taking swing at the alleged lawbreaker's at tacking girlfriend.

Is it any wonder, then, that Temple Bar (332 Lafayette Street) looked like Valhalla, Eden, Xanadu, a Shint temple, and Kensington Gardens all rolled into one beautifully panelled, richly detailed, glowingly lighted slice of civilization? Perhaps on another night the tuxedoed waiters would have looked coy, the cashmere-and-pea girls might have appeared icier, the lack of cigarette smoke could have seemed suspicious, and the come-or-might have sounded less smooth. But tonight Temple Bar was lush-lirromantic. At last, a clientele who followed the advice we once heard woman give her unruly kids on Brooklyn-bound subway: "I only have two words for you children: be-have



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Logic would seem to dictate that when you pay thousands of dollars more for a car, you should get a lot more car. Apparently, in the case of the Cadillac Sedan DeVille versus the Chrysler Fifth Avenue, logic does not apply. Both cars provide ample room for six, air-conditioning, automatic transmission, automatic load leveling, stereo sound system, fully reclining seats, all as standard equipment. Both offer safety and performance. A driver's air bag is standard on the Chrysler Fifth Avenue, as is a powerful fuel-injected, 3.3-liter V-6. Anti-lock brakes are also available. Here, however, is where logic totally



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IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

JESSIE ALLEN AND WILLIAM POPE L.—Ms. Allen performs "Reason Cannot Reach It," a monologue with film and video, and Mr. Pope L. performs "Eracism (A Trickster Performance Lecture)." (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. 732-1227. Feb. 20-22 at 8 and Feb. 23 at 5.)

JUDITH JACKSON AND DONALD BYRD—The former in a multimedia monologue, the latter in a dance performance. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. Feb. 22 at 8 and Feb. 23 at 3.)

"VENA CAVA"—A new work by Diamanda Galás. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Feb. 19, Feb. 21, Feb. 23, and Feb. 26, all at 8:30. Through March 8.)

ICE THEATRE OF NEW YORK—In two free performances. (Lasker Rink, Central Park, near 125th St. Feb. 22 at 1.... ¶ Wollman Rink, Central Park, near 59th St. Feb. 22 at 3.)

P.S. 122—Feb. 18-19 and Feb. 25-26 at 8, and Feb. 20-23 at 9: Eric Bogosian presenting a work in progress. Through March 1....

¶ Feb. 20-23 at 8: Jeannie Hutchins in "Do Not Use If More Salty Than Tears." Through March 1. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

LA MAMA—Feb. 19-23 at 8: The Talking Band presents two new works, "Fern and Rose" and "A Perfect Life."... ¶ Feb. 20-22 at 10: Dancenoise and friends in "Hedda Gabler, Hedda Gabler."... ¶ Feb. 19-23 and Feb. 26 at 7:30: John Kelly in "AKIN," a new work. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

DIXON PLACE—Feb. 21 at 8: James Adlesic.... ¶ Feb. 23-25 at 8: Penny Arcade. (258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

ART

THE week before last, we were invited to a co-ed art-world party celebrating the opening of Jiří Georg Dokoupil's friendly if rather chaste-looking show of abstract paintings made of tire-tread impressions, at Robert Miller. The artist, a likable and prankish sort, had elected to have this party at a place called Pure Platinum, which turned out to be a big, glitzy topless-girls-in-G-strings joint, catering primarily to an expense-accountish, male clientele. Of the maybe thirty dancers performing around the premises at any given time, all but five or six were very obviously recipients of silicone breast implants—several of which were visibly hardening, and many of which were so painfully disproportionate as to resemble the erotic-satiric exaggerations of Peter Saul. A couple of big-shot male artists and dealers on hand got into the spirit of things, looking transfixed and waving money. One or two other fellows in our crowd, more the rascal types, got overexcited and started to hoot and boogie, which is O.K. at discos and drag clubs but a definite no-no in places where a general appearance of composure is essential both to peace among customers and to the inviolability of rather vulnerable performers. Minor skirmishes ensued. The whole situation proved alienating to a variety of invitees of both sexes—including at least one female artist represented by the same gallery—who may have found themselves pondering on the sin of sexual harassment in the workplace. Well, was this not a form of office party?

In recent months, we've been running into female nudes all over town. There were Lee Friedlander's mesmerizing variations last fall at MOMA,

for instance, and now Gaston Lachaise's amorous grotesques in a gallery show uptown. And (different ends, similar means) there have been agitprop shows in which freewheeling artists like Annie Sprinkle and Hannah Wilke, in a spirit of tit for tat, have set about to "reclaim" this timeworn subject—graphic boob jokes à la Peter Arno and all—for feminist goals. We have never been offended by any artist's work. Just attracted or repelled, or, sometimes, both at once. And while we've lost patience with official pronouncements on what is and isn't "offensive to women"—particularly with the smugly routine way they're printed these days in the *Times*—we can't remember when so many thoughtless attitudes have emerged, so ambiguously entwined, so sanctimoniously expressed, and so extensively at odds with one another, in one season's art.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, was a meeting place and inspiration for several French landscape painters in the eighteen-fifties and sixties. A large sampling of works by these artists—Théodore Rousseau, Jean-François Millet, Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot, and others—is on view. Through May 10.... ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. The art from Benin, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, is quite naturalistic and of high quality. There are exquisite brass heads of kings and queen mothers that feature the precious coral bead collars worn by royalty; a number of plaques, depicting processions and the court hierarchy, which adorned the pillars of the royal palace; bells, altar rings, and numerous other ceremonial objects; and a brass rooster, which, as a symbol of power, would have honored a queen mother.... ¶ "American Rococo, 1750-1775." Furniture, silver, paintings, engravings, ceramics, and glass made in pre-Revolutionary America.... ¶ East Asian lacquer from the collection of Florence and Herbert Irving. Through Feb. 23.... ¶ A group of Alpine landscape sketches and local genre scenes by John Singer Sargent, made during a youthful jaunt through the Bernese Oberland, in 1870. Through March 22.... ¶ The redesigned and renovated Arms and Armor galleries are open, and jammed to the hilt. The central Equestrian Court is still here, regally appointed, and it is now surrounded by eight new displays of Japanese,

European, Islamic, and American weaponry and armor.... ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." The Eilenberg collection, from which this show has been selected, is not particularly comprehensive nor focussed on grand masterpieces, but it does sparkle in many unexpected ways. For instance, it includes a group of bronze sculptures from Indonesia that many consider to be the finest privately assembled collection of such material in the world.... ¶ Three new permanent galleries are home to more than four hundred nineteenth-century European sculptures and decorative objects.... ¶ Candelabras, snuff boxes, and hotel façades are just some of the subject matters depicted in a show of eighteenth-century French drawings. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by Cézanne, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, and others from the collection of William S. Paley, who was chairman emeritus of the museum at the time of his death, in 1990. Through April 7.... ¶ "Allegories of Modernism: Contemporary Drawing," two hundred works by forty American and European artists. Through May 5.... ¶ A small show of recent photographs by Gay Block, of people who risked their lives to save Jews during the Holocaust. Through April 7.... ¶ Twenty-one lamps from the sixties and seventies, including a Noguchi "Akari" lamp and a Castiglioni "Taraxacum" lamp. Alas, no lava is in sight.... ¶ On display on the ground floor are "Cross Check," "Power Play," "High Sticking," and "Hat Trick," four new chairs by the hockey-loving Frank Gehry. Through March 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until late spring.

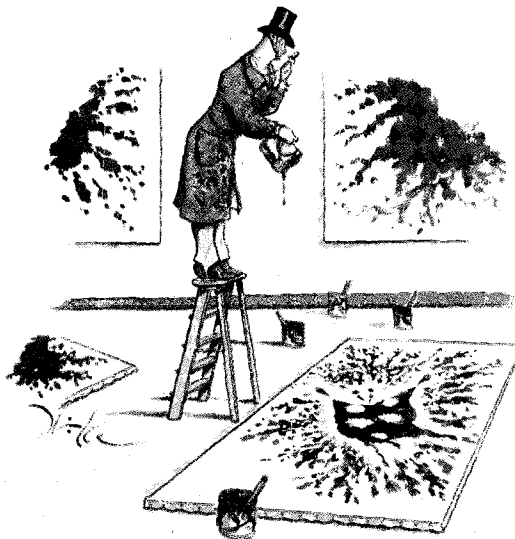
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of William Wegman, which includes nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, photographs, and videotapes. Through April 19. (For more on Wegman, see Photography....) ¶ Seventy multimedia works, from 1971 to the present, by Alexis Smith. Through March 1.... ¶ "Variations on Themes," a show of serial works in various graphic mediums, by, among others, Terry Winters, Dennis Adams, Kiki Smith, Donald Judd, and Jasper Johns. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The New Merengue," an installation in the Grand Lobby, by sculptor Houston Conwill, poet Estella Conwill Majozo, and architect Joseph De Pace. Through May 3.... ¶ "Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—Three site-specific installations: Sam Gilliam's "Windows Go Orange (e.e. cummings)"; Robert Kushner's "Pussy Willows"; and Dale Chihuly's "Nijijima Floats."... ¶ An exhibition of African textiles woven using improvised techniques. Through April 19. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—"The Treasures of the Last Emperor," fifty-four objects from the years of young Puyi's residence in the palace (1908-1924). Among the highlights are a set of scholar's writing instruments, a toy train, several embroidered satin garments, and five packs of imported cigarettes. On loan from the Palace Museum, in Beijing. Through March 7. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

DIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS, 548 W. 22nd St.—Joseph Beuys's early-seventies aluminum-glass-and-photo assemblage titled "Arena (where I would have go if I had been intelligent)."... ¶ The six large paintings that are the center piece of Brice Marden's show of work inspired by the Tang-dynasty poet Coli Mountain are truly sophisticated: delicate yet grand in scale, structured by an almost impromptu line. But the works on paper are awkward and pale especially when compared with the Chinese calligraphy that they seem to



mimic, halfheartedly. Through May 31. . .
 ¶ "Displacement," a show of works by Lawrence Weiner. Through April 30. . .
 ¶ On the roof, Dan Graham has created a fine urban park with glass walls, a floor of spongy asphalt tiles, and a squat glass cylinder at its center. The park is elevated above the roof as if it were afloat, and it is very pleasant to spend time up there, especially in the nearby coffee bar/video lounge. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—Eighty-five photographs taken in Japan around the turn of the century. Through March 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Seventeenth-century Dutch drawings—of the landscape, genre, and figure variety—by Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Goltzius, and many others. Through April 26. . .
 ¶ A small show of printed books and bindings produced in seventeenth-century Flanders and Holland. Through April 26. . .
 ¶ Selections on view from the library's permanent collection include one of its three Gutenberg Bibles, Stevenson's manuscript of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the original scores of symphonies by Brahms and Mahler. Through April 26. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—A group of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century *santos*—carved-wood holy objects made by family artisans in Puerto Rico. (Open daily, 11:30 to 7:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in the pages of this magazine. Through March 8. . .
 ¶ An exhibition of paintings, drawings, manuscripts, and published works by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872), the founder of the National Academy. Through March 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"1+1+1" a series of recent projects by Alfredo Jaar, primarily in the form of large-scale light-box installations. Through April 19. . .
 ¶ "The Big Nothing or Le Presque Rien," a group exhibition in which each artist has been asked to contemplate the notions of emptiness and materiality. Through April 19. (Part of the show runs at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays. Through Feb. 28.) . . .
 ¶ Jeffrey Mitchell's installation, titled "My Spirit," consists of rubber, plaster, and latex tableaux of cartoon figures, toy creatures, and other kitschy icons. Through April 19. . .
 ¶ Walk by the museum's Broadway window and you may see a museum patron's face age twenty-five years in thirty seconds. It's "The Age Machine" that's doing it, through digital technology. Through April 19. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recently acquired photographs are on display, including Morris Engel's panoramic views of New York City and Desiré Charnay's eighteen-fifties albumen prints of Mexico City. Through May 2. (Third Floor Gallery.) . .
 ¶ A large selection of manuscripts, letters, photographs, and other objects that shed light on the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). Through Feb. 29. (Berg Collection.) . .
 ¶ Merlin, Mordred, Gawain, and Galahad leap off the pages and prints of "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through Feb. 22. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadow Park—Ik-Joong Kang's "3 x 3," an installation that consists of thousands of three-inch-square paintings and collages. Through April 12. . .

¶ "Art Beyond Sight," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by visually impaired artists; museumgoers are permitted to touch the sculptures. Through March 29. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

RUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Thirty paintings and sculptures by this year's artists-in-residence: Ada Pilar Cruz, Leonardo Drew, and Eve Sandler. Through March 1. . .

¶ "Africa and the Diaspora" features nearly a hundred works from the museum's collection, dating from the fifth century to the present. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GARY HUME—A remarkably buoyant first New York solo show of paintings by a young English artist. The style of Hume's work is abstract-geometric, but his subjects are always concrete. All of the works here depict doors, and they are full of wonderful tonal contrasts—flesh-peach with pinky-pink, for instance, or a bracing array of grays and whites, with foam-taped edges, in housepaint that looks as if it had been licked on. Hume has a touch that resembles no one else's. The astringent immediacy of those edges (ouch!), and the resulting alertness of those flat areas of paint, are really something to get excited about. Through March 14. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GASTON LACHAISE (1882-1935)—Bronze nudes from the twenties and thirties by a French artist known for his bulging figures but whose equally bulging passion has somehow been overlooked. Lachaise fell in love with a Boston woman in 1902 and, in 1917, finally married her. These bronzes, cast from plaster left in the artist's studio at the time of his death, are of her, in a big way. Her vulva, however, may be cast between huge breasts, and her figure may be bent over, splayed, or seen in the manner of Courbet's "Origin of the World." Magnificent and shocking, alternately heroic and grotesque, prosaic and lyrical, adoring and enslaved—these are right up there with Boccaccio, Rabelais, Joyce, and Pasolini in the department of physical love. Through Feb. 22. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Recent works, including mixed-media sculptures and paintings with silk screen on aluminum. Though he has been almost unbelievably free, fecund, and surefooted in recent years, and though he has graphic perfect pitch, the artist here looks a bit peevisish. Several pieces give the impression of trying to one-up any number of the younger artists—ranging from Bill Woodrow to Cady Noland—who first got going by copying some of the grandmaster's own endlessly usable ideas. While this is not uninteresting, in this show, Rauschenberg is his own student body and competition all in one. It's existentialist drama of a high order. Through Feb. 29. (Kniedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

SHORT LIST—**JASPER JOHNS**, Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through March 14); **MOSHE KUPFERMAN**, Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. (through Feb. 29); **JOHN NEWMAN**, Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through March 7); **MAN RAY** and **MERET OPPENHEIM**, Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through March 27); **FREDERICK J. SYKES**, Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through Feb. 22); **CHRISTOPHER WILMARTH**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through March 28).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOHN ALEXANDER—This painter's brand of social satire seems to be running on automatic pilot. The apt subjects, including auction rooms, cocktail parties, and "Cardinal Grump," seem in his hands to become instant clichés. Several of the compositions evidently were inspired by such masters of the genre as Goya, but this attempt at sympathetic magic doesn't work. The occasional bill-nosed mask is simply not enough to turn such fodder as arbitrage billionaires and their designer wives into resonant icons. There are also stylistically pat yet more authentically heartfelt landscapes of flowering swamps in which the artist occasionally plants American flags, like memorial markers in a doomed terrain. Through Feb. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JIRI GEORG DOKOUPIL—There is something hilariously autobiographical about Dokoupil's work of the past few years. First came paintings made of mother's milk, and then paintings made of fruit juices and spitte. Perhaps it is wishful thinking on the artist's part that scarcely a year later the artist-father is wheeling paint-dipped automobile tires around on his canvases. Whatever the motivation, most of these paintings are playfully anarchic and skillfully crafted, like bet-

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UP FOR GRABS



The "AIA Guide to New York City" calls it "intrusive." The Parks Department calls it "a dilapidated anachronism." Indeed, the Naumburg Bandshell, in the Central Park Mall, near the 72nd Street transverse, does look very down-trodden these days—as if it feels the burden of its uncertain future. Several weeks ago, before the bandshell received a reprieve, its appearance seemed to suit its fate. Just in front of the monument, the hexagonal asphalt tiles that pave the mall had been ripped up, producing a large, muddy hole. A continuous border of garbage skirted the bandstand, and green graffiti—reading "Booby Loves Ike" and "Iky Loves Desi"—had been scrawled on the curved inside surface. A bust of Beethoven scowled at the bandshell from across the plaza. It was easy to believe those proponents of the bandshell's demise who said the mall would look better if it were cleared of the hulking limestone structure. From the Wisteria Pergola, above the mall to the east, you'd then have a clear view west, across rows of tall elms to a smaller, wrought-iron bandstand (which has yet to be built). In announcing its recent vote to delay the demolition by ninety days, however, the New York City Arts Commission expressed hope that a limestone-loving philanthropist would provide the means to reassemble the monument elsewhere. This solution would give aesthetes their panorama and nostalgia buffs their bandshell. The only disappointed New Yorkers would be those who love watching the wrecking ball.

ter-natured Kippenbergers. Most are executed in carnivalesque purple, red, orange, yellow, and jade, and conjure the history of stain and color-field painting, with a predilection for buoyantly top-heavy composition à la Sam Francis. There is also a black canvas with fluid silvery tracks, which could be a sendup of a Pat Steir waterfall. Through Feb. 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPE PENONE—This artist's work gains resonance with each viewing. His impulses are more archaic than those of his Arte Povera peers. The central piece, in the north gallery, is a smooth-barked tree, stripped of leaves and roots, leaning against the wall as if it had been lifted out of a de Chirico. In the center of the trunk, a bronze hand has been partially embedded in a burnt hole, in what must be a primitive attempt to stop time. It is a romantic and poetic work, epic in an Ariostean sense. The works in the south gallery are more gestural: rough-barked trees with rusted implements attached to them. They look as if they were removed from a weathered landscape. Through Feb. 29. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD SHAW—Porcelain steamships caught at various stages of disaster—riding a monster

wave, sitting atop an ice floe, or beginning to sink—which are both witty and eerie, by one of the Northern California greats in ceramics. Through Feb. 29. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—**LENNART ANDERSON**, Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through March 7); **STEVE CURRIE** and **EMILY MASON**, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 14); **LOIS DODD** and **PAUL RICKERT**, Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 29); **PAUL MANES**, Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 7); **ROBERT MANGOLD**, Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 14); **ROBERT MOSKOWITZ**, Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 21); **DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE** (through March 21) and **MORRIS LOUIS** (through Feb. 29), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **ED STITT**, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 4); **HELEN MIRANDA WILSON**, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 7).

GALLERIES—SoHo

JANE DICKSON—Dickson's social realism has, over the past few years, become more full-bodied and voyeuristic. Four of the paintings here are of a group of men running in the street, viewed from what looks like a second-story window, and, like the rest of the paintings on view, these works are painted in a murky style. In a separate room are the resonant "Witness" paintings; each depicts a figure, cast in shadow, peering uneasily out a window. These people's ghostly presence establishes an ambiguous, disturbing relationship between observer and observed. There are also two tender parent-and-child tondi, and a wall of friendly oval portraits that recall the artist's COLAB roots and the work of fellow social realists John Ahearn, Cara Perlman, and Nan Goldin. Through Feb. 29. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

THOMAS KOVACHEVICH—Wall sculptures made of curls of gummed brown paper. They are attractive and sensitive, but a bit too lightweight. In a freestanding piece so fragile it's nearly mute, a few little sheets of tracing paper curl and uncurl on a black handkerchief floating in a shallow pool of water. Through Feb. 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

ALFRED LESLIE—An exhibition of preparatory drawings for the artist's mid-sixties grisaille paintings, which were shown here recently. (Most of the paintings and drawings were destroyed in a fire.) The surviving work seems at first to conform to a straightforward realism, but close examination of these drawings reveals much oddness at the edges of forms, in the shadows and details. They are at once sketchy and cunningly deliberate. In one drawing, the curved bob of Jane Elford's hair radiates beyond the model's round head to the edges of the paper, like ripples in a pond. In the later works, the abstractions of shadow and form become truly Mannerist. Through March 28. (Flynn, 113 Crosby St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—A double show. Motel modern never looked as appealing as it does in these very large interiors, which you might feel the urge to inhabit. Such is the artist's mastery that the works look deceptively simple. But there are amazingly fluid balances of color and pattern that the eye hardly sees at first. The show is accompanied by articles, photographs, posters, and catalogue: documenting the thirty-year collaboration between the artist and his dealer, Leo Castelli. This horn-tooting is well deserved. Through Feb. 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway, and 65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

ANDREW SPENCE / LUDWIG MIES VAN DER ROHE (1886-1969)—New paintings—the artist's best yet—in which he seems to delight in the possibilities opened up by his minimalist language of simple, bold forms and some what unexpected color combinations. Through Feb. 29. / A show of drawings. The early ones, which include several for furniture designs, are so straightforward that they border on dullness. The later architectural sketches, in contrast, couldn't be more modest, yet they have a wonderful gestural line. Through March 7. (Protetch, 560 Broadway)

JEFFREY WISNIEWSKI—An ambitious work that carries on the visionary "anarchitectural" slicing work of the late Gordon Matta-Clark. Wisniewski obtained a suburban house slated for demolition by the State of New York and fed it into a massive chipper. The shredded house—mostly wood, with occasional bits

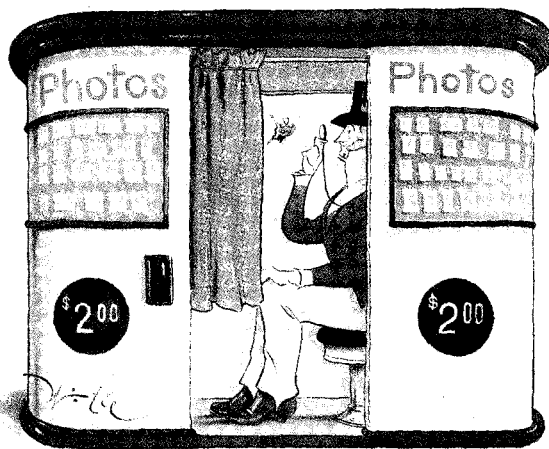
carpet—is on display in one spread-out heap. Through March 21. (Nordstad-Skarstedt, 49 Greene St.)

"ONE LEADING TO ANOTHER"—The 303 Gallery is rarely short on inventive ideas. Adapting an exhibition format from the artist Peter Nadin, the gallery is currently offering a show in which, each week, a new pair of artists will add to what their predecessors have left behind. It began with a work by Andrea Zittel, featuring Lulu, a black rosecomb bantam chicken, who, a sign proclaims, is capable of answering one's most troubling questions with a Ouijan "yes" or "no." Rikrit Tiravanija has added two pots of boiling water and a pile of eggs—which viewers are invited to cook—and a separate audio-taped piece in which the artist attempts to coax Lulu into another pot of cooking water. ("Go ahead. Go ahead. Jump right in.") To date, the bird has not accepted the invitation. New installments will continue through March 14. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOW—This show's catalogue is titled "The Day After Today: 'If I Only Knew Now What I Know Now'—Surveying the Remains of the Day," although "Historical Amnesia" would be more accurate. The curator has brought together three perfectly adequate sculptors—Leonardo Drew, Lisa Hoke, and Brad Kahlhamer—who know how to recycle such industrial refuse as rusted pipes, insulation material, glass, and rubber into professionally configured objects. The artists, however, seem unaware of the rich history of similar sculptures, such as those from that pivotal year 1969. But memories of the powerful, germinative art of John Chamberlain, Richard Serra, Eva Hesse, the young Joel Shapiro, Jannis Kounellis, Richard Tuttle, and many others, not to mention the more recent recycled art of Alan Vega, Tony Cragg, Bill Woodrow, and Mierle Laderman Ukeles, nevertheless haunt these aspirants, whose ambition seems to be limited to getting this generic debris to look like art. Through Feb. 29. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway.)

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE HAS MANY MANSIONS"—A sculpture by Russell Gillespie, a Baptist minister and little-known folk artist from North Carolina, was the inspiration for mounting this exhibition. The work, a log cabin carved out of roots and other oddly shaped bits of wood, is at once crude and ultra-refined. Gillespie is also represented by an enchanting, knobby "Garden of Eden," in which, somehow appropriately, the serpent is larger than everything else, including the trees. Other works by self-taught artists include several paintings by the Reverend Howard Finster; fiery portraits of prisoners behind bars by Arthur Keigney, who has spent most of his life in prison; and manic but tender drawings by the late Martin Ramirez (who was a catatonic schizophrenic), in which the seemingly contradictory notions of mansion and prison fuse into a single, inescapable world—the self. There are also works by a number of art-school-trained artists represented by this gallery, most notably Roger Brown, Mark Greenwald, and Robert Colescott. Through Feb. 22. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

SHORT LIST—**PETER AGOSTINI**, Clasen, 470 Broome St. (through Feb. 29); **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT** and **J.S.G. BOGGS**, Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through March 7); **DALE CHIHULY**, Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through March 21); **COLETTE**, Rempire, 121 Greene St. (through March 26); **DAN FLAVIN**, Pace, 142 Greene St. (through March 14); **ELLSWORTH KELLY**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through March 28); **MEL KENDRICK** and **MIGUEL RIOS**, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 22); **MILA MACER**, Ala, 560 Broadway (through March 7); **MARIO MERZ**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 22); **PIETER LAURENS MOL**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through March 14); **BARNETT NEWMAN**, Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through March 14); **DENNIS OPPENHEIM**, Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through March 14); **JACK PIERSON**, Cugliani, 40 Wooster St. (through Feb. 29); **TIM PRENTICE**, Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through March 7); **ERIKA ROTHENBERG**, P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (through March 14); **SAL SCARPITTA**, Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through March 20); and **Castelli**, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 29); **HUNT SLOANEM**, Helander, 415 West Broadway (through March 7); **ROBERT WILSON**, Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through Feb. 29).



PHOTOGRAPHY

AFTER seeing Gustave Le Gray's mid-nineteenth-century seascapes, it's hard to look at other people's photographs involving the same three elements—sea, sky, and horizon—and not have their pictures pale in comparison. Hiroshi Sugimoto's seascapes, though, hold their own against anybody's.

For a decade now, Sugimoto has been taking black-and-white photographs in which the horizon appears to divide water and air perfectly in half. One can see a large selection of these photographs, taken between 1980 and the present, at Sonnabend (420 West Broadway; through March 7). We have always been impressed by Sugimoto's technical mastery—but if that were all there were to his work, it wouldn't be as memorable as it is. In another series, there were flawless images of lit screens in seemingly empty theatres—once-grand movie palaces that were now relics of bygone days—and we remember feeling the loss of the kind of communal experience that those spectacular theatres represented, an experience that has been superseded by homogeneous multiplexes and video-rental stores.

Like his photographs of dioramas (another series), Sugimoto's seascapes, taken both by day and at night, have a lot to do with the life submerged under the stillness that's been captured. They're about the beauty of what's in front of you—and in this their look of exactitude is especially meaningful, because it suggests more about human beings than about the power of a machine, the photographer's camera. Sugimoto's seascapes remind us of Agnes Martin's drawings and paintings. Her hand draws horizon line after horizon line, and when you look closely you see that the work isn't really as perfect as it seems—it contains tiny irregularities. The "flaws" are part of what makes her work so moving. The same is true of Sugimoto's photographs, in which the ocean and the sky look as if they can touch each other—perfectly.

ILSE BING—A show that includes some of Bing's strongest photographic work—mostly done in Europe, mostly from the thirties. All the photographs here are vintage, and the high quality of the prints enhances the beauty

that has always been characteristic of the artist's work, whether that beauty comes from design sophistication, from the techniques she used to articulate light, from her way of capturing movement, or from the vitality that she caught in human beings. Through Feb. 29. (Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

ÉDOUARD BOUBAT—Photographs taken from the fifties to the present, in France, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, and North America. These pictures have a touching modesty and a strong sense of atmosphere. Two window views taken in Paris, one through a lace curtain, the other of condensation blurring the view, have a graceful sense of place. And four pictures all articulate the texture of beautiful long hair with an unparalleled sense of tactility and intimacy. Boubat's best work doesn't try to impress the viewer with big statements, and his unassuming observations catch bits and pieces of life in convincing

ways. This show presents a strong argument for a major exhibition of work by this underappreciated artist. Through Feb. 29. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

WILLIAM WEGMAN—A retrospective—of drawings, paintings, videos, and photographs—that gives one the chance to get a comprehensive view of Wegman's skills and of his perceptions of art and the world. Through April 19. (Whitney Museum of American Art, 1099 Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St., is showing black-and-white photographs taken in the seventies. Through Feb. 22.)

"PICTURING AFRICA: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ZULU, 1870-1900"—An exhibition that is strong not because the photography is particularly exceptional but because of what the images show. Although these pictures of Zulu people and their dwellings, which were made by a number of different European photographers, were taken with ethnographic purposes in mind, we were struck by the spirit, strength, and beauty that also come through in them. Through Feb. 28. (Metropolitan Museum. The show is installed in the Photograph Study Collection—stop by the information desk for a pass and directions. The Collection is open Tuesdays through Fridays, from 10 to 4:30.)

SHORT LIST—**ARMAND AGRESTI**, Borden, 560 Broadway (through March 14); **ÉDOUARD-DENIS BALDUS** and **SUZANNE OPTON**, Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through March 28); **ELLIOTT ERWITT**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through March 7); **KENRO IZU**, Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (through Feb. 29); **DEBORAH TURBEVILLE**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through March 7); **NEIL WINOKUR**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (through March 7).

MUSIC

AS the ideas of the "early music" movement have pressed farther and farther into mainstream concert life (and as its practitioners have discovered the challenges and the popular appeal of the mainstream eighteenth- and nineteenth-century repertoire), we have sometimes worried about who was going to be taking care of "real" early music, the pre-Baroque stuff that got the whole movement going in the first place. So we were happy to note that Richard Taruskin—the Berkeley professor who has been most visible in recent years explicating Roger Norrington's Beethoven, taking Prokofiev down a notch, revising the Stravinsky mythology, and casting barbs this way and that in musicology-land—has remained faithful enough to the interests of his Cappella Nova days to bring out, in 1989, an edition of the Latin-text works of Antoine Busnois, who died five hundred years ago.

The Waverly Consort, augmented by a twelve-voice choir, will be sing-

MUSIC—Cont'd

ing a program of Busnois (or Busnoys, as they give it; spellings varied in the composer's lifetime) on February 22, at Town Hall. He's a composer more read about than heard; one reason has been that modern editions of his music were until recently only to be found scattered among various anthologies and scholarly collections. Our music critic, Andrew Porter, wrote ten years ago of his "strangely elegant deployment of very long and metrically elaborate lines, florid and unpredictable, quirky as Janáček's." The concert is at 8; conveniently nearby Town Hall (at the Bar Association, 42 West 44th Street), and at an hour (4:30) that allows for an unrushed pre-concert dinner, the Consort is presenting a lecture on Busnois by Professor Taruskin. It's likely to be interesting.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**RIGOLETTO**, with Ruth Ann Swenson, Richard Leech, and Matteo Manuguerra; conducted by Nello Santi. (Feb. 17, Feb. 20, and Feb. 24, all at 8.)... **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA**, with Leona Mitchell, Heidi Grant Murphy, Florence Quivar, Taro Ichihara, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. (Feb. 18 at 8 and Feb. 22 at 1:30.)... **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**, with Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, Stanford Olsen, Renato Capecchi, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; Ralf Weikert. (Feb. 19 at 8.)... With Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, Stanford Olsen, Louis Quilico, and Samuel Ramey; Ralf Weikert. (Feb. 22 and Feb. 25 at 8.)... **TANNHÄUSER**, with Sharon Sweet, Tatiana Troyanos, William Johns, and Andreas Schmidt; Christof Perick. (Feb. 21 at 7:30.)... With Sharon Sweet, Waltraud Meier, Reiner Goldberg, and Andreas Schmidt; Christof Perick. (Feb. 26 at 7:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER OPERA COMPANY—Presenting the first two of four staged performances of three one-act operas: Judith Weir's "King Harald's Saga," Dominick Argento's "The Andrée Expedition," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Mozart and Salieri." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Feb. 21-22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

JUILLIARD OPERA CENTER—The first of three concerts presenting scenes from more than a dozen twentieth-century operas; staged by Frank Corsaro, with Hal France conducting the Juilliard Opera Orchestra. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Feb. 26 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 18 at 7:30: Andrew Davis conducts Schubert's Third Symphony, Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, and Stravinsky's Violin Concerto (with Kyoko Takezawa)... Feb. 20 and Feb. 22 at 8, Feb. 21 at 2, and Feb. 25 at 7:30: Kurt Masur conducts Franck's Symphony in D Minor and his symphonic poem "Les Eolides," as well as Brahms' Symphony in D Major (his Second).

ROYAL LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—In 1904, the thirty-year-old Josef Suk was riding the wave of musical success. As the favorite composition student of Dvořák at the Prague Conservatory, he was eyed by the Czech musical establishment as a successor to his mentor—an eventuality that had been solidified six years earlier when he married Dvořák's daughter Ottilie. Then, in May of 1904, Dvořák died, and the bereft Suk set out to memorialize him through his Second Symphony, which he subtitled "Asrael," after the Muslim angel of death. The work was not yet complete when, fourteen months later, Ottilie died suddenly;

and, when it was finished the following year, Suk's "Asrael" Symphony (Op. 27) bore a grieving dedication to both. Libor Pešek conducts the Liverpoolians in Suk's masterpiece (which has been described as Mahleresque, but without the neuroticism), as well as in Tchaikovsky's fantasy overture "Romeo and Juliet" and Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" (featuring pianist Garrick Ohlsson). (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)

"MOZART MASSES IN CONCERT"—The University of Toronto Chamber Singers and Orchestra perform, among other works, Mozart's "Coronation" Mass (K. 317). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 20 at 8.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Performing William Duckworth's "Southern Harmony"; assisted by a choir from Bucknell University. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 20 at 8.)

CONCORDIA—Marin Alsop conducts the orchestra in a tribute to the composer James P. Johnson; with jazz pianist Marcus Roberts. (Snug Harbor Cultural Center, Staten Island. 1-718 448-2500. Feb. 20 at 8....)

¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 21 at 8.)

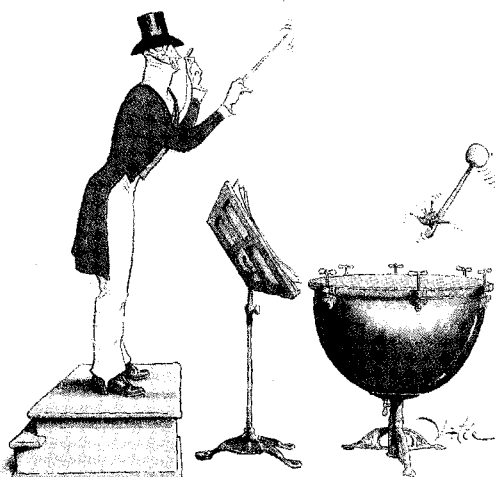
JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Kurt Masur conducts Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, Janáček's "Taras Bulba," and Shostakovich's Second Piano Concerto (featuring Laura Hibbard). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 21 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Feb. 22 at 8: Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, Prokofiev's Symphony No. 6, and two works featuring clarinetist Richard Stoltzman: Debussy's "Première Rapsodie" and the New York premiere of Toru Takemitsu's "Fantasma/Cantos."... Feb. 23 at 3: Bruckner's Symphony No. 2 and Ginastera's Violin Concerto (featuring Elmar Oliveira).

ORCHESTRE SYMPHONIQUE FRANÇAIS—At Alice Tully Hall. Laurent Petitgirard conducts the first American tour of the ensemble, which comprises, for the most part, recent graduates from the Paris Conservatoire. Feb. 22 at 8: Fauré's "Pelléas et Mélisande," Bizet's Symphony in C, Chausson's "Poème," and Ravel's "Tzigane" (with violinist Olivier Charlier featured in the latter two)... Feb. 24 at 8: Debussy's "Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune," Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oye" and "Gaspard de la Nuit" (the latter in an orchestration by Marius Constant), and Saint-Saëns' First Cello Concerto (featuring Gary Hoffman).

LUCIANO PAVAROTTI AND FRIENDS—The tenor, along with sopranos June Anderson and Kallen Esperian, mezzo-soprano Florence Quivar, baritone Sherrill Milnes, and other vocalists, offers an evening of songs, arias, and ensembles; with the New York City Opera Orchestra, conducted by Edoardo Müller. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 24 at 8.)

ASCENSION MUSIC CHORUS—Dennis Keene directs the chorus and soloists in Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle." Described by its composer as "the final sin of my old age," the Mass is none too "solennelle," and is "petite" mainly in its accompanying ensemble, which, comprising nothing but two pianos and a harmonium, was modest enough to squeeze inside a Parisian town house for the piece's unveiling, in 1864. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. For tickets, call 254-8553. Feb. 26 at 8.)



RECITALS

GUARNERI QUARTET—Performing quartets by Haydn ("The Rider," Op. 74, No. 3) and Mendelssohn (his First, in D Major), as well as Reger's Clarinet Quintet (with the assistance of David Shifrin). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)

ALBAN BERG STRING QUARTET—The Vienna-based ensemble will perform Haydn's "Bird" Quartet (Op. 33, No. 3), Janáček's Second Quartet ("Intimate Pages"), and Brahms' A-Minor Quartet. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 19 at 8.)

PAUL GREEN—Clarinetist, assisted by pianist Carol Archer and other chamber musicians, plays works by Mozart, Martinů, Muczynski, and Shumann, as well as jazz selections. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—The ensemble performs Dvořák's Quartet (Op. 61), Mozart's C-Minor Quintet (with violist Michael Tree), and a guitar quintet written in 1975 by Giampaolo Bracali (featuring classical guitarist Nicholas Goluses). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Feb. 20 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BARGEMUSIC—Presenting music by Bach, Brahms, and Mendelssohn (his D-Minor Piano Trio). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Feb. 20 at 7:30 and Feb. 23 at 4.)

IVO POGORELICH—Pianist, performing music by Chopin, Ravel, and Rachmaninoff. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 20 at 8.)

RANSOM WILSON—Flutist, performing Vivaldi's six Concertos, Op. 10. With the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Feb. 21 at 8.)

RUTH LAREDO—The pianist presents a lecture-and-concert about Dvořák; assisted by violinist Carmit Zori and cellist Leo Grinhauz. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Feb. 21 at 8.)

PAUL NEUBAUER—The violist, assisted by pianist Margo Garrett, performs sonatas by Schubert (his "Arpeggione"), Brahms (in F Minor), and Arthur Benjamin, in addition to works by Fritz Kreisler. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 22 at 8.)

GRANT JOHANNESSEN—Pianist, performing sonatas by Beethoven and Brahms, Schumann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," and Milhaud's "Album de Madame Bovary." (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Feb. 22 at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—Michael Jaffee directs works by the fifteenth-century composer Antoine Busnois. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Feb. 22 at 8.)... **NOTE:** Richard Taruskin, of the University of California at Berkeley, will speak about Busnois (whose works he has edited) in a free pre-concert lecture, at the Bar Association, 42 W. 44th St., on Feb. 22 at 4:30.

SAINT LAWRENCE STRING QUARTET AND RUTH LAREDO—The foursome plays quartets by Mozart (K. 589) and Beethoven (Op. 131), and Ms. Laredo joins them for Shostakovich's Piano Quintet. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. 602-0873. Feb. 23 at 4.)

QUINTET OF THE AMERICAS—Performing music by Franz Danzi, Samuel Barber, Carlos Nobre, and Grażyna Bacewicz. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Feb. 23 at 2:45.)

ANDRÁS SCHIFF—The pianist performs Bach's French Suite No. 5, Handel's G-Minor Minuet and "Prelude, Aria, and Variations in B-Flat," Brahms' "Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel" (the theme in question being drawn from the preceding Handel composition), and Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a Theme of J. S. Bach." (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 23 at 3.)

ENSEMBLE INSTRUMENTAL D'AVIGNON—The quintet performs music by Fauré, Jean Françaix, Honegger, and d'Indy. (Florence Gould Hall 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Feb. 23 at 3.)

"MUSIC AND MORE"—Pianist Israella Margali discusses and performs chamber music by Robert and Clara Schumann and by Brahms; with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 23 at 3.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Performing Bach's A-Minor Violin Concerto (featuring Mark Peskanov), Shostakovich's E-Minor Piano Trio, and Brahms' A-Major Piano Quartet (with pianist Yefi Bronfman performing in the latter two). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 23 at 5 and Feb. 2 at 7:30.)

CECILIA BARTOLI—Mezzo-soprano, performing an all-Rossini program, assisted by pianist Martin Katz. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 23 at 8.)

SATURDAY BRASS QUINTET—

Performing works by Viktor Ewald and Oskar Böhme. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 24 at 8.)

AX-STERN-LAREDO-MA QUARTET—

Pianist Emanuel Ax, violinist Isaac Stern, violist Jaime Laredo, and cellist Yo-Yo Ma perform chamber works by Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 24-25 at 8.)

GRAHAM SCOTT—In his New York debut recital, the pianist performs sonatas by Beethoven (Op. 110), Berg, and Scriabin (his Ninth, the "Black Mass"), as well as Rachmaninoff's "Corelli Variations."

Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 25 at 8.)

CHRISTOPHER HERRICK—

The British organist performs music by Widor, Vierne, and others. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Feb. 26 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

NEW YORK NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE—The group performs works by Hindemith, Carter, Peter Maxwell Davies, Joan Tower, and Rand Steiger (who will conduct his own "Thirteen Loops"). (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 26 at 8.)

NICHOLAS GOLUSES—Classical guitarist, who studied with Segovia and Manuel Barrueco before becoming the head of the guitar department at the Manhattan School of Music, performs transcriptions of two Bach sonatas as well as a pair of works by Giampaolo Bracali: a quintet (in which the American String Quartet assists) and the premiere of a sonata that is dedicated to Mr. Goluses. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 26 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

NEIL YOUNG—We've just had a great couple of years from Neil Young, who has been playing loud, raw, unsafe rock music in peak form. Now it's time for another one of his characteristic switch-backs. He's giving his battered eardrums a rest by playing acoustic music again, and a followup to his best-selling record, "Harvest," is on its way. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 17-19 at 8.)

DIRE STRAITS—It's been a few years since Sting sang "I want my MTV," and catapulted Dire Straits to superstardom. Now, Mark Knopfler, after a working sabbatical (a few soundtracks, some solo work) has regrouped his band, with a new drummer and guitarist, and released a very strong followup to 1985's "Brothers in Arms." The new album, "On Every Street," is a beautifully produced collection of riff-rock and late-night songs, and it swings with the punchy immediacy of their best work. In past performances, Knopfler fronted a precision band, note-perfect in most instances, which sometimes neglected to break out of its shimmering shell. The long layoff and new band lineup may have been just the thing to loosen Knopfler's delicate grip enough to turn up the volume. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Feb. 23 at 8. . . . ♣ Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 26 at 7:30.)

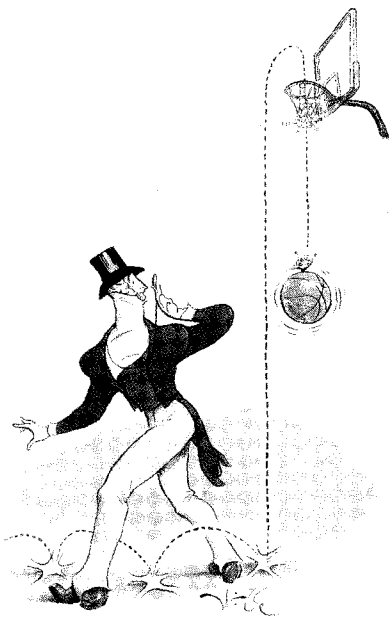
THE CULT—With Lenny Kravitz. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 19 at 8.)

THULI DUMAKUDE—With Thokoza. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 22 at 8.)

"LYRICS AND LYRICISTS"—The second concert in this season's salute to Jerome Kern and his collaborators. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Feb. 23 at 2:30 and 8 and Feb. 24 at 2 and 8.)

"HEAVENLY JAZZ"—Presenting the Scott Hamilton quintet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Feb. 23 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

IMPOSSIBLE MUSIC—Nicolas Collins, David Weinstein, David Shea, and others. (Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway. Feb. 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**SPORTS****HOME TEAMS**

RANGERS—Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Feb. 17 at 1:30. . . . ♣ Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Feb. 21 at 7:30. . . . ♣ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Feb. 23 at 7:30. . . . ♣ Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Feb. 25 at 7:30.

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Feb. 17 at 2:05. . . . ♣ Vs. the Rangers, Feb. 20 at 7:30. . . . ♣ Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Feb. 22 at 5:05. . . . ♣ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Feb. 23 at 5:05.

DEVILS—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Feb. 18. . . . ♣ Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Feb. 24. (Game time, 7:35.)

KNICKS—Vs. the Sacramento Kings, Feb. 18. . . . ♣ Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, Feb. 20. . . . ♣ Vs. the Denver Nuggets, Feb. 22. (Game time, 7:30.)

NETS—Vs. the Detroit Pistons, Feb. 19. . . . ♣ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, Feb. 21. . . . ♣ Vs. the Boston Celtics, Feb. 25. (Game time, 7:30.) (The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

STEIN-A-RAMA—An evening of music by Bernstein (Leonard), Blitzstein (Marc), Weinstein (Arnold), Finkelstein (David), Ornstein (Leo), Styne (Jule), and Stein (Leon). Featured songs include musical settings of texts by Gertrude Stein and a number from "Einstein on the Beach." Before the concert, attendees are welcome to visit a show of art works by Renata Stein. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Feb. 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 877-3399. You get a discount on the ticket price if your name is you-know-what.)

TALKS—Feb. 23 at 1: A lecture-cum-walking-tour in the Brooklyn Botanic Garden; the subject is evergreens. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.) . . . ♣ Feb. 24 at 6:15: Elizabeth Andoh talks about obento, Japanese box lunches. (Dalton School, 108 E. 89th St. For information about tickets, call 744-3479.)

READINGS—Feb. 24 at 8:15: Mark Halliday, Marie Howe, and Tom Sleigh read from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ♣ Feb. 24 at 8: Nicholson Baker and A.M. Homes read from their own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center. 645-0905.) . . . ♣ Feb. 25 at 7: Harold Brodkey, Kathleen Baum, and Siri Hustvedt read from their own prose. (John Good Gallery, 532 Broadway. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ♣ Feb. 25 at 7: Robert Pinsky and Jay Wright read from their own poetry. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ♣ Feb. 25 at 7:30: Allen Grossman and Tomaž Šalamun read from their own poetry. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ♣ Feb. 25 at 8: Mona Simpson reads from her new novel. (Endicott Book-sellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ♣ Feb. 26 at 7: H.M. Koutoukas, Beatrice Roth, and Michael Brodsky read from their own works. (Pat Hearn Gallery, 39 Wooster St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

MEMORANDUM—An exhibition, of jewelry, gems, and minerals will be held at Giants Stadium, Feb. 21, from 4 to 10; Feb. 22, from 10 to 6; and Feb. 23, from 10 to 5. For more information, call 1-914 928-9494.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).

Theatre 2: "Madame Bovary" (directed by Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Theatre 3: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.

Theatre 4: "My Own Private Idaho" (Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix and Keanu Reeves.

Theatre 5: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.

Theatre 6: "Secret Friends" (Dennis Potter), with Alan Bates, Gina Bellman, and Frances Barber.

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

"Rocco and His Brothers" (1961, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Alain Delon.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Theatre 2: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Theatre 3: "Naked Lunch" (†).

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "JFK" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe. From Feb. 21: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.

Theatre 3: "Wayne's World" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Theatre 5: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 6: "High Heels" (†).

Theatre 7: "JFK" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"The Lunatic" (Lol Creme).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "The Inner Circle" (†).

Theatre 3: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 4: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).

Theatre 5: "Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty.

Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Theatre 7: "Paris Is Burning" (Jennie Livingston), a documentary; and "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron).

CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

"Strangers in Good Company" (Cynthia Scott).

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 2: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson).

Theatre 3: "Love Crimes" (Lizzie Borden), with Sean Young and Patrick Bergin.

Theatre 4: "Freejack" (†).

Theatre 5: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

Theatre 6: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Theatre 2: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "JFK" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe. From Feb. 21: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.

Theatre 3: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Feb. 20: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
From Feb. 21: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 53th. (755-3020)

"The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.

SUTTON I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin.

Theatre 2: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Grand Canyon" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Secret Friends" (Dennis Potter), with Alan Bates, Gina Bellman, and Frances Barber.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson).

Theatre 2: "For the Boys" (Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler and James Caan.

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith. From Feb. 21: "This Is My Life" (Nora Ephron), with Julie Kavner, Samantha Mathis, and Gaby Hoffmann.

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Theatre 3: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy. From Feb. 21: "Falling from Grace" (John Mellencamp), with Mellencamp and Mariel Hemingway.

Theatre 3: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 20: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt. From Feb. 21: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.

Theatre 5: "Naked Lunch" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 20: "Cape Fear" (†). From Feb. 21: "Stop! or My Mom Will

Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (Hector Babenco), with Tom Berenger.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 2: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"JFK" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith. From Feb. 21: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

LOEWS ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Theatre 2: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 3: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 20: "Wayne's World" (†). From Feb. 21: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, and Joseph Mazzello.

Theatre 7: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Thank You and Goodnight!" (1990, directed by Jan Osenberg). From Feb. 19: "Step Across the Border" (1990, Nicolas Humbert and Werner Penzel).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "35 Up" (Michael Apted), a documentary.

WAVELY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 2: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 20: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson). From Feb. 21: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

Theatre 2: "Grand Canyon" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper), a documentary about the making of "Apocalypse Now."

Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian).

Theatre 3: "Life Is Sweet" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 20: "Romeo and Julia" (Kevin Kaufman). From Feb. 21: "Close My Eyes" (Stephen Poliakoff), with Alan Rickman, Saskia Reeves, and Clive Owens.

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

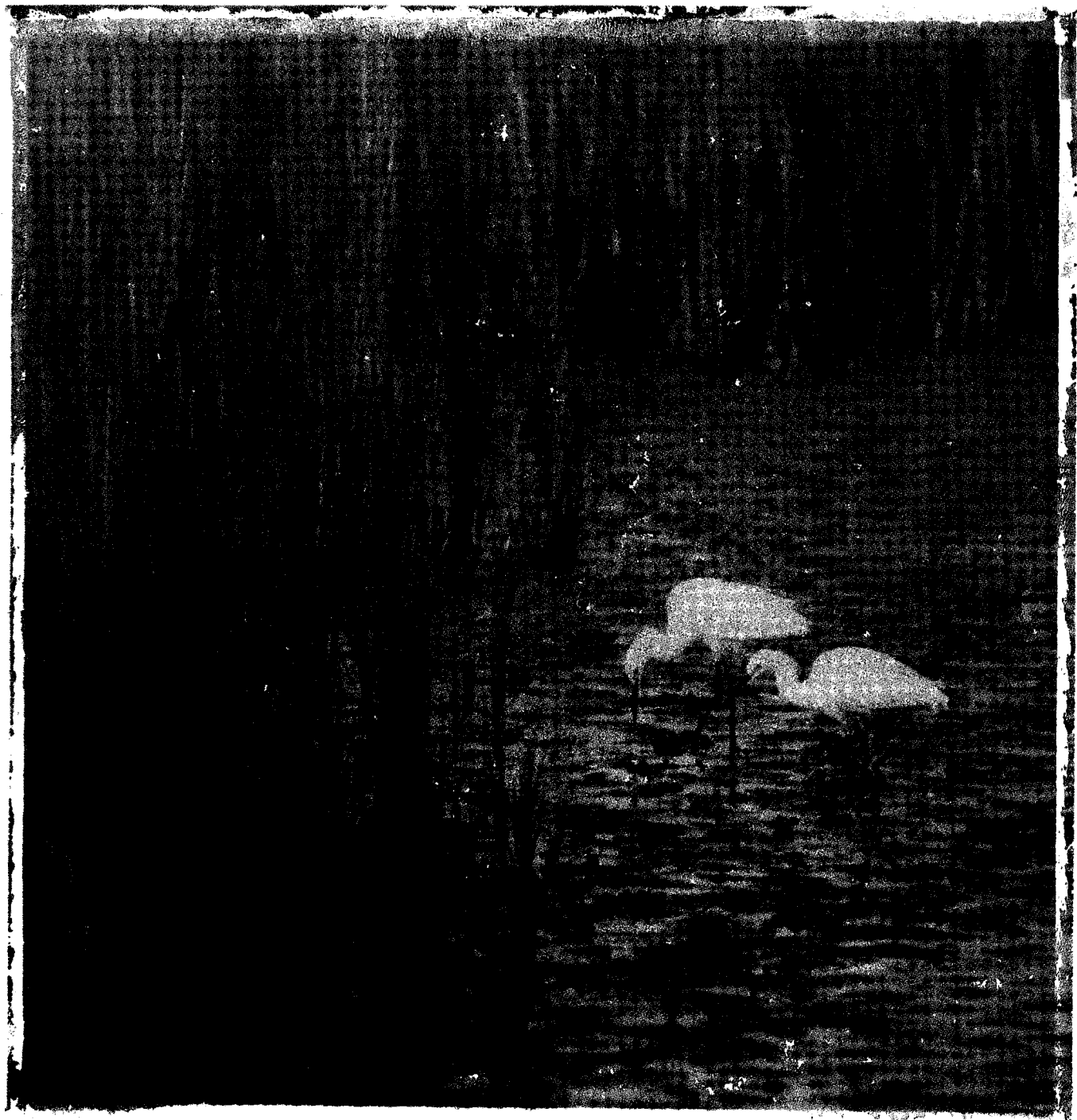
Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "Grand Canyon" (†).

Theatre 3: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 20: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith. From Feb. 21: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with

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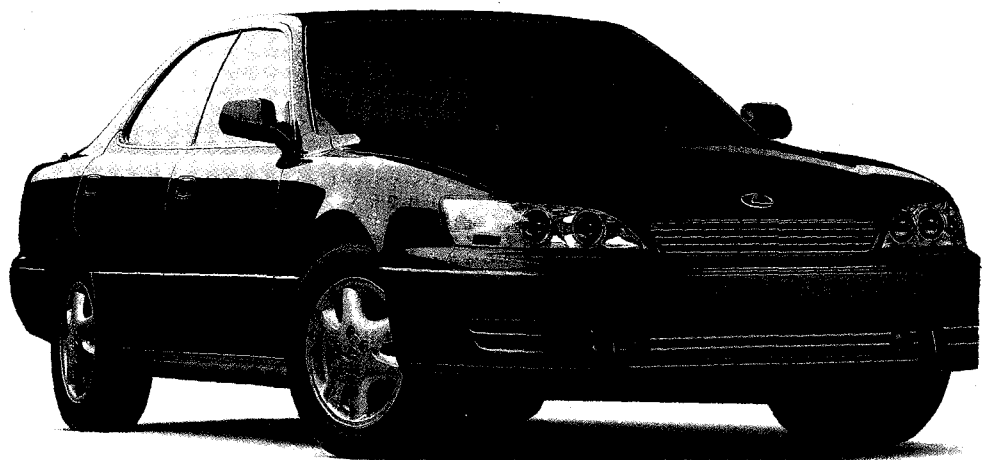
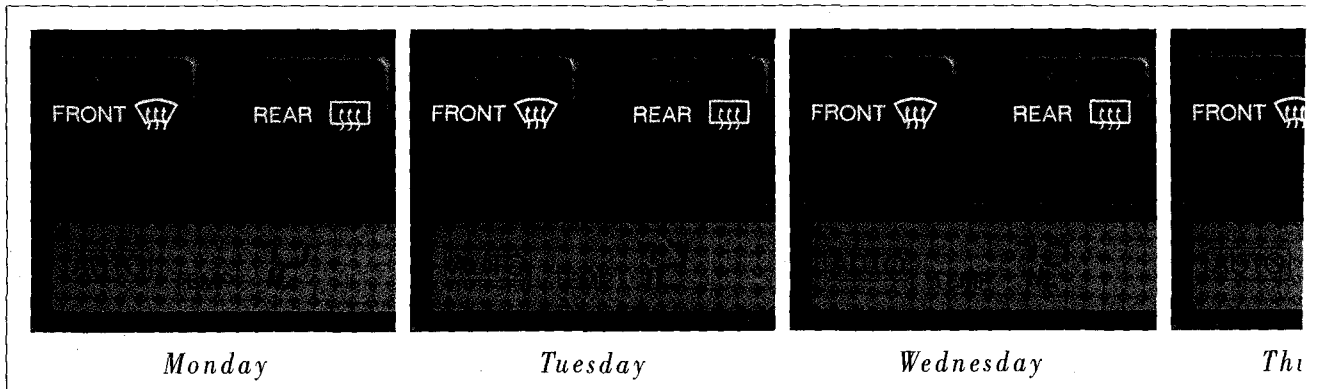


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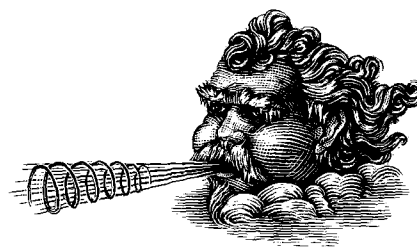
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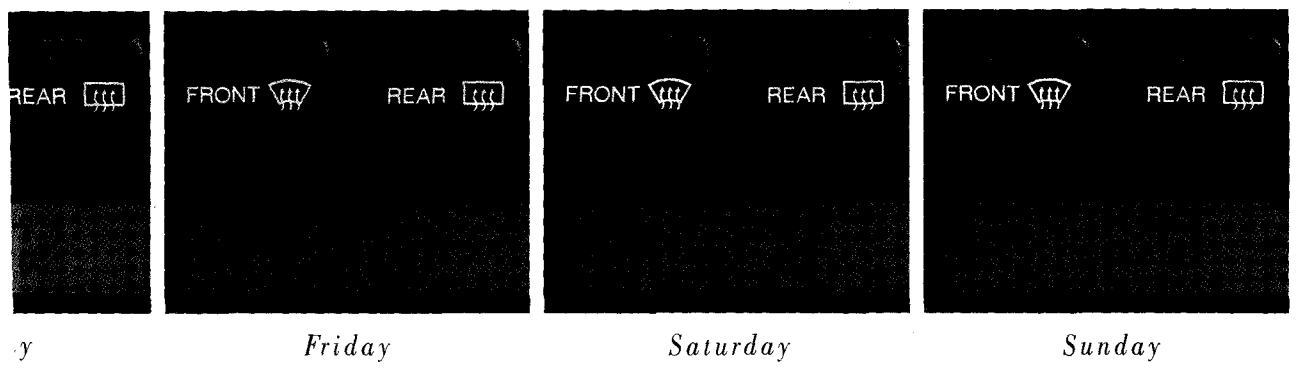
Plus ça change, plus
 c'est la même chose,
 the more things change,
 the more they remain the
 same. Lexus engineers are
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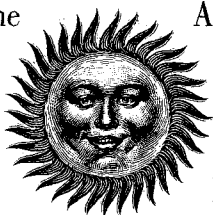
The result? The weather
 may not be predictable, but



least when it comes to the
 way the automatic cli-
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All this may sound highly
 technical (indeed it is),
 but it runs like a

the cabin of the Lexus ES300
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 story. Which, when



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 ambient light from the sun's
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.
 Theatre 5: "JFK" (†).
 Theatre 6: Through Feb. 20: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe. From Feb. 21: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.
 Theatre 7: "Bugsy" (†).
 Theatre 8: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
 Theatre 9: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
 Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and (evenings only) "Cape Fear" (†).
 Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Rush" (†).
 Theatre 3: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
 "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
 Theatre 1: "Boyz n the Hood" (John Singleton).
 Theatre 2: "Life Is Sweet" (†).
 Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.
 Theatre 4: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia; and "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley.
 Theatre 5: "The Black Robe" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper), a documentary about the making of "Apocalypse Now."
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
 "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.
LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
 "The Inner Circle" (†).
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
 "Naked Lunch" (†).
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
 Theatre 1: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
 Theatre 2: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Lucas Belvaux, Jean-François Balmer, Christophe Malavoy, and Jean Yanne.
LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
 "Kafka" (Steven Soderbergh), with Jeremy Irons.
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
 "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.
LOEWS COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
 "JFK" (†).
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
 "Grand Canyon" (†).
LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
 Theatre 1: "Voyager" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Sam Shepard and Julie Delpy.
 Theatre 2: "High Heels" (†).
 Theatre 3: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski, in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
 "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
 Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.
 Theatre 2: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.
 Theatre 3: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).
 Theatre 4: Through Feb. 20: "Wayne's World." From Feb. 21: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.
 Theatre 5: "Medicine Man" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Bugsy" (†).
METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
 Theatre 1: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Rush" (†). From Feb. 21: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.
OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin.
 Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and (evenings only) "Cape Fear" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
 Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Freejack" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Bugsy" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Final Analysis" (directed by Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere, Kim Basinger, Uma Thurman, and Eric Roberts.
 Theatre 5: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
 Theatre 6: "Love Crimes" (Lizzie Borden), with Sean Young and Patrick Bergin.
 Theatre 7: "Into the Sun" (Fritz Kiersch), with Anthony Michael Hall and Michael Paré.
EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
 "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).



EMBASSY 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson), with Omar Epps.
 Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.
LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
 "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: Through Feb. 20: "The Prince of Tides" (†). From Feb. 21: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.
 Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Cape Fear" (†). From Feb. 21: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

REVIVAL HOUSES

LE CINEMATOGAPHE, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
 "L'Atalante" (1934, directed by Jean Vigo; in French), with Jean Dasté, Dita Parlo, Michel Simon, and Louis Lefèvre.
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
 Feb. 17: "Father and Son" (1981, Allen Fong; in Chinese) and "City on Fire" (1987, Ringo Lam; in Chinese).
 Feb. 18-19: "Chicken and Duck Talk" (1988, Clifton Koo; in Chinese) and "Encounter of the Spooky Kind" (1980, Samo Hung; in Chinese).
 Feb. 20-22: "Armor of God" (1987, Jackie Chan; in Chinese), with Chan; and "Long Arm of the Law" (1984, Johnny Mak; in Chinese).
 Feb. 23-25: "A Better Tomorrow" (1986, John

Woo; in Chinese) and "God of Gamblers" (1989, Wong Jing; in Chinese).
 From Feb. 26: "Pauline at the Beach" (1982, Eric Rohmer; in French); and "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" (1988, Rohmer; in French).
FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
 Feb. 17: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966, Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton; and "The Misadventures of Buster Keaton" (1955).
 Feb. 18-19: A program of Buster Keaton television appearances; and short films by Keaton from the early forties.
 Feb. 20: "The Railrodder" (1965), "Buster Keaton Rides Again" (1965), "Film" (1965), and "The Scribe" (1966).
 From Feb. 21: "Andrei Roublev" (1969, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 Feb. 17: "Stolen Kisses" (1968, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977, Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.
 Feb. 18: "Ministry of Fear" (1944, Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948, Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.
 Feb. 19: "Goldfinger" (1964, Guy Hamilton) and "From Russia with Love" (1964, Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.
 Feb. 20: "King of Hearts" (1967, Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "The Mad Adventures of Rabbi Jacob" (1973, Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès.
 Feb. 21-22: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975, Milos Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Taking Off" (1971, Forman), with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry.
 Feb. 23: "Persona" (1967, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956, Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Andersson, and Nils Poppe.
 Feb. 24: "Day for Night" (1973, François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973, Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont.
 Feb. 25: "Blonde Venus" (1932, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Shanghai Express" (1932, Sternberg), with Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.
 Feb. 26: "Dark Victory" (1938, Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Now, Voyager" (see page 23).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Feb. 17 at 2: "Jonathan" (1969, directed by Hans W. Geissendörfer; in German). . . . Feb. 17 at 2:30 and 5: Two different programs of short films from Latin America. . . . Feb. 17 at 5: "Talk Radio" (1988, Oliver Stone), with Eric Bogosian, Ellen Greene, and Alec Baldwin. . . . Feb. 18 at 2:30: "Burn 'em Up Barnes" (1921, George Andre Beranger and Johnny Hines; silent), with Hines and George Fawcett. . . . Feb. 18 at 6: "Broken Journey" (1948, Ken Annakin), with Phillis Calvert, Margot Grahame, and Francis L. Sullivan. . . . Feb. 20 at 2:30 and Feb. 22 at 5: "The Age of Earth" (1980, Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). . . . Feb. 20 at 3 and 6: "Coal Wars: The Battle in Rum Creek" (1991, Kathleen Foster) and "Making Waves" (1991, Donald Blank), both documentaries. . . . Feb. 20 at 6 and Feb. 22 at 2: "A Man of Principle" (1984, Francisco Norden; a Colombian film, in Spanish). . . . Feb. 21 at 2:30 and Feb. 25 at 6: "A Clouded Name" (1923, Austin O. Huhn; silent), with Norma Shearer. . . . Feb. 21 at 3 and Feb. 23 at 5: A program of short films by Hollis Frampton, Barbara Hammer, Kathryn Bigelow, and Ernie Gehr. . . . Feb. 21 at 6 and Feb. 25 at 2:30: "Bashful Ballerina" (1937, Al Christie), with Imogene Coca; "The Chorus Girl's Romance" (1920, William C. Dowlan; a United States film, with Portu-

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

- guesse intertitles), with Viola Dana. . . . Feb. 21 at 6 and Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Life in Shad-ows" (1947, Lorenzo Lobet Gracia; in Span-ish). . . . Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Cane Toads: An Unnatural History" (1987, Mark Lewis); "Goodbye Mr. Germ" (1943, Edgar G. Ulmer); and "Once Too Often" (1950, Charles L. Turner), with Jack Lemmon and Constance Ford. . . . Feb. 22 at 5: "Trick for Trick" (1933, Hamilton MacFadden), with Ralph Morgan, Victor Jory, and Sally Blane. . . . Feb. 23 at 2 and Feb. 24 at 6: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982, Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale. . . . Feb. 23 at 5 and Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Rose-mary's Baby" (†). . . . Feb. 24 at 6:30: "In-timate Stranger" (1991, Alan Berliner). Mr. Berliner will be present.
- WALTER READE THEATRE**, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Feb. 17 at 2 and 9, and Feb. 18 at 6: "Bound for Glory" (1976, Hal Ashby), with David Carra-dine. . . . Feb. 17 at 4:45: "A Flame in My Heart" (1987, Alain Tanner; in French). . . . Feb. 17 at 7, and Feb. 18 at 4: "Union Maids" (1977, Julia Reichert, James Klein, and Miles Mogulescu) and "With Babies and Banners: Story of a Women's Emergency Brigade" (1979, Lorraine Grey), both docu-mentaries. . . . Feb. 18 at 2 and 8:45 and Feb. 19 at 3:45: "The Phantom Valley" (1987, Tanner; in French), with Jean-Louis Trinti-gnant. . . . Feb. 19 at 2 and 6: "Native Land" (1942, Leo Hurwitz and Paul Strand), a documentary. . . . Feb. 19 at 7:45, Feb. 20 at 2, and Feb. 21 at 4:15: "The Woman from Rose Hill" (1989, Tanner, in French). . . . Feb. 20 at 4 and Feb. 21 at 2 and 6:15: "Bonnie and Clyde" (†). . . . Feb. 20 at 9: "Toto the Hero" (1991, Jaco van Dormael). . . . Feb. 21 at 9 and Feb. 22 at 4:30: Gary Rydstrom talks about sound design. . . . Feb. 22 at 2: "The Challengers" (1991, Eric Till). . . . Feb. 22 at 7:30 and Feb. 26 at 9:30: "Star Wars" (1977, George Lucas, with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, and Alec Guinness. . . . Feb. 22 at 9:45 and Feb. 26 at 4:30: "Raid-ers of the Lost Ark" (1981, Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford, Karen Allen, John Rhys-Davies, and Paul Freeman. . . . Feb. 23 at 2 and 7 and Feb. 25 at 6:45: "Return of the Jedi" (†). . . . Feb. 23 at 4:30 and 9:30 and Feb. 25 at 4:30: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (1991, James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong, and Robert Patrick. . . . Feb. 24 at 2 and 9:30 and Feb. 26 at 7:15: "The Three of Us" (1984, Pupi Avati; in Italian). . . . Feb. 24 at 4:45 and 7 and Feb. 26 at 2: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (†). . . . Feb. 25 at 2 and 9:15: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.
- MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO**, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A Dennis Potter retrospective. Feb. 20 at 5:30, Feb. 21 at 6, and Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Stand Up, Nigel Barton" (1965, BBC), with Keith Barron and Jack Woolgar; and "Vote, Vote, Vote for Nigel Barton" (1965, BBC), with Barron, Valerie Gearon, and John Bailey. . . . Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Brimstone and Treacle" (1976, BBC), with Denholm Elliott, Michael Kitchen, Patricia Lawrence, and Michelle Newell; and "Moonlight on the Highway" (1969, London Weekend Televi-sion), with Ian Holm.
- AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE**, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Feb. 18 at 1:30: "Hangin' with the Home-boys" (1991, Joseph B. Vasquez), with Doug E. Doug. . . . Feb. 19 at 1:30: "Boyz n the Hood" (1991, John Single-ton). . . . Feb. 20 at 1:30: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (1991, Matty Rich). . . . Feb. 21 at 1:30 and Feb. 22 at 4:30: "Sidewalk Stor-ies" (1989, Charles Lane), with Lane and Nicole Alysia. . . . Feb. 22 at 2: "Chame-leon Street" (1990, Wendell B. Harris, Jr.), with Harris. . . . Feb. 23 at 2: "Jungle Fe-ver" (1991, Spike Lee), with Wesley Snipes, Annabella Sciorra, Samuel L. Jackson, Lonette McKee, John Turturro, Anthony Quinn, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, and Frank Vincent. . . . Feb. 23 at 4:30: "Def by Temp-tation" (1990, James Bond III), with Bond.
- FLORENCE GOULD HALL**, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 19 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Love Without Pity" (1989, Eric Rohant; in French). . . . Feb. 26 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Les Violons du Bal" (†).
- NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—Feb. 20 at 6:30: "Talk of the Town" (1942, George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman.
- SYMPHONY SPACE**, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—Feb. 24 at 6:30: "The Conformist" (1970, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda. . . . Feb. 24 at 8:45: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (1981, Berto-lucci; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi and Anouk Aimée.
- ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Feb. 19 at 8, Feb. 20-21 at 9:30, Feb. 22-23 at 10, and Feb. 26 at 8: "The Laserman" (1988, Peter Wang). . . . Feb. 20-21 and 23 at 8: A program of eight works by Jordi Torrent. . . . Feb. 22-23 at 6: "Don't You Wish It Could Be Smooth Sailing" (1991) and "Brighton Beach" (1980), both by Carol Stein and Susan Witten-berg. . . . Feb. 22 at 8:30: A program of films by Jack Smith and Ken Jacobs.
- BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway. (1-718 783-6501)—Feb. 22 at 2: "Sandra" (1966, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Claudia Cardinale and Jean Sorel. . . . Feb. 23 at 2: "The Damned" (1969, Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
- DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER**, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Feb. 18 at noon: "Sword of Lancelot" (1963, Cornel Wilde), with Wilde, Jean Wal-lace, and Brian Aherne. . . . Feb. 25 at noon: "Lancelot of the Lake" (1975, Robert Bresson; in French), with Luc Simon.
- ASIA HOUSE**, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films by Zhang Yimou, cinematographer. Feb. 21 at 6: "One and Eight" (1984, Zhang Jun-chao; in Mandarin). . . . Feb. 21 at 8:30: "The Big Parade" (1985, Chen Kaige; in Mandarin).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surpris-ingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing growl, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunk-headed village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman-Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Cam-elot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantel clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dal-matians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolver-ton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Guild. . . . Feb. 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia. Matinees only.)

BLACK ROBE—An unusual and absorbing new film about North American Indians and a French Jesuit missionary in the early seven-teenth century. It's a culture-clash drama in which the most important conflicts take place in the realm of the spirit. The main charac-ters are an excruciatingly pious young priest called Father Laforge (Lothaire Bluteau) and an Algonquian chief named Chomina

(August Schellenberg). Their world views are so radically opposed that at times the two men seem unable to acknowledge each other as human. The screenwriter, Brian Moore, and the director, Bruce Beresford, show ex-traordinary respect for the stubborn, almost impenetrable otherness of their historical characters. The film is an adventure story in the truest sense: the filmmakers lead us into unknown territory, and keep pushing us far-ther and farther on, until, by the end, we find ourselves deep in the wilderness of the seventeenth-century consciousness. Bluteau's performance is enervated, but the script is superbly intelligent, the direction is confi-dent, and Schellenberg's Chomina is mag-nificent. The picture moves on a steady, powerful flow of ideas and emotions, and it stirs in us a sense of discovery. Based on Moore's 1985 novel of the same name. Also with Aden Young, Sandrine Holt, and Tan-too Cardinal. Cinematography by Peter James.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/18/91.) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE (1967)—A landmark movie, this account of the lives of the thirties out-laws Bonnie Parker (Faye Dunaway) and Clyde Barrow (Warren Beatty) keeps the audience in a state of eager, nervous imbal-ance; it holds our attention by throwing our disbelief back in our faces. In a sense it's the absence of sadism—it is the violence without sadism—that throws the audience off balance. The brutality that comes out of the innocent "just-folks" Barrow-family gang is far more shocking than the calculated brutalities of mean killers. And there is a kind of American poetry in a stickup gang seen chasing across the bedraggled backdrop of the Depression—as if crime were the only activity in a country stupefied by poverty. Arthur Penn directed, from a screenplay by David Newman and Robert Benton, with some re-writing by Robert Towne (who is credited as Special Consultant). With Gene Hackman, Estelle Parsons, Michael J. Pollard, Gene

Wilder, Denver Pyle, Dub Taylor, and Evans Evans. Cinematography by Burnett Guffey; editing by Dede Allen; art direction by Dean Tavoularis; music by Charles Strouse.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 20-21.)

BUGSY—This opulent period gangster movie, written by James Toback and directed by Barry Levinson, is largely a showcase for the old-fashioned star magnetism of Warren Beatty, who plays the legendary Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel. The screenplay portrays Bugsy as a charming, mercurial psychopath with a rather touching taste for glamour; it concen-trates on the last few years of the hero's life, when he became a Hollywood celebrity and built the first hotel-casino in Las Vegas. He's a vivid, unpredictable, one-of-a-kind guy, and the filmmakers seem to realize that they can't take their eyes off him for a second. Siegel is a fascinating monster; we don't want to take our eyes off him, either. This is a rich role for Beatty, and he tears into it hungrily. It's the best kind of star performance: Beatty seems entirely himself, but in a new way. He's ferociously, mesmer-izingly funny. Annette Bening plays Bugsy's lover, the tough, wily, independent-minded mob courtesan Virginia Hill, and she more than holds her own in her scenes with the star. And the movie is filled with pungent, memorable supporting performances. Ben Kingsley brings a surprisingly dry, elegant sense of comic timing to his portrait of sober Meyer Lansky (one of the hero's partners in the New York mob). Harvey Keitel, as Mickey Cohen, Bugsy's right-hand man in Los Angeles, spits out his profane lines as if they were live firecrackers. Elliott Gould plays the tiny role of Harry Greenberg, an aging flabby mob schlemiel, and he's absolutely inspired; he plays this dazed character as a Willy Loman who has wandered too far from the old territory. Despite its lavish surface this is essentially a movie of small, lovingly crafted pleasures. It's smart, swanky fun.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Loews Or



"Now, Voyager" (playing February 26, at Theatre 80 St. Marks) wasn't meant to be a Bette Davis vehicle; back in 1942, the producer, Hal B. Wallis, wanted Irene Dunne. But the part of Charlotte Vale, the spinster daughter of a forbidding Boston matriarch (Gladys Cooper), became one of Davis's signature roles. And Max Steiner's Oscar-winning score contains a melody that turned into Davis's theme song: "It Can't Be Wrong." What can't be wrong, of course, is Vale's brief encounter with a suave married architect (Paul Henreid) on a South American cruise. In a virtuoso turn, Davis inverts the exciting characteristics that made her a star, especially (in Graham Greene's words) "that precise nervy voice" and "the popping neurotic eyes." At first, the voice is nerveless, the eyes cloudy. But as the movie goes on, an extroverted Davis emerges in modulated form. The refined, almost lulling Henreid is the perfect co-star: he smooths Davis's edges. In the romance's famous finale, Henreid lights two cigarettes in his mouth, and slowly hands one to her—a memory of their last night in Brazil. She responds "Don't let's ask for the moon; we have the stars."

In the end, Vale devotes herself not to the architect but to his daughter Tina, who is her psychological mirror image. The aspect of female self-sacrifice may be dated, but the emphasis on healing what some now call "the inner child" couldn't be more up-to-date. Under the guidance of a casual, ironical, yet still God-like psychiatrist (Claude Rains), Vale comes to terms with herself as an emotionally battered daughter, then asserts her independence from mater, and finally acts as Tina's ideal surrogate mom. Irving Rapper's direction and Casey Robinson's screenplay might as well be marking off the inches on an emotional-growth chart. But their stolid conviction gives the film clout as well as camp. "Now, Voyager" brings the inner child out into the open.

pheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

CAPE FEAR—Martin Scorsese's new film is a remake of a bluntly effective 1962 thriller about a middle-class family—husband, wife, teen-age daughter—who are terrorized by a devious, implacable psychopath. The original (which was based on a pulp novel by John D. MacDonald and directed by J. Lee Thompson) had the straight-ahead construction of a horror movie, and it never pretended that what it was doing was good for us. The remake muddies the waters with self-consciousness: Scorsese and the screenwriter, Wesley Strick, have loaded the movie with apparent moral ambiguities, facile ideas about guilt and redemption, and explicit attempts to portray the scuzzy villain as a mythic nemesis. This picture is much flashier and more assaultive than the original. But the Christian/mythological subtext that Scorsese dredges up and places in the foreground has the effect of increasing our emotional distance from the story. Besides, it isn't true subtext; it's stuff that has been imposed on, rather than discovered in, the material. This is still, at heart, a picture

whose sole aim is to give its audience huge, bowel-loosening shocks. It's Scorsese's worst picture—an ugly, incoherent piece of work. With Robert De Niro (frenetic but thoroughly uninteresting as the villain), Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, and Ileana Douglas. Joe Don Baker, playing the small part of a private detective, gives the liveliest performance. The stars of the 1962 version, Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, make brief appearances, and the score is a reorchestration of Bernard Herrmann's original music.—T.R. (12/2/91) (Park & 86th Street Cinemas... ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia. Evenings only... ¶ First & 62nd Cinemas, and National Twin; through Feb. 20.)

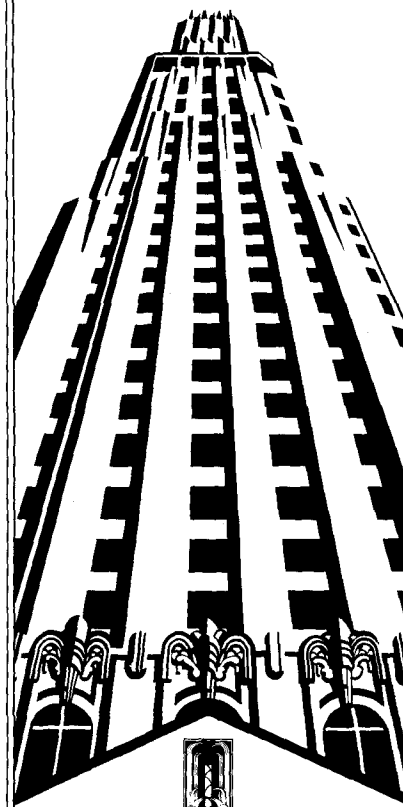
FREEJACK—This time-hopping and time-wasting adventure stars Emilio Estevez as a race-car driver and Mick Jagger as the high-tech body snatcher who plucks Estevez out of a car wreck and sends him eighteen years into the future. The supposedly brain-dead Estevez is meant to supply the host body for the mind of an aging oligarch. Instead, Estevez regains consciousness and becomes a "freejack," pursued by Jagger's bounty hunters and a megacorporation belonging to Anthony Hopkins. There's no imaginative skulduggery. The action is rooted in executive-suite chicanery involving Hopkins' favorite employee, Rene Russo, who happens to be the racer's former lover, and Hopkins' second-in-command (Jonathan Banks). Robert Sheckley's source novel, "Immortality, Inc.," is just an amusing futuristic farrago, but at least it runs the gamut of afterlife theories. The script (by Steven Pressfield, Ronald Shusett, and Dan Gilroy) does little more than make Estevez run the gauntlet. The director, Geoff Murphy ("Utu"), tries to enliven the film with broad supporting caricatures, including David Johansen as Estevez's slimy manager and Amanda Plummer as a foul-talking sister—a literal blue nun. Jagger provides the only real kick. He delivers two prime pieces of sarcasm with stunning naturalness, as if he'd thought of them himself. Given the rest of the dialogue, he probably did.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Criterion Center.)

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES—Cancer, wife-beating, burning crosses, barbecue, fat-lady jokes at the expense of Kathy Bates, wisdom dispensed by Jessica Tandy, and female bonding that stops just shy of lesbianism. That's the recipe for this clunky, fraudulent, yet apparently crowd-pleasing laugh-and-tearjerker. In the framing story, Tandy befriends Bates and inspires her with the Depression-era tale of tomboy Idgie (Mary Stuart Masterson) and pretty, demure Ruth (Mary-Louise Parker), who discover happiness when they found the Whistle Stop Café in Idgie's small Alabama home town. The director, Jon Avnet, drenches the palate with sweet sauce, then goes for the throat. The only good white males are run over by a train; in this feminist wish fulfillment, it isn't only tomatoes that get sliced. Written by Fannie Flagg (who has a bit role), Carol Sobieski, and, uncredited, Avnet, from Flagg's novel "Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café."—M.S. (Baronet, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

GRAND CANYON—Or, the self-importance of being earnest. Kevin Kline plays an L.A. immigration lawyer who lives as comfortably as a hot entertainment lawyer; Danny Glover plays the tow-truck driver who rescues Kline when his car conks out in a rough black section of the city. Kline plots to repay his savior by moving Glover's sister to a better neighborhood and fixing Glover up with Alfre Woodard. Meanwhile, Kline's wife (Mary McDonnell) surges with maternal ardor when she finds a babe in the shrubbery. The director, Lawrence Kasdan, who co-wrote the script with his wife, Meg, pretends to confront the chaos of contemporary urban life: free-floating anger and violence, racial abrasions, the fragility of family bonds. But he keeps breaking the characters' falls with mystical whoopee cushions—a blend of enriched-white-bread comedy and New Age uplift. By the end of the movie, Kline can do no wrong; even the secretary he once slept with (Mary-Louise Parker) lands on her feet. "Grand Canyon" is a liberal soap opera: it manufactures biodegradable suds. Steve Martin provides a few tart moments as a producer of violent action films, but Kasdan punishes the character by shooting him in the knee.—

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

M.S. (Gotham Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE—This vengeful-nanny thriller has a catchy ad campaign: "Trust is her weapon. Innocence her opportunity. Revenge her only desire." The filmmakers, too, go after the trusting and innocent, but their desire is to make a killing at the box office. The twenty-eight-year-old screenwriter, Amanda Silver, spells out everything as if for the intelligence-impaired. Annabella Sciorra plays Claire, a devoted wife, mother, and, yes, botanist who blows the whistle on a lascivious gynecologist, catalyzing his suicide. Rebecca De Mornay is Peyton, the bad doctor's widow, who loses her own child and lies her way into Claire's nursery. And Ernie Hudson is the heroic, mentally challenged handyman who is wise with children; his name, of course, is Solomon. (Claire's husband, Michael, played by Matt McCoy, is a nonentity.) With its banal, docile household threatened by an enemy within, the film is like "The Stepfather" without wit or irony. De Mornay's Peyton gets off one campy verbal swipe at Solomon that's sure to be a favorite at high-school study halls, but Julianne Moore, as Michael's first love and Claire's friend, gives the performance of the movie. She's coiled and out there, like an exposed spring. She's also funny; she makes spikiness likable. Curtis Hanson directed, impersonally.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy I.)

HIGH HEELS—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie is featherweight postmodern camp. It's chic entertainment for the fashion-conscious, and it's even constructed like a designer's runway show—this season's collection of naughty notions and candy-colored visual conceits from the House of Almodóvar. As usual, he's trying to combine giddy farce with steamy, over-the-top melodrama. The main characters are a television newscaster named Rebeca (Victoria Abril) and her mother, the flamboyant singer-actress Becky del Páramo (Marisa Paredes). They're the prime suspects in the murder of Rebeca's caddish husband (Feodor Atkine), who is a former lover of Becky's. The movie also features several parodic musical numbers, a subplot involving a female impersonator called Femme Lethal (Miguel Bosé), and a tearjerker ending in which mother and daughter reconcile. The picture's comic inventiveness lacks a unifying idea, an overriding joke. One thing is about as good as another, and nothing is quite good enough. And Almodóvar's filmmaking audacity isn't as bracing as it used to be; it feels trivial. There's no urgency in his perversity here, no challenge in his dissonant effects, no real tension in his wildly intricate plot. This movie is the expression of a personality rather than a sensibility. Also with Mairata Obisiedo, who does a brief, hilarious turn as a police detective's hypochondriacal mother. In Spanish.—T.R. (2/10/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Hook—Steven Spielberg's film means to give a contemporary spin to J. M. Barrie's classic "Peter Pan." The movie is a failure in almost every way, but it's unmistakably of our time: its lack of conviction and its panicky eagerness to please are depressingly up-to-the-minute. The script, by Jim V. Hart and Malia Scotch Marmo, presents Peter Pan as a grown-up American family man named Peter Banning (Robin Williams). Banning, a yuppie corporate lawyer, has no idea that he was ever Peter Pan, and he's so wrapped up in making money that he neglects his wife and kids. The movie contrives to send him back to Neverland, where he rediscovers his former identity and does battle with his old nemesis, Captain Hook (Dustin Hoffman). The filmmakers use up their energy and our patience in scattershot attempts to appeal to every conceivable audience. The whole sorry spectacle turns out to be a kind of self-help fairy tale, an illustrated lecture on finding the inner child. The picture is full of special-effects "magic," but the tricks feel strained; we're constantly aware of the anxiety and the backbreaking effort it's taking to produce them, and that's no kind of magic at all. The movie seems drenched in flop sweat. In this version of "Peter Pan," the imagination feels like a burden—a terrible, crushing obligation.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Loews 19th

Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Loews Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center.)

THE INNER CIRCLE—Hoping to pin the blame for Stalinism on the unthinking masses, the director, Andrei Konchalovsky, and his co-writer, Anatoli Usov, mistakenly rest an epic-scale movie on a straw man: Ivan Sanshin (Tom Hulce), the dictator's personal projectionist. Both sheepish and sheeplike, Ivan the Fallible buys every official explanation for Stalin's purges and security checks, and radiates joy whenever the regime tosses a few crusts his way. Too bad we don't get to see him project "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs": Konchalovsky and Hulce must have modeled Ivan after Dopey. Compared to Ivan, nearly every other character comes off as a Trotsky or a Shostakovich, so the antihero's wall-eyed optimism registers like an aberration rather than a symptom. Bob Hoskins, who plays the security boss Beria, and Lolita Davidovich, who plays Ivan's long-suffering wife, bring the film a sprinkle of wit and complexity. In a prickly scene of seduction and betrayal, they give Konchalovsky's otherwise clobbered audience the pleasure of feeling more than one emotion at a time.—M.S. (Loews Festival... Village East Cinemas. Evenings only.)

JFK—Oliver Stone's movie means to demonstrate that the assassination of John F. Kennedy was not the act of a disturbed Marxist loner named Lee Harvey Oswald but the result of a vast, complex right-wing conspiracy. The screenplay, by Stone and Zachary Sklar, packs an extraordinary amount of assassination lore into three hours and eight minutes; it also includes a ton of speculative material about governmental misconduct, and quite a few invented characters. The movie is a thick gumbo of truths, half-truths, unverifiable hypotheses, and pure rant, and Stone ladles it out indiscriminately. In essence, the conspiracy theory argued here amounts to a series of inferential leaps proceeding from a speculation (that J.F.K. was killed because he wanted to pull out of Vietnam and end the Cold War). It's all bombast and misdirection, like a courtroom summation by a lawyer who knows that he can't win on the evidence. Stone comes on like a fearless radical, but his attitude toward the audience is firmly in the Hollywood tradition: he tries to bypass the intellect and go straight for the gut. The picture plays like an endless episode of "America's Most Wanted." Its hysterical manner and its slipshod handling of the facts actually have the effect of diminishing the credibility of the case for conspiracy. The clearest sounds we hear in this movie are those of Oliver Stone shooting himself in the foot. With Kevin Costner as New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, Sissy Spacek as his wife, Gary Oldman as Oswald, and an all-star cast of witnesses and conspirators: Tommy Lee Jones, Joe Pesci (an abominable performance), Donald Sutherland, Kevin Bacon, Jack Lemmon, Ed Asner, John Candy, Walter Matthau. Garrison himself does a brief turn as Chief Justice Warren.—T.R. (1/13/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews Columbus Circle.)

LIFE IS SWEET—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home-improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversation. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behav-

ioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea and Timothy Spall.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

MEDICINE MAN—Sean Connery, in the title role of a botanist/biochemist who discovers a cure for cancer in the Amazon rain forest, plays the kind of droll grizzly who calls his helper/boss (Lorraine Bracco) Bronx even though she says she comes from Brooklyn. Doubtless Connery could come up with some appropriate one-syllable nicknames for this dead mass of a movie. He provides the only hint of amusement with his seemingly effortless and virile charm. Bracco lets all the perspiration show—and in the jungle that's a ton of sweat. Written by Tom Schulman ("Dead Poets Society") and Sally Robinson, from an original story by Schulman, the film is meant to be message entertainment. But any info it has to offer falls between the wisecracks, and as fun it fizzles. The director, John McTiernan, lets the audience get too far ahead of the protagonists. Viewers yell out the missing ingredient to the cancer cure long before Connery and Bracco cry eureka.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

NAKED LUNCH—David Cronenberg's movie isn't really an adaptation of William S. Burroughs' famous novel. It's more like a brisk and well-organized tour of Burroughs Country. The movie is content to pay homage to the novel; Cronenberg's screenplay is an attempt to imagine where this bizarre, unaccountable work of genius might have come from, to get inside the mind of a writer caught in the unnatural act of making literature. The hero is a gaunt, ghostly-looking junkie called William Lee (Peter Weller)—a name Burroughs often used to designate his fictional alter ego. And the primary setting is a place called Interzone, a fever-dream rendering of Tangier, where much of the novel was written. The movie amounts to an ingeniously constructed myth of literary inspiration. Weller plays Lee as a dazed automaton and a kind of mystic, and that interpretation is perfectly suited to the movie's image of the artist as the helpless medium of an obscure higher power. Cronenberg accounts for the birth of Burroughs' novel by turning the author into a strung-out St. John of the Cross. This picture is an amazingly tight, coherent piece of work, and it's often funny, but the argument is too tidy and hermetic. Essentially, Cronenberg has made a weird comedy about writing—a narrow, limited subject. The film's striking imagery and peculiar sensibility are surprisingly easy to shrug off. This is a control freak's portrait of a wild man.—T.R. (2/10/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

THE PRINCE OF TIDES—Barbra Streisand's film, adapted from Pat Conroy's 1986 novel, is a big, earnest psychoanalytic soap opera. It's a story in which people come to terms with their past, make peace with the demons that have haunted them since childhood, learn how to let go of the "dysfunctional" emotional patterns inflicted on them by their parents, and become sensitive, caring human beings. Streisand treats this banal material affectionately, even reverently, but it plays better on the screen than it does on the page. Her direction is smooth and canny, and she has distilled the novel to its corn-based essence. But the fumes of the book's terrible ideas linger in the air. After a while, everything begins to feel predictable. Conroy's narrative method (he co-wrote the screenplay, with Becky Johnston) consists of establishing characters who embody common stereotypes, setting them in motion around each other, and then watching them follow the courses that he's mapped for them: his message is one of change and liberation, but his characters' orbits are fixed. As the soul-searching hero, Tom Wingo, Nick Nolte bears the weight of all the movie's ambitions, and for the most part, he carries his burden with miraculous grace. Streisand plays a sympathetic New York psychiatrist and never seem-

to get the hang of the role, but most of the cast performs heroically: Blythe Danner, as Tom's wife, and Kate Nelligan, as his mother, are wonderful. This is an admirably scrupulous job of literary adaptation; it's the material that's dysfunctional.—T.R. (1/27/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema. . . . 34th St. East, and National Twin; through Feb. 20.)

RETURN OF THE JEDI (1983)—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star



Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of movie-making. It's packed with torture scenes, and it bangs away at you. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax—a chance to engage the audience emotionally with something awesome—the director Richard Marquand trashes it. In "The Empire Strikes Back," the three central figures seemed capable of real exhilaration and real suffering. Here, they're back to being what they were in the first film—comic-strip characters wandering through a jokey pastiche of the Arthurian legends. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. And they'll probably be charmed by some of the new characters, especially the tribe of potbellied woodland creatures, the furry, cuddly Ewoks, who suggest a cross between koala bears and puli dogs—they're like living Teddy bears. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Billy Dee Williams, Anthony Daniels as C-3PO, and Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca. Screenplay by Lawrence Kasdan and George Lucas, based on Lucas's story; music by John Williams.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 23 and 25.)

ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)—Pregnant women sometimes look at their men as if to say, "What did you do to me?" Rosemary (Mia Farrow), the Omaha-born girl who's now living in Manhattan, has reason to wonder, and this satirical gothic thriller, written and directed by Roman Polanski, from Ira Levin's novel, is told from her point of view. Rosemary's actor-husband (John Cassavetes) conspires with a coven, drugs her, and mates her with Satan, in exchange for a Broadway hit. It's genuinely funny, yet it's also scary, especially for young women; it plays on their paranoid vulnerabilities. The queasy and the grisly are mixed with its entertaining hipness. (It's probably more fun for women who are past their childbearing years.) Mia Farrow is enchanting in her fragility; she's just about perfect for her role. And the darkly handsome Cassavetes is ideal as the narcissist who makes the deal for a cloven-hoofed infant. Also with Ruth Gordon, Sidney Blackmer, Maurice Evans, Ralph Bellamy, Patsy Kelly, Charles Grodin, and Elisha Cook. The cinematography is by William Fraker; the production design is by Richard Sylbert; the editing is by Sam O'Steen.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Feb. 23-24.)

LUSH—What a misnomer! Based on Kim Wozencraft's autobiographical novel about a Texas male-female narc team who cook evidence in more ways than one, this movie is a stone drag. With Jennifer Jason Leigh and Jason Patric skillfully imitating the ravages of addiction and withdrawal, it's basically an old-

fashioned junkie drama. Even though the director, Lili Fini Zanuck, cast one of the wildest actors from "Drugstore Cowboy," Max Perlich, as a dealer-turned-snitch, she didn't learn much from that movie. Zanuck doesn't convey the exhilaration and the jumping adrenaline that hook the protagonists. A canny group of actors play the bad guys, and they're better defined than the heroes—the rogues' gallery takes over the midway. It includes Special K McCray, who displays a dazzling, derisive chuckle as a black heroin honcho; William Sadler, who exudes psycho-killer ambience as a pusher of "blue ringers"; and the massive, stoic Gregg Allman, who's potentially ambiguous as a racketeer suspected of being the kingpin. Eric Clapton's virtuoso rock score advances the tension and the druggy romance more than the filmmakers or the stars do. The transparent Leigh acts out, the opaque Patric acts in, but these opposites don't attract. Screenplay by Pete Dexter.—M.S. (23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only. . . . 34th St. West Triplex; through Feb. 20, evenings only.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? (1969)—Horace McCoy's hard-boiled nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance contest is turned into a macabre allegory, with the paranoid, apocalyptic vision of American rottenness that was typical of movies in the Vietnam era. Though the picture staggers under its heavy load of symbolism and is marred by flash-forwards, and even flashbacks triggered by flash-forwards, it's still striking, with vestiges of the hard sarcasm of thirties lower-depths humor—those acrid sick jokes that make one wince and laugh simultaneously. As the defiantly self-destructive, sharp-tongued Gloria, the girl who is so afraid of being gullible that she can't live, Jane Fonda gives a startling, strong performance. She shows the true star's gift of drawing one to her emotionally even when the character she plays is repellent; her Gloria, like Bogart's Fred C. Dobbs, is one of those creations who live on as part of our shared moviegoing experience. The screenwriters, James Poe and Robert E. Thompson, wrote a good role for Gig Young as the promoter-m.c.; he's a crude barker who, in his pitches on the microphone, cheapens every human emotion, but he's also sensitive and empathic. He knows how to handle people in crises—partly, one gathers, because he has been among people in ugly messes all his seamy life. The director, Sydney Pollack, isn't particularly inventive, but he has tight control of the actors. They work well for him, and he keeps the grisly central situation going with energy and drive. The cast includes Michael Sarrazin (his role—that of a man who commits a murder from which he is totally estranged—is the adapters' worst failure, and he just looks weak, calf-eyed, and vaguely benumbed), Susannah York, Bonnie Bedelia, Bruce Dern, Red Buttons, Allyn Ann McLerie, and Severn Darden.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 24 and 26.)

LES VIOLONS DU BAL (1974)—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation, and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as the bearded, intense-looking Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical and glassy smooth. The incidents have a warmed-over old-Hollywood look, and the smartly tailored hat that the mother wears for the escape across the border and the fine gloves with which she parts the strands of barbed wire are the height of refugee chic. (If this is what the child experienced, he must have had the soul of a courier.) Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Nathalie Roussel. In French.—P.K. (Flurence Gould Hall; Feb. 26.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PAUL FREUND, who died recently, at the age of eighty-three, was one of the century's great students of the United States Constitution and Supreme Court. He pursued this passion as a law clerk of Justice Louis Brandeis, as an assistant to the Solicitor General of the United States, and, for five decades, as a professor at Harvard Law School, where he had been a student. In a case he once argued for the government before the Supreme Court, the justices, in questions to the opposing counsel, brought up everything he had planned to say. Freund rose and said, "May it please the Court, there is a typographical error on page ten of our brief." He corrected the error, and added, "If there are no questions, the government rests." The justices ruled unanimously for the United States. For years afterward, Felix Frankfurter told friends about that triumph. "Since I've been on the Court, I've heard learned arguments, I've heard powerful arguments, I've heard eloquent arguments," he used to say. "But I've heard only one *perfect* argument."

Freund repeated this story, but because he considered it to be about Justice Frankfurter, not about himself. He had doleful eyes and a hesitant manner—he was a truly shy and modest man—yet he was confident about his best ideas. In the mid-thirties, when the Supreme Court was striking down laws intended to pull the United States out of the Depression, Freund, though still a young man, was an architect of a flexible, open-minded view of con-

stitutional interpretation ("more tentative, experimental and pragmatic," he called it), which eventually prevailed and held sway for two generations.

For a time, Freund was chiefly known for having declined President John F. Kennedy's offer of the Solicitor Generalship. (He was editing a multivolume history of the Supreme Court.) Twice, Kennedy considered Freund for a seat on the Supreme Court, but each time the appointment went to someone in the government. Without regret, Freund kept on with his unusually broad-gauge legal scholarship. His office at Harvard Law School was a good index of the reach and the sense of responsibility that he employed in thinking about the Constitution. There were mounds of legal papers, historical articles, judicial decisions, textbooks and treatises on the Constitution, personal letters, poetry, and other writings covering virtually every square inch of desk, windowsill, and furniture, and much of the floor.

Freund's own experience, stretching over three generations, reinforced his almost palpable humility, and taught him that political power and intellectual influence can shift radically over time. He was mindful that American

law has had to accommodate the needs of an extraordinarily diverse and changeable people, and that care and compromise have been as valuable to us as abstract principle. For Freund, the tensions among the branches of government, the conundrums of the federal system, and the polarities of society provided the law with its basic challenge—to sort out problems of human nature. Because he believed that the law is capable of expressing a form of truth, he seemed to regard it as the duty of each lawyer to balance competing interests when working out a view on a constitutional question. He explicitly disassociated himself from absolute judgments, even if they reflected his liberal turn of mind; in matters of law, he was a moderate by conviction. What he said once of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes applied equally to himself: "His compassion—and he did possess it profoundly—embraced the human race, because what unites us—the ultimate ground of our claim to equality—is our common ignorance of the central questions posed for us by the universe: whence, and why, and whither."

To Freund, the dilemmas of law were similar to those of art—passion or pattern; convention or revolt; order or spontaneity. In the resolution of those dilemmas, he wrote, "lies the clue to creativity that will endure." To deal with them, he approached the law as a combination of social science and literature—a synthesis that was strengthened by conscience and lawyerly skills. In the practice of law today, these attributes are considered far less important than ideology and outcome; the



idea of truth no longer has much application, and in many instances the arguments that lawyers make about even the gravest issues are almost wholly shaped by interests they serve or identify with. By comparison, Freund's efforts to find answers that rang true after a disinterested inquiry, and to express them elegantly, seem a relic of a distant time.

A FRIEND writes from a resort on an island off Antigua:

It's raining on the island this morning, the last day of an impulsive vacation, and when I woke up and heard rain I felt instantly cheerful. What a luxury: instead of playing tennis, I'm sitting in bed with the doors to the terrace open, and I can see the rain dripping from the bougainvillea arbor, dripping on the lounge chairs, dropping into a puddle with bright-red petals floating in it—red the color of lipstick that might be named Iniquité, or L'Urge. I come from up on the forty-fifth parallel, and nature here looks artificial to me: the flowers too brilliant, the Caribbean Sea too luminous and turquoise, the beach too white, and the palm fronds a shade of green I associate with plastic utensils. But rain I know.

My problem on this last day is to talk myself out of buying a membership in the resort, which I don't want, because I don't like it here, but which otherwise makes good sense. If I sign up today, I will save thousands of dollars on my bill for a two-week stay. And this place is the sort of place a person ought to like—there is no good reason not to. A stucco cottage with a red tile roof, big walnut louvered doors, ceiling fans, and a tiled terrace under an arbor of bougainvillea. Big, thick towels, a complimentary bottle of rum, and a beautiful foot-long pea-green lizard curled on the wall by the arbor, his head cocked, his eyes almost shut.

Lizards skitter through the underbrush and across the grass, and birds sit in the trees singing till late at night. Every morning, I put on a pair of neon-green shorts and a white T-shirt and sandals, and I bicycle down a winding brick road for a buffet breakfast at the beach pavilion, where tiny birds with green and orange bellies perch, chirping, by the baskets of croissants. Then tennis, and then an out-

door lunch, and after lunch I hike up the long white beach and pick out a spot and sit down with a bottle of grapefruit fizz and look out at the cerulean sky, the turquoise sea, etc., smelling the sweet buttery aroma of suntan oil, and feel definitely owly.

There are—to use my mother's old phrase—little children in China who would love this resort and count themselves lucky to be here. You may eat and drink all you want and do as you please—you and sixty other guests—in a hundred-acre paradise where a staff of two hundred Antiguan picks up your clothes and washes them, teaches you to snorkel or Windsurf, and, if you are suddenly struck by the need for a crab salad and a frozen Daiquiri, fetches them for you. But being waited on hand and foot by black people does not make me feel easy in my soul, and neither does *basking*. I don't bask well.

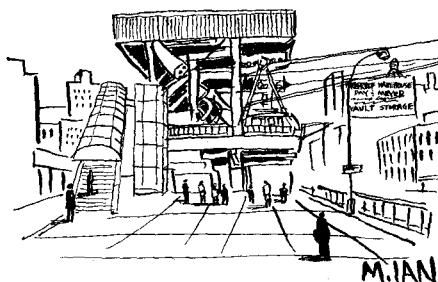
I also don't enjoy being around portly white men who talk about capital gains and amortization in big hacksaw voices and then beat me at tennis. Every day, elderly steel magnates from Chicago with bum knees and cricks in their backs limped onto the court and demolished me, and, of course, the harder I played the worse I got. "Come on, babes, win one for Walter Mondale," I told myself, and went out and hit patty-cake volleys that got smashed off my shoelaces, old-granny serves that got knocked down the line, an assortment of wood shots and ticks and dingers, a big, lunging overhead smash that wound up in the bushes. One day, I played a big tanned man who had just spent two weeks at his house in Aspen, and was here for a week and then off to his villa in Provence. While stretching, he cheerfully outlined his plans for the next four months. None of them involved anything you'd consider work; his life seemed to be all downtime, uninterrupted by any periods of beavering. Evidently, his elders had been beavers,

and now he had become a lizard. I despised him, and he beat me, no sweat, 6-1, 6-0.

The problem with a relaxing vacation is that you keep running into yourself. Trying to bask through a long, languorous afternoon is no escape for a person with a relentless memory, and mine kept driving at me, pushing forward gloomy thoughts, all my vast reservoir of fears. The fear of water, for example, as intense as when I was eight years old: water is death—I waded in and have to pause at waist depth and gather courage for the plunge. The fear of sadness: the sight of silent couples at lunch picking at their salads, staring off across the water at the distant coast, fills me with dread. The fear of losing: when the scoring starts, I tense up and begin whaling and whacking.

One day, I played doubles. My partner was a slender, balding Englishman with a simple, elegant stroke, an unerring aim, a firm grasp of strategy, and a wonderful crisp way of saying things like "Let's have a go at it" and, if I did the right thing, "Smashing!" We were down 1-5 in the second set, having lost the first 7-5, and as I walked off the court for a glass of water I heard him mutter something to his wife at courtside. "Well, you must *tell* him, darling," she said. But he didn't. Evidently, there was too much to tell.

After three days of thinking about it, I forced myself to take out a sailboat. I browbeat myself, telling myself what a wimp I was, and threatened myself, and ordered myself to go and get in a boat. A polite young Antiguan man with gold mirrored shades explained to me the fundamentals of sailing (which I had learned thirty years ago), and I shoved off in the little Sunfish and sailed. I went downwind and tacked up along a reef and came about and crisscrossed the bay, no problem, but whenever the sail filled and the boat got going well enough so that it began to heel over, I stiffened with fear and let out the sail, and the Sunfish sat down flat again. I kept trying to sail close-hauled and almost managed to, but I couldn't make myself like it. And then I had a wonderful, liberating thought: I am almost fifty, and I don't have to do this if I don't want to. A truism, but to me a revelation. *You don't have to do this if you don't*



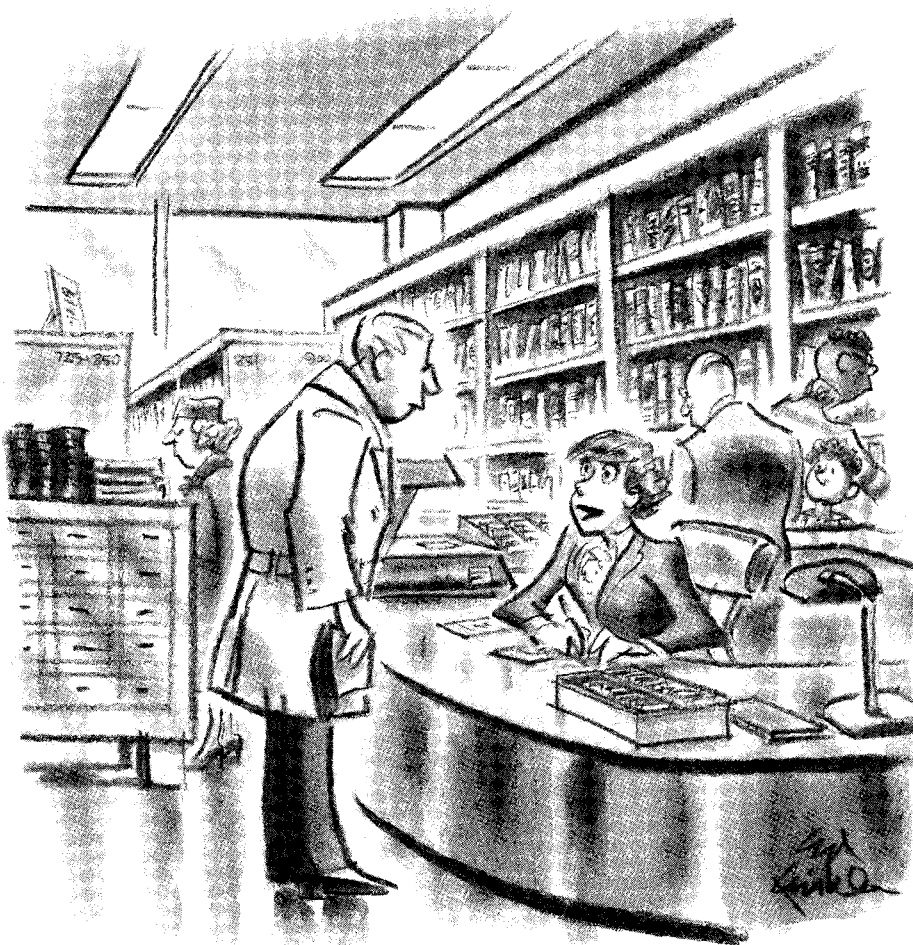
want to. I remembered a great vacation at a friend's house on the Maine coast. The sea was too cold to swim in, the friend did the sailing, it rained a lot and blew, and we sat on the porch and read books. At night, we talked around a fire, and later I took a book to bed. We cooked some, walked some, and a few times we played Ping-Pong in a room so small that my friend's big forehand smash was cramped and I beat him, though I then lost to his wife. To the best of my knowledge, I had a good time.

And so I have decided not to join this resort. It would be reasonable to, and it is hard to escape reason, but I am going North, back to the rain and cold, back to a fire. The plane leaves in three hours, and I wish it were one and a half.

Possibilities

AT the corner of 129th Street and Amsterdam Avenue is a red brick building that, with its high arched windows, stands out just slightly from a nearby bus garage, sheet-metal shop, and bodega. The building is Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Junior High School, more commonly known as J.H.S. 43M, or just plain 43. Inside the front door are a bronze plaque and a security guard. The plaque credits the building of the school to the "Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works—Project No. 8000—1935-1937." Past the security guard, a corridor with a green linoleum floor leads to a bulletin board full of notices celebrating the victories of the Raging Rooks, a chess team, and one of the school's few extracurricular activities.

Richard Gudonsky, a science teacher at 43, has been in charge of the chess team for about twenty years now. For the first seventeen years, the team went from season to season rather uneventfully. Then, in 1989, Mr. Gudonsky met Maurice Ashley, a twenty-five-year-old senior master and professional chess instructor. Ever since, Maurice has spent his free time developing what is now one of the most successful junior-high chess programs in the nation. Maurice's coaching sessions are sometimes like meetings of the Joint Chiefs in wartime, sometimes like pickup basketball games, and sometimes like abusive comedy routines.



"Oh, we don't sort things into categories like fiction and nonfiction anymore, sir. Now it's either 'popular' or 'elitist.'"

"Doesn't he stop to think even for a second that I won't give him a piece for free?" Maurice asks the room at large as his opponent squirms, trying to see the trap that he has laid. "Why didn't you think about that just for a second? The first lesson is you look both ways before you cross the street." After demolishing an opponent, Maurice has the ability to go back ten or fifteen moves and replay them with running commentary: "Here I taught you the most important things you know—control the center and slow down. You know how much I charge for lessons like that?"

Though Maurice was born in Jamaica, he grew up mostly in Brooklyn, and he understands what it takes to succeed in the inner city. "You can't just start a chess program," he told us recently. "You have to get to know the kids and make them good at the game. Then chess will become attractive to other kids. Otherwise, you're planting

a seed without watering it. You put it there and it dies, and that's exactly what happens to any number of programs in Harlem. So my idea was I'm going to *work* with this group, because I know what it's like to want to play chess—to want somebody to show me how to play and to have no one. I grew up like a lot of these kids, playing ball in the streets, listening to hip-hop. Not really having anything to do—that was a big theme in my life. And then I discovered chess. It was like a light, and I just kept moving in that direction.

"I look at a kid like Kasaun Henry, my top student from last year, and I see myself. The same determination—never being satisfied, never wanting to coast. At the nationals in 1990, in Salt Lake City, we had a choice of putting the kids in the junior-varsity section—the weaker section—or putting them in the top section. If we had put Kasaun in the junior-varsity section, he would

have won first place hands down, and we would have won first place as a team. But I stopped. I thought that if I were sitting in Kasaun's place there was no way I'd want to play in J.V., and I knew him to be like that. So I asked all the kids what section they wanted to play in. I went around the room, and they went 'J.V., J.V., J.V., J.V.,' and when I came to Kasaun there was a silence, and finally he says, 'Do I have to make my decision now?' And I said, 'Yes, you do.' 'Oh, man,' he says, and he gets up and starts pacing around the room. Then suddenly he stops, and he goes, 'I want to play in the top section.' I put him in, and he won top unrated in the section, came back with a trophy, and was team leader the next year."

After the success of the Raging Rooks in 1990, Maurice was intent on coaching them to a national championship in 1991. Of course, there were problems: players not showing up for practices, lethargic parents and unsupportive administrators, the constant struggle for funding. "But there came a moment in March," Maurice recalls, "when suddenly a lesson I'd given—I think it was a lesson detailing weak-square strategy—sank in with such force that they were playing on another level, and I saw the shift and I watched in amazement. I knew from that moment that without question we were one

of the top five teams in the nation."

In April, the Rooks flew to Dearborn, Michigan, for the national championships. It was the first time in an airplane for some of them, and the first night in a hotel, but it was far from a pleasure trip. "They didn't have nearly as much fun as in Salt Lake City," Maurice told us. "They were like little businessmen. They had this attitude: Last year, we came to have fun; this year we came to win." Not long into the tournament, however, the Rooks started to fall short of Maurice's expectations. "One of our top players totally folded after an early victory," he explained. "Another began to display overconfidence in games he was clearly winning, and thus allowed himself to lose." Going into the final round, the Rooks were four places out of first. "In his final match, Kasaun was getting his butt handed to him, but he remained calm and pulled out a victory," Maurice said. So did two of the other top four Rooks, and that catapulted the team into a tie for first place.

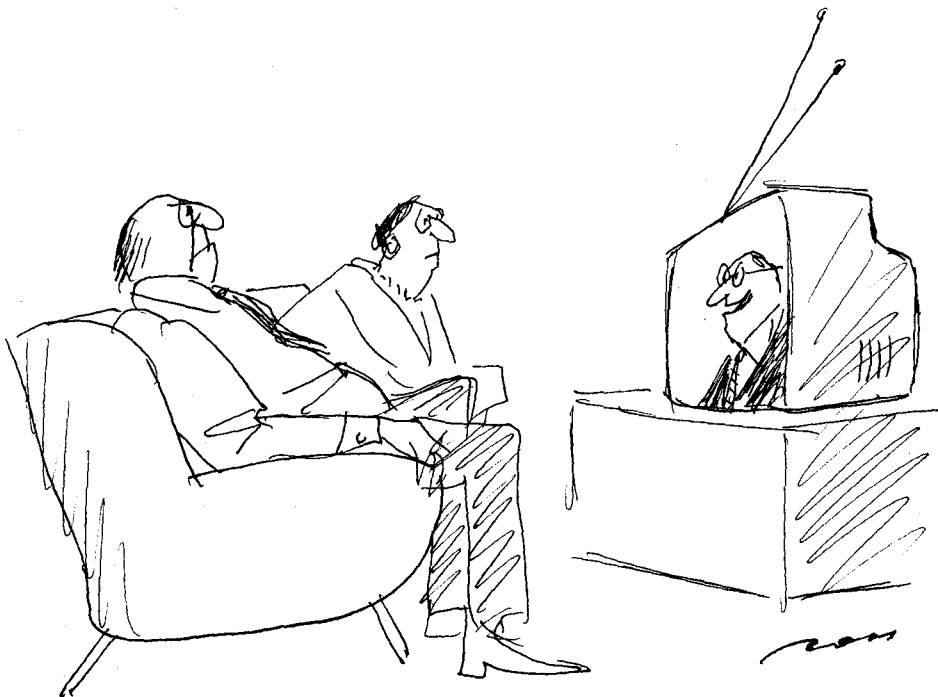
After months of working away in silence, the Rooks found themselves in a storm of media attention. They were featured in the tabloids and photographed for the *Times*, and were even treated to a party at Bob Guccione's town house. "I look upon a lot of the attention we got in much the same way

as I view the articles that categorize me as the best black chess player in the world," Maurice says. "It's degrading in a way, but it has its uses, and I'm happy to use it to bring attention to the game and prestige to our program. I remember once Kasaun came out of 43 with a huge trophy, and a kid walks by and says, 'What's that trophy for?' and Kasaun says, 'Chess.' 'Chess?' the kid says. 'I got trophies at home for basketball,' and he starts bouncing a ball between his legs. And I said, 'Well, we're going to be on television tonight.' And he says, 'Really? What channel?' Suddenly, there's meaning: you're getting on television."

"After the championship, somebody asked one of my kids what he wanted to be when he grew up, and the kid said a doctor or a chess player. Two years ago, he would never have said chess player, and I wouldn't be surprised if he got the doctor from Dr. Huxtable, on 'The Cosby Show.' For kids, it's what they see. And they don't see black chess players, or blacks in intellectual fields at all. It's when the kids start seeing these paths that they become possibilities in their minds, and then it's not a shock to them that Harlem kids can be national chess champions. By the end, we weren't really surprised by our success. Everything that happened seemed so logical."

Homemade

WE make a really great eggplant-and-prosciutto pizza. Right now, it's just for home consumption, but we're thinking of packaging it—either individually shrink-wrapped or in a corrugated-cardboard box with a printed sleeve cover—and marking it up three hundred per cent and making about four million dollars. A good customer would be Victoria Verdiglione, the executive director of nutritional services for the New York City Department of Correction, whom we met the other evening at a meeting of Roundtable for Women in Food Service, Inc. The purpose of the meeting was to tell people like us how to package the new food products we've invented and sell them to people like Ms. Verdiglione. Ms. Verdiglione serves seventy-five thousand meals every day to employees and guests of the New York City Department of Correction. Could we interest her in a daily



"And now, ladies and gentlemen, with a very, very funny and uplifting story, the President of the United States."

delivery of seventy-five thousand shrink-wrapped pizzas? "Sorry," Ms. Verdiglione told us. "Your product's not really for my clients."

Sue Weiss invented Strugel. Obviously, it's a cross between rugalach and strudel. Everyone goes crazy for it, Mrs. Weiss said, but she didn't submit any Strugel to the Roundtable panel—a group of five food-marketing professionals—for evaluation, because she doesn't have product liability insurance and the Roundtable panel won't taste anything that's not insured. "I use a lot of nuts," Mrs. Weiss confided to us during the cocktail hour before the meeting. "I really should have insurance. My daughter the attorney said to me, 'Ma, you use nuts! Someone could break a tooth—you're going to get sued!'"

Will we be able to get some Strugel with nut-collision insurance anytime soon? "Eventually," Mrs. Weiss said. "Right now, I'm just thinking through my marketing notions."

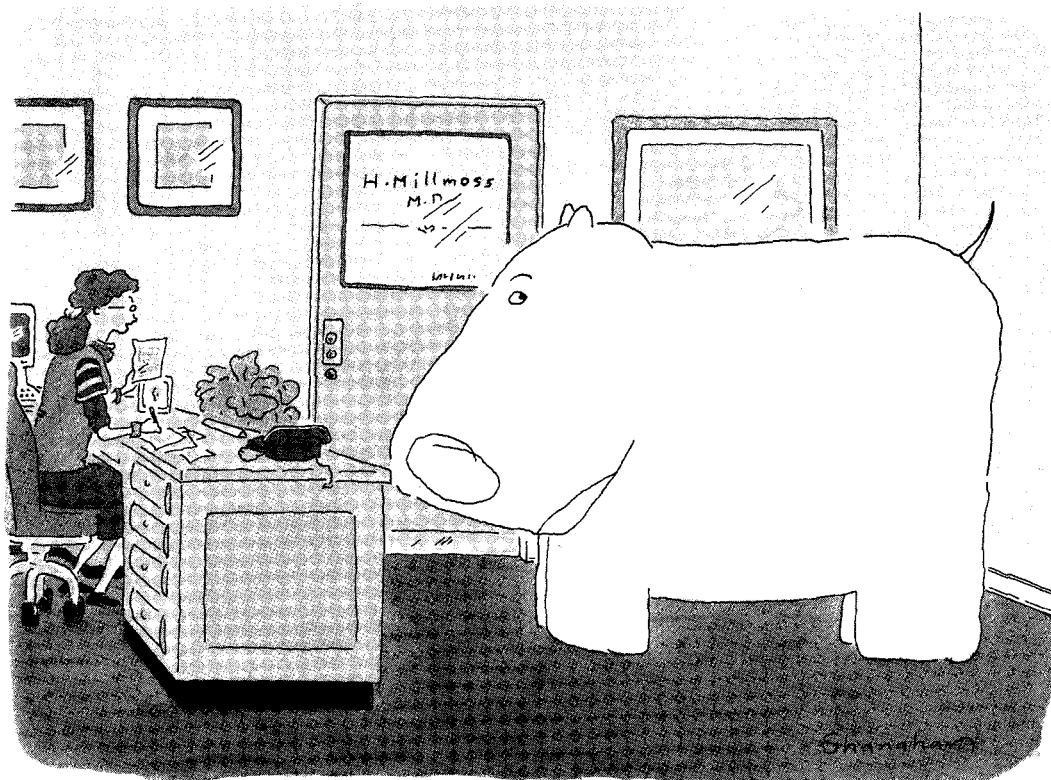
Terry McEntee is a chicken person. "I own the Chicken Coupe, in Long Beach," she said. "But I'm really here about mashed potatoes." People come to her shop for the grilled chicken, but what they really go berserk over is her mashed potatoes, which are extremely high-fat and also contain a secret ingredient. Ms. McEntee was thinking that if she could market the potatoes to supermarkets and gourmet stores she could probably close the Chicken Coupe and just make mashed potatoes all day long. "That sounds great to me," she said. "I think it would be nice to be focussing on mashed potatoes."

Alexandra Pomerantz, of Alexandra's Ultimate Brownies, was bonding with James Heffron, of Brownies on Tour, beside the vegetable platter. "By the way, I make a brownie pie," Ms. Pomerantz said.

"We do a pie," Mr. Heffron responded. "We do a brownie cake, too."

"I do a cake," Ms. Pomerantz said. "I've done a brownie heart, even."

"We've done a heart," Mr. Heffron said. "We have a great almond one."



"Do you have an appointment?"

"I do an almond-and-pecan," Ms. Pomerantz said. "I actually do sixteen varieties. That's a lot of brownies. Sometimes I'm baking and wrapping and looking at all these brownies, and I'm, like, why am I *doing* this?"

Kim Risetto is a nurse. Meg Curran is a homemaker. They are also the inventors of a chicken thing that drives people wild. "We love appetizers," Ms. Risetto explained. "We don't have a name for this yet, but it's breaded chicken with a kind of mustard sauce on it."

"And with zing," Ms. Curran added.

After the cocktail hour, the panelists began evaluating eight food products chosen from among the insured submissions. The first product was Aunt Goldie's Goldies, which are rich, chewy, all-natural premium-quality butterscotch cookies with many toppings. "I like this product," said Brooke Lennon, who is the senior vice-president of groceries and general merchandise for Grand Union—in other words, just the sort of guy we'd like to interest in our pizza. "I do like this product, but if you want to place it in what is known in our business as the Cookie Aisle, it's a little high-end to be next to a Chips Ahoy."

"Very homemade in feel," said Gail Macht, a food broker with GLM Fine Foods. "Remember, Hellmann's Mayonnaise started somewhere, too."

Jeff Rosenthal, the director of food services at Dean Witter Reynolds, evaluated Fudgeroons, which are a marriage of a fudgy chocolate brownie and a rich coconut macaroon. The marriage was performed by Suellen Schussel, of Brooklyn. "Excellent product," Mr. Rosenthal said. "I could see its application for food service. With a new product like this, I always ask myself a couple of questions. I say to myself, 'Can I get it?' Also, I say, 'Is it innovative without being too far out?' And also, 'What is different about it from products already existing in its category?' Let's face it, we don't need another honey mustard. We don't need another raspberry preserve."

We noticed that the woman on our right looked very anxious. "I'm with Elaine's Grains," she whispered. "We're going to have our honey-and-whole-wheat challah evaluated. It's a very special product." We asked whether Elaine's Grains' honey-and-whole-wheat challah had any secret ingredients. "As a matter of fact, yes," the woman said. "Honey and whole wheat."

THE WILD WEST



Confrontation



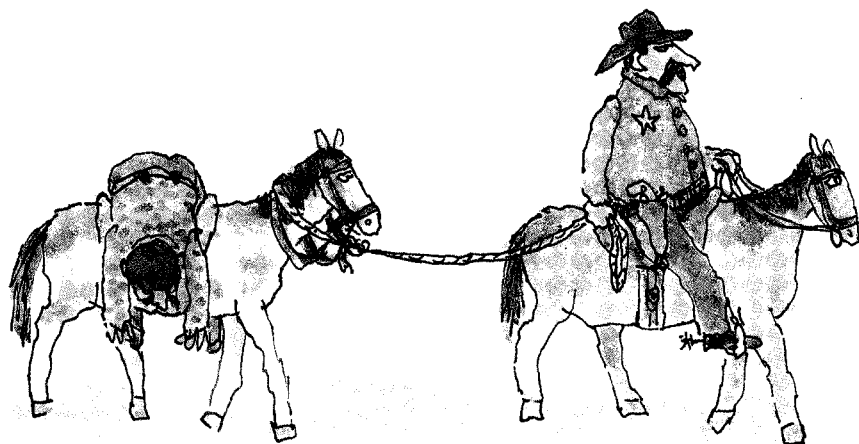
Pioneer Burying Her Man



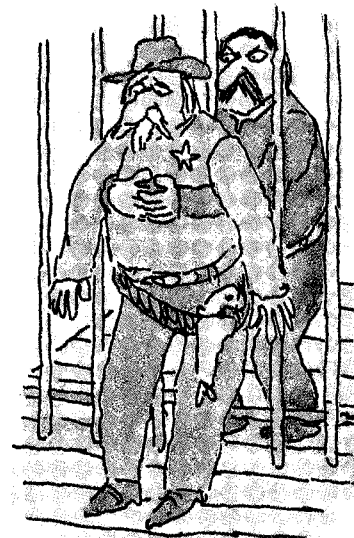
Powwow



Outlaws



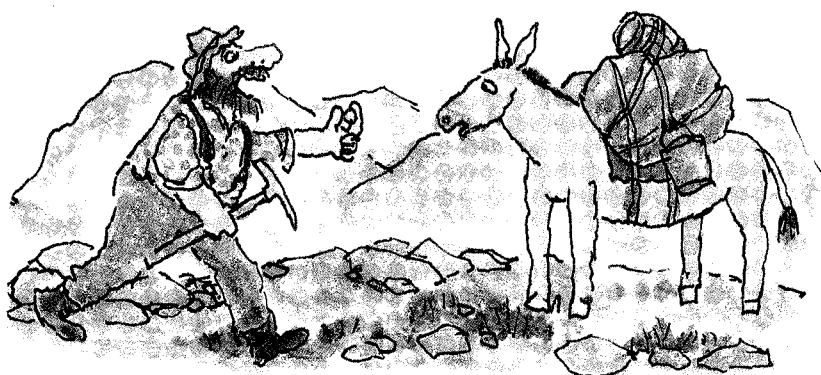
Dead or Alive



The Careless Sheriff



Posse



"Gold!"



The Girls

HAVE YOU EVER

TO OUR VALUED POLICYHOLDERS: As the nation's only insurer providing basic health and liability coverage to single, married, and dependent characters in daytime television dramas, First Mutual Protagonist Life & Health is proud of its thirty-five years of service to this exciting community. At First Mutual, we understand the need of invented individuals for a variety of insurance products not offered by other carriers.

Recently, however, due to national economic factors, First Mutual has shared in an industry-wide downturn which threatens the high standard of performance we have always maintained. As a result, we are forced to reassess our present rate scales. Please fill out, sign, and return the appended questionnaire at your earliest convenience in order that we may find the new payment schedule right for you. Failure to do so may result in refund of balance remaining (if any) and full cancellation of your policy within sixty real-time calendar days.

I. PERSONAL HEALTH

(To be completed by all respondents)

Have you ever

1. suffered from amnesia?
2. taken a paternity test?
3. been declared legally dead?
4. undergone reconstructive surgery that changed facial features, height, weight, and/or hair color? (If any *yes* to 4, was condition accompanied by alteration of voice due to damage to laryngeal nerve?)
5. Have you ever had
 - hysterical pregnancy
 - temporary blindness
 - six-week brain tumor
 - post-hypnotic trauma
 - fatal nerve disease
 - paralysis from waist down
 - ☐ pre-engagement
 - ☐ post-engagement
 - fainting spells
 - catatonia
 - supposed infertility
 - character dysfunction
6. Did you ever emerge from a coma as Tab Hunter?
7. Are you subject to multiple per-

sonality or other disorder requiring medication?

8. Have you ever been hospitalized for substance abuse, delusions, or flashback?
9. Have you ever: ☐ married ☐ divorced ☐ remarried ☐ discovered former spouse had gotten pregnant by/impregnated you before divorce ☐ saw new baby ☐ wanted to be part of his/her life ☐ learned new baby had fatal illness ☐ slept with former spouse in order to conceive child in order to harvest its bone marrow in order to save life of child No. 1 ☐ harvested bone marrow from child No. 2 ☐ saved life of child No. 1 ☐ destroyed second marriage ☐ divorced ☐ remarried (previous) former spouse ☐ left town?
10. If any *yes* to 9, attach blood test and/or billing records.
11. Have you ever secretly photographed any individual and built a shrine to him/her in your room, house, or place of residence?

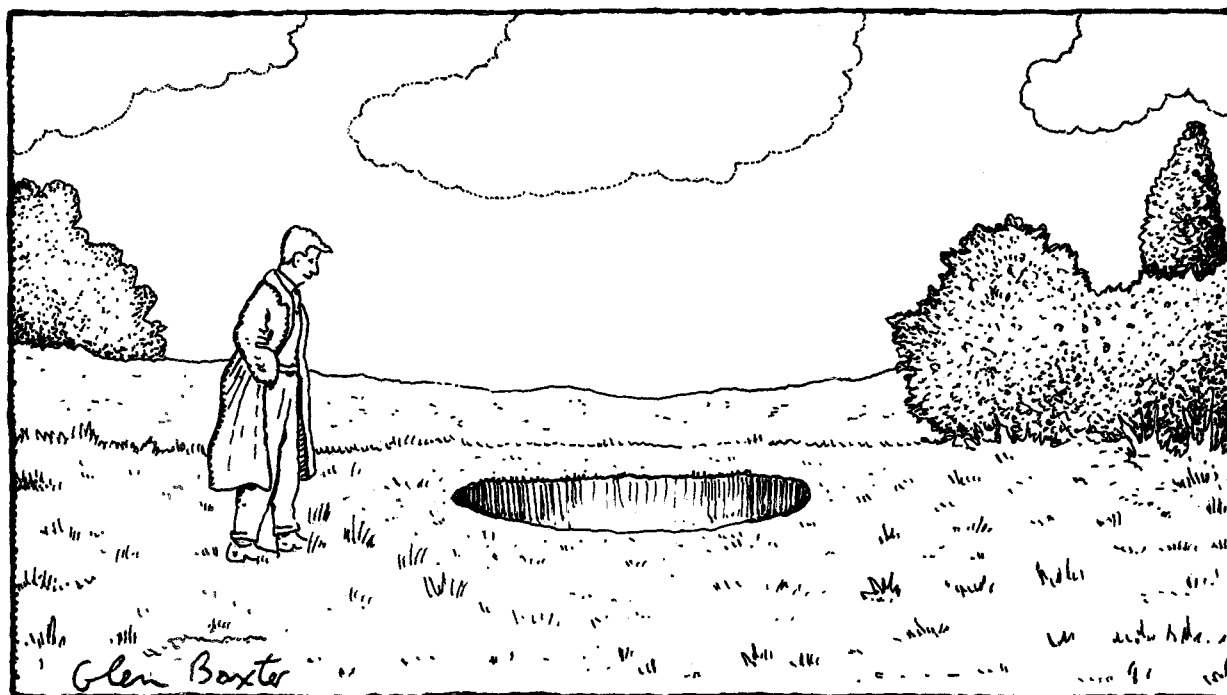
II. ACTUARIAL

All respondents please note that federal law prohibits refusal of coverage for any criterion not specifically outlined in section five of the licensing charter. However, because of statistically higher rates of implausible disappearance for nonwhite protagonists, First Mutual reserves the right to take into account previous storyline in the event of any such character's revival or unlikely return.

1. Are you a mercenary or former mercenary?
2. Are you a former mercenary turned Buddhist monk, police detective, or related occupation?
3. Have you ever been in a crash?
 - ☐ regular
 - ☐ fiery
4. Have you visited or resided in any of the following countries during the last eighteen months?
 - Rio Blanco
 - San Cristobal
 - Puerto Grande
 - Monte Dinero
 - Suraban
 - Costa Maria
 - Santo Stephanico
 - Los Rios



"All you really need in life is the love of a good cat."



"I'M BEGINNING TO FORMULATE THE NOTION THAT YOU MIGHT BE TRYING TO AVOID ME, HELEN," NOTED RALPH.

5. If any yes to 4, state purpose of visit or residence:

☐ stage own kidnapping
☐ other (explain)

6. Do you own a motorcycle, powerboat (150 hp and over), or purebred stallion/s?

7. (Respondents with \$10,000,000/yr. personal income only)

Is private jet equipped with fire extinguisher, smoke detector, and cabin-door latch inhibitor?

Do grounds of estate include one or more pits, tunnels, mines, or permanently sealed rooms?

Is boathouse, bathhouse, gatehouse, or other important outbuilding lit by high-intensity mercury lamps of wattage totalling at least 5000?

Does staircase landing adjoin route of access for health-care personnel?

Are gifts and floral displays at wedding reception or similar event subjected to screening by metal detector, X-ray, or thermal neutron analysis device?

Is patio, swim area, and/or moat fenced?

8. (Respondents under \$10,000,000/yr. personal income)

Are you a step-grandniece/nephew? To the best of your knowledge

and belief, do you have any undeclared blood relatives in your town, hospital, place of business, adjacent communities, or other location?

Do you possess valid driver's or chauffeur's license?

Does place of employment have office in Tokyo?

9. (Twins only)

Hair

☐ not fluffy ☐ fluffy

Shirt collar

☐ both tabs inside sweater

☐ one tab out of sweater

Personality

☐ twisted ☐ outgoing

10. (M.D.s, psychiatrists, psychologists, administrators, and physical therapists only)

Are you ☐ married ☐ single

Is spouse (if any) an electronics heir/heirress, mercenary or former mercenary, police detective, Buddhist monk, or related occupation?

Have you ever knowingly or unknowingly performed a medical procedure?

Have you recently been the recipient of any testimonial banquets, luncheons, awards, or surprise parties?

11. (Hookers and former hookers

please see additional questionnaire sheets mailed under separate cover.)

12. (All respondents)

Please state any and all previously existing conditions which may cause you to turn into somebody, or vice versa.

III. GENERAL

1. Are you now or have you ever been a general?

2. If yes, in which country (see above, section II-4)?

THIS IS NOT A BILL. Please do not include payment. If application is accepted, you will be informed by mail, at which time a new contract will be issued to you. All information contained in application will be treated confidentially by employees and assigns of insurer. When required, confidential information may also be supplied to its affiliates, reinsurers, contractors, and other interested parties, not exclusive of secret sworn enemies who have hated or feared applicant from childhood. Insurer declares itself not liable in cases of data theft, file removal, or unspecified acts of malice. Information will not otherwise be disclosed except as required by plot or supermarket tabloid. —IAN FRAZIER

LOST GROUND

ON the afternoon of September 14, 1989, a Thursday, young Milton Leeson was addressed by a woman in his father's upper orchard. He was surprised. If the woman had been stealing the apples she could easily have dodged out of sight around the slope of the hill when she heard his footfall. Instead, she came forward to greet him, a lean-faced woman with straight black hair that seemed too young for her wasted features. Milton had never seen her before.

Afterward, he remembered that her coat, which did not seem entirely clean, was a shade of dark blue, even black. At her throat there was a scarf of some kind. She wasn't carrying anything. If she'd been stealing the apples she might have left whatever contained her takings behind the upper orchard's single growth of brambles, only yards from where she stood.

The woman came close to Milton, smiling at him with her eyes and parted lips. He asked her what she wanted; he asked her what she was doing in the orchard, but she didn't reply. In spite of her benign expression, he thought for a moment she was mad and intended to attack him. Instead, the smile on her lips increased

and she raised her arms as if inviting him to step into her embrace. When Milton did not do so, the woman came closer still. Her hands were slender, her fingers as frail as twigs. She kissed him and then turned and walked away.

Afterward, Milton recalled very thin calves beneath the hem of her dark coat, and narrow shoulders, and the luxuriant black hair that seemed more than ever not to belong. When she'd kissed him her lips hadn't been moist like his mother's. They'd been dry as a bone, the touch of them so light he had scarcely felt it.

"Well?" Mr. Leeson inquired that evening in the farmhouse kitchen.

Milton shook his head. In the upper orchard the Cox's apples were always the first to ripen. Nobody expected them to be ready as soon as this, but just occasionally, after a sunny summer, the first of the crop could catch you out. Due to his encounter with the stranger, he had forgotten to see if an apple came off easily when he twisted it on the branch. But he had noticed that not many had fallen, and guessed he was safe in intimating that the crop was better left for a while yet. Shyness prevented him from reporting that there'd been a woman in the orchard;

if she hadn't come close to him, if she hadn't touched his lips with hers, it would have been different.

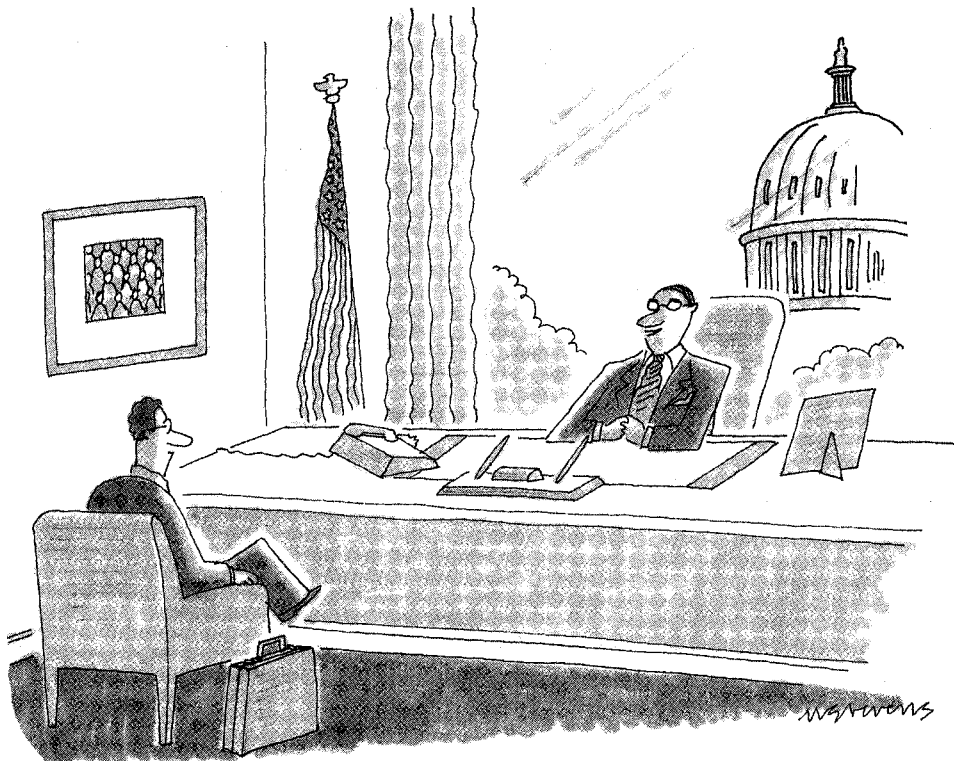
Milton was not yet sixteen. He was chunky, like his father and his brothers—one of them much older, the other still a child. The good looks of the family had gone to the two girls, which Mrs. Leeson privately gave thanks for, believing that otherwise neither would have married well.

"They look laden, from the lane," Mr. Leeson said now, smearing butter on half a slice of bread cut from the loaf. Mr. Leeson had small eyes and a square face that gave an impression of determination. Sparse gray hair relieved the tanned dome of his head, more abundant in a closely cropped growth around his ears and the back of his neck.

"They're laden, all right," Milton said.

The Leesons' kitchen was low-ceilinged, with a flagged floor and pale-blue walls. It was a rambling, rectangular room, with an illusion of greater spaciousness created by the removal of the doors from two wall cupboards on either side of a recess that for almost fifty years had held the same badly stained Esse cooker. Sink and draining boards, with further cupboards, lined the wall opposite, beneath narrow windows. An oak table, matching the proportions of the room, dominated its center. There was a television set on a corner shelf, to the right of the Esse. Beside the door that led to the yard a high-backed chair and a wooden settee with cushions on it were placed to take advantage of the heat from the Esse while one viewed the television screen. Five unpainted chairs were arranged around the table, four of them now occupied by the Leesons.

Generations of the family had sat in this kitchen, ever since 1809, when a Leeson had married into a household without sons. The house, foursquare and slated, with a porch that added little to its appeal, had been rebuilt in 1931, when its walls were discovered to be defective. The services of a reputable local builder being considered adequate for the modifications, no architect had been employed. Nearly sixty years later, with a ragged front garden separating it from a lane that was used mainly by the Leesons, the house still stood white and slated, no tendrils of creeper softening its spare



"I appreciate your offer, but I'm afraid I'm already bought and paid for."

usefulness. At the back, farm buildings with red corrugated roofs and breeze-block walls were clustered around a concrete yard; fields and orchards were on either side of the lane. For three-quarters of a mile in any direction this was Leeson territory, a tiny fraction of Ireland's County Armagh. The yard was well kept, the land well tended, both reflecting the hardworking Protestant family the Leesons were.

"There's more, Milton."

His mother offered him salad and another slice of cold bacon. She had fried the remains of the champ they'd had in the middle of the day; potatoes mashed with butter and spring onions now had a crispy brown crust. She dolloped a spoonful onto Milton's plate beside the bacon and passed the plate back to him.

"Thanks," Milton said, for gratitude was always expressed around this table. He watched his mother cutting up a slice of bacon for his younger brother, Stewart, who was the only other child of the family still at home. Milton's sister Addy had married the Reverend Herbert Cutcheon a year ago; his other sister, Hazel, was in Leicester, married also. His brother Garfield was a butcher's assistant in Belfast.

"Finish it up." Mrs. Leeson scooped the remains of the champ and spooned it onto her husband's plate. She was a small, delicately made woman with sharp blue eyes and naturally wavy hair that retained in places the reddish-brown of her girlhood. The good looks of her daughters had once been hers also and were not yet entirely dispelled.

Having paused while the others were served—that, too, being a tradition in the family—Milton began to eat again. He liked the champ best when it was fried. You could warm it in the oven or in a saucepan, but it wasn't the same. He liked crispness in his food—fingers of fried soda bread, the spicy skin of a milk pudding, fried champ. His mother always remembered that. Milton sometimes thought his mother knew everything about him, and he didn't mind; it made him fond of her that she bothered. He felt affection for her when she sat by the Esse on winter's evenings or by the open back door in summer, sewing and darning. She never read the paper and only glanced up at the television occasion-



"Shall we discard it, or would you prefer to keep it in one of our special keepsake cases?"

ally. His father read the paper from front to back and never missed the television news. When Milton was younger he'd been afraid of his father, although he'd since realized, having worked with him in the fields and the orchards, that you knew where you were with him. "He's fair," Mrs. Leeson used to repeat when Milton was younger. "Always remember that."

Milton was the family's hope, now that Garfield had gone to Belfast. Questioned by his father three years ago, Garfield had revealed that if he ever inherited the farm and the orchards he would sell them. Garfield was urban by inclination; his ambition during his growing-up was to find his feet in Belfast and to remain there. Stewart suffered from Down's syndrome.

"We'll fix a day for the upper orchard," his father said.

THAT night Milton dreamed it was Esme Dunshea who had come to the upper orchard. Slowly she took off her dark coat, and then a green dress. She stood beneath an apple tree, skimpy underclothes revealing skin as white as flour. Once, he and Billy Carew had followed his sisters and Esme Dunshea when they went to bathe in the stream that ran along the

bottom of the orchards. In Milton's dream Esme Dunshea turned and walked away, but, to his disappointment, she was fully dressed again.

The next morning that dream quickly faded to nothing, but the encounter with the stranger remained with Milton and was as vivid as the reality had been. Every detail of the woman's appearance clung tightly to some part of his consciousness—the black hair, the frail fingers outstretched, her coat and her scarf.

On the evening of that day, during the meal at the kitchen table, Milton's father asked him to cut the bramble patch in the upper orchard. He meant the next morning, but Milton went at once. He stood among the trees in the twilight, knowing he was not there at his father's behest but because he knew the woman would arrive. She entered the upper orchard by the gate that led to the lane and called down to where he was. He could hear her perfectly, although her voice was no more than a whisper.

"I am St. Rosa," the woman said.

She walked down the slope toward him, and he saw that she was dressed in the same clothes. She came close to him and placed her lips on his.

"That is holy," she whispered.

She moved away. She turned to face

SELF-PORTRAIT IN TYVEK™ WINDBREAKER

The windbreaker is white with a world map.
Du Pont contributed the seeming frail,
Unrippable stuff first used for Priority Mail.
Weightless as shores reflected in deep water,
The countries are violet, orange, yellow, green;
Names of the principal towns and rivers, black.
A zipper's hiss, and the Atlantic Ocean closes
Over my blood-red T-shirt from the Gap.

I found it in one of those vaguely imbecile
Emporia catering to the collective unconscious
Of our time and place. This one featured crystals,
Cassettes of whale song and rain-forest whistles,
Barometers, herbal cosmetics, pillows like puffs,
Recycled notebooks, mechanized Lucite coffins
For sapphire waves that crest, break, and recede,
As they presumably do in nature still.

Sweatpanted and Reeboked, I wear it to the gym.
My terry-cloth headband is green as laurel.
A yellow plastic Walkman at my hip
Sends shiny yellow tendrils to either ear.
All us street people got our types on tape,
Turn ourselves on with a sly fingertip.
Today I felt like Songs of Yesteryear
Sung by Roberto Murolo. Heard of him?

Back before animal species began to become
Extinct, a dictator named Mussolini banned
The street singers of Naples. One smart kid
Learned their repertoire by heart, and hid.
Emerging after the war with his guitar,
He alone bearing the old songs of the land
Into the nuclear age sang with a charm,
A perfect naturalness that thawed the numb

Survivors and re-inspired the Underground.
From love to grief to gaiety his art
Modulates effortlessly, like a young man's heart,

Tonic to dominant—the frets so few
And change so strummed into the life of things
That Nature's lamps burn brighter when he sings
Nannetta's fickleness, or chocolate,
Snow on a flower, the moon, the seasons' round.

I picked his tape in lieu of something grosser
Or loftier, say the Dead or Arvo Pärt,
On the hazy premise that what fills the mind
Shows on the face. My face, as a small part
Of Nature, hopes this musical sunscreen
Will keep the wilderness within it green,
Yet looks uneasy, drawn. I detect behind
My neighbor's grin the oncoming bulldozer

And cannot stop it. Ecosaints—their karma
To be Earth's latest, maybe terminal, fruits—
Are slow to ripen. Even this dumb jacket
Probably still believes in Human Rights,
Thinks in terms of "nations," urban centers,
Cares less (can Tyvek breathe?) for oxygen
Than for the innocents evicted when
Ford bites the dust and Big Mac buys the farm.

Well, savagery and greed have been the tongues
We've spoken since the beginning. My point is, those
Prior people, fresh from scarifying
Their young and feasting in triumph on their foes,
Honored the gods of Air and Land and Sea.
We, though . . . Cut to dead forests, filthy beaches,
The can of hairspray, oil-benighted creatures,
A star-scarred X-ray of the North Wind's lungs.

Still, not to paint a picture wholly black,
Some social highlights: Dead white males in malls.
Prayer breakfasts. Pay-phone sex. "Ring up as meat."
Oprah. The G.N.P. The contour sheet.
The painless death of History. The stick
Figures on Capitol Hill. Their rhetoric,

him again before she left the orchard,
pausing by the gate to the lane. "Don't
be afraid when the moment comes,"
she said. "There is too much fear."

Milton had the distinct impression
that the woman wasn't alive.

MILTON's sister Hazel wrote every
December, folding the pages of
the year's news inside her Christmas
card. Two children, whom their grand-
parents had never seen, had been born
to her in Leicester. Not once since her
wedding had Hazel been back to County
Armagh.

*We drove to Avignon the first day
even though it meant being up half the
night. The children couldn't have been*

*better, I think the excitement exhausted
them.*

On the third Sunday in December
the letter was on the mantelpiece of
what the household had always called
the "back room"—a room used only on
Sundays in winter, when its habitual
stuffiness was disguised by the smoke
from a coal fire. Milton's sister Addy
and Herbert Cutcheon were present,
and Garfield was visiting for the
weekend. Stewart sat on his own Sunday
chair, grimacing to himself. Four-
o'clock tea with sandwiches, apple
pie, and cakes, a meal otherwise dis-
pensated with, was taken on winter
Sundays.

"They went travelling to France,"

Mr. Leeson stated flatly, his tone be-
traying the disappointment he felt
concerning his older daughter's an-
nual holiday.

"France?" Narrow-jawed and beaky,
head cocked out inquisitively, the
Reverend Herbert Cutcheon dutifully
imbued his repetition of the word with
a note of surprised disdain. It was he
who had conducted Hazel's wedding,
who had delivered a private homily to
the bride and bridegroom three days
before the ceremony, and who had said
that at any time they could turn to him.

"See for yourself." Mr. Leeson
inclined his tanned pate toward the
mantelpiece. "Have you read Hazel's
letter, Addy?"

Gladly—no, rapturously (on Prozac) suffered!
Gay studies. Right-to-Lifers. The laugh track.

And clothes. Americans, blithe as the last straw,
Shrug off accountability by dressing
Younger than their kids—jeans, ski pants, sneakers,
A baseball cap, a happy-face T-shirt . . .
Like first graders, we “love” our Mother Earth,
Know she’s been sick, and mean to care for her
When we grow up. Seeing my windbreaker,
People hail me with nostalgic awe.

“Great jacket!” strangers on street corners impart.
The Albanian doorman pats it: “Where you buy?”
Over his earsplitting drill a hunky guy
Yells, “Hey, you’ll always know where you are, right?”
“Ever the fashionable cosmopolite,”
Beams Ray. And “*Voilà mon pays*”—the carrot-haired
Girl in the bakery, touching with her finger
The little orange France above my heart.

Everyman, *c’est moi*, the whole world’s pall
The pity is how soon such feelings sour.
As I leave the gym, a smiling-as-if-I-should-know-her
Teen-ager—oh but I mean, she’s wearing “our”
Windbreaker, and assumes . . . Yet I return her wave
Like an accomplice. For while all humans aren’t
Countable as equals, we must behave
As if they were, or the spirit dies (Pascal).

“We”? A few hundred decades of relative
Lucidity glinted-through by minnow schools
Between us and the red genetic muck—
Everyman’s underpainting. We look up, shy
Creatures, from our trembling pool of sky.
Caught wet-lipped in light’s brushwork, fleet but sure,
Flash on shudder, folk of the first fuck,
Likeness breeds likeness, fights for breath—I live—

Where the crush thickens. And by season’s end,
The swells of fashion cresting to collapse
In breaker upon breaker on the beach,

Who wants to be caught dead in this cliché
Of mere “involvement”? Time to put under wraps
Its corporate synthetic global pitch;
Not throwing out motley once revelled in,
Just learning to live down the wrinkled friend.

Fact is, reproduction of any kind leaves us colder
Though airtight-warmer (greenhouse effect) each year.
Remember the fig leaf’s lesson. Styles betray
Some guilty knowledge. What to dress ours in—
A seer’s blind gaze, an infant’s tender skin?
All that’s been seen through. The eloquence to come
Will be precisely what we cannot say
Until it parts the lips. But as one grows older—

I should confess before that last coat dries—
The wry recall of thunder does for rage.
Erotic torrents flash on screens instead
Of drenching us. Exclusively in dream,
These nights, does a grandsire rear his saurian head,
And childhood’s inexhaustible brain forest teem
With jewel-bright lives. No way now to restage
Their sacred pageant under our new skies’

Irradiated Lucite. What then to wear
When—hush, it’s no dream! It’s my windbreaker
In black, with starry longitudes, Archer, Goat,
Clothing an earphoned archangel of Space,
Who hasn’t read Pascal, and doesn’t wave. . . .
What bitter twitterings he learns by rote,
What looks they’d wake upon a human face,
Don’t ask, Roberto. Sing our final air:

Love, grief, etc., **** for good reason,
Now only ***** STOP signs.
Meanwhile ***** if you or I’ve ex-
hausted [-ceded?] *** more than time was needed
To fit a text airless & ** as Tyvek
With breathing spaces and between the lines
Days brilliantly recurring, as once we did,
To keep the blue wave dancing in its prison.

—JAMES MERRILL

Addy said she had, not adding that
she’d been envious of the journey to
Avignon. Once a year, she and Herbert
and the children went for a week to
Portrush, to a boarding house with
reduced rates for clergy.

“France,” her husband repeated.
“You’d wonder at that.”

“Aye, you would,” her father agreed.

Milton’s eyes moved from face to
face as each person spoke. There was
fatigue in Addy’s prettiness now, a
tiredness in the skin, even, although
she was only twenty-seven. His father’s
features were impassive, nothing re-
flecting the shadow of resentment in
his voice. A thought glittered in Her-
bert Cutcheon’s pale brown eyes and

was accompanied by a private nod.
Milton guessed he was saying to him-
self that it was his duty to write to
Hazel on this matter. The clergyman
had written to Hazel before; Milton
had heard Addy saying so in the
kitchen.

“I think Hazel explained in the
letter,” Mrs. Leeson put in. “They’ll
come, one of these years,” she added,
although she, more than anyone, knew
they wouldn’t. Hazel had washed her
hands of the place.

“Sure, they will,” Garfield said.

Garfield was drunk. Milton watched
him, risking his observation, and saw
his lips drawn loosely back in a thick
smile. Specks of foam lingered on the

top of the beer can Garfield held,
around the triangular opening. He’d
been drinking Heineken all afternoon.
Mr. Leeson drank only once a year,
on the occasion of the July celebration;
Herbert Cutcheon was teetotal. But
neither disapproved of Garfield’s tip-
pling when he came back for the
weekend, because that was Garfield’s
way, and if you raised an objection you
wouldn’t see him for dust.

Catching Milton’s eye on him,
Garfield winked. He was not entirely
the reason why Hazel would not re-
turn, but he contributed to it. For in
Belfast Garfield was more than just a
butcher’s assistant. Garfield had a role
among the Protestant paramilitaries,

being what he himself called a "hard-man volunteer" in an organization intent on avenging the atrocities of the other side. The tit-for-tat murders spawned by that same hard-man mentality, the endless celebration of a glorious past on one side and the picking over of ancient rights on the other, the reluctance to forgive—all this was what Hazel had run away from. After each of Garfield's visits, Mrs. Leeson confidently dismissed his reports of his activities as "only talk," recalling that he had always been a boaster. Mr. Leeson did not comment.

"Hi!" Stewart suddenly exclaimed in the back room, the way he often did. "Hi! Hi!" he shouted, his head bent sideways to his shoulder, his mouth flopping open, eyes beginning to roll.

"Behave yourself, Stewart," Mrs. Leeson sternly commanded. "Stop it now."

Stewart took no notice. He completed his effort at communication, his fat body becoming awkward on the chair. Then the tension left him, and he was quiet. *Give Stewart a hug from all of us, Hazel's letter said.*

Addy collected her husband's cup and her father's. More tea was poured. Mrs. Leeson cut more cake. "Now,

pet." She broke a slice into portions for Stewart. "Good boy, now."

Milton wondered what they'd say if he mentioned the woman in the orchard, if he casually said that on the fourteenth of September, and again on the fifteenth, a woman who called herself St. Rosa had appeared to him among the apple trees of the upper orchard. It wouldn't have been necessary to say he'd dreamed about her also; the dream was just an ordinary thing, a dream he might have had about any woman or girl. "Her hair was strange," he might have said.

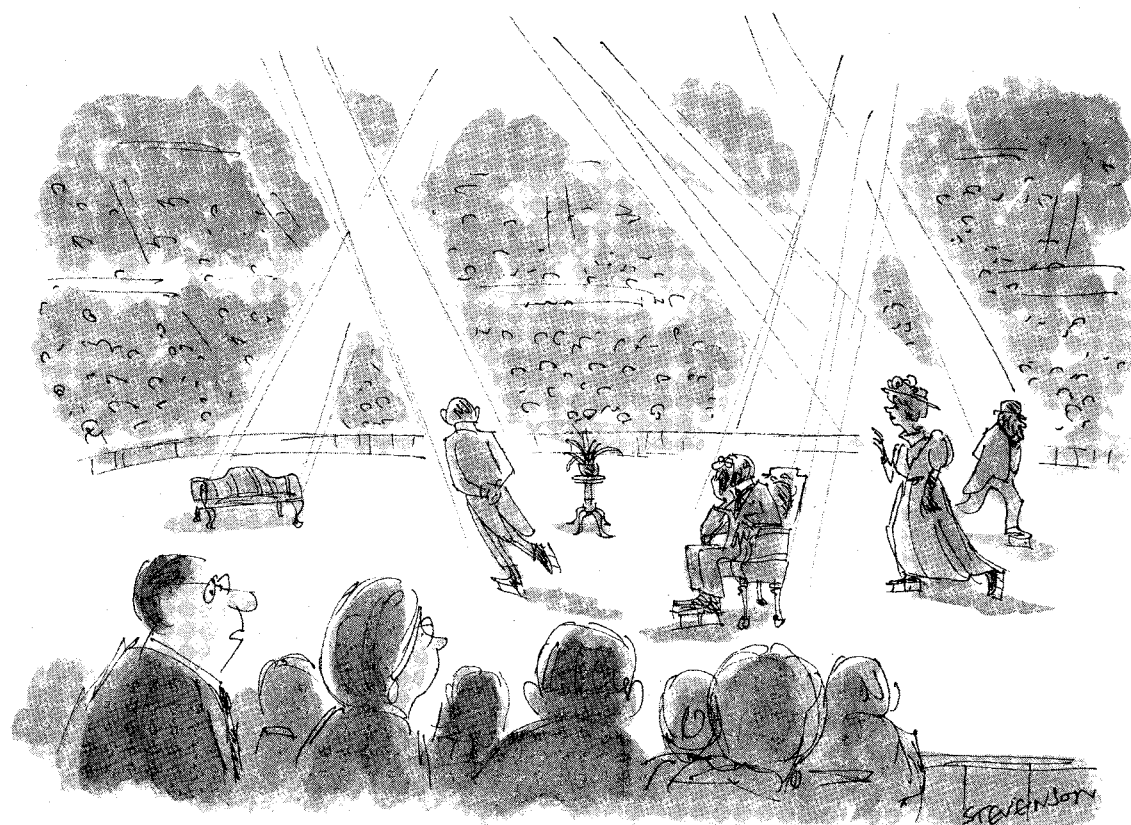
But Milton, who had kept the whole matter to himself, continued to do so. Later that evening, alone in the back room with Garfield, he listened while his brother hinted at his city exploits, which he always did when he'd been drinking. Milton watched the damp lips sloppily opening and closing, the thick smile flashing between statements about punishment meted out and premises raided, youths taken in for questioning, warnings issued. There was always a way to complete the picture, Garfield liked to repeat, and he would tell about some Catholic going home in the rain and being given a lift he didn't want to accept.

Disposal completed the picture; you could call it that. You could say he was in the disposal business. When the phone rang in the middle of the night he always knew at once. No different from dealing with the side of a cow, a professional activity. Garfield always stopped before he came to the end of his tales; even when he'd had a few, he left things to the imagination.

EVERY summer Mr. Leeson gave the six-acre field for the July celebration—a loyal honoring, yet again renewed, of King William's famous victory over Papist James in 1690. Bowler-hatted and sashed, the men assembled there on the twelfth of the month, their drums and flutes echoing over the Leeson lands. At midday there was the long march to the village, Mr. Leeson himself prominent among the marchers. He kept a dark serge suit specially for Sundays and the July celebration, as his father and his grandfather had. Before Garfield had gone to Belfast he'd marched also—the best on the flute for miles around. Milton marched, but didn't play an instrument, because he was tone deaf.

Men who had not met each other since the celebration the year before came to the six-acre field in July. Mr. Leeson's elderly Uncle Willie came, and Leeson cousins and relatives by marriage. Milton and his friend Billy Carew were among the younger contingent. It pleased Mr. Leeson and the other men of his age that boys made up the numbers, and that there was no falling away, new faces every year. The Reverend Cutcheon gave an address before the celebration began.

With the drums booming and the flutes skillfully establishing the familiar tunes, the marchers swung off through the iron gate of the field, out onto the lane, later turning



"I'm not convinced that 'Chekhov on Ice' was a good idea."

in to the narrow main road. Their stride was jaunty, even that of Mr. Leeson's uncle Willie and that of Old Knipe, who was eighty-four. Chins were raised, umbrellas carried as rifles might be. Pride was everywhere on these faces: in the measured step and the music's beat, in the swing of the arms and the firm grip of the umbrellas. No shoe was unpolished, no dark suit unironed. The men of this neighborhood, by long tradition, renewed their Protestant loyalty and belief through sartorial display.

Milton's salt-and-pepper jacket and trousers had been let down at the cuffs. This showed, but only on close scrutiny—a band of lighter cloth and a second band, less noticeable because it had faded, where the cuffs had been extended in the past. His mother had said, only this morning, that that was that, what material remained could not be further adjusted. But she doubted that Milton would grow any more, so the suit as it was should last for many years yet. While she spoke, Milton felt guilty, as he had many times during the ten months that had passed since his experience in the upper orchard. It seemed wrong that his mother, who knew everything about him, even that he wouldn't grow any more, shouldn't have been confided in, yet he hadn't been able to do it. Some instinct assured him that the woman would not return. There was no need for her to return, Milton's feeling was, although he did not know where the feeling came from; he would have found it awkward explaining all that to his mother. Each of the seasons that had passed since September had been suffused by the memory of the woman. That autumn had been warm, its shortening days mellow with sunshine until the rain came in November. She had been with him in the sunshine and the rain, and in the bitter cold that came with January. On a day when the frost remained—to be frozen again at nightfall—he had walked along the slope of the upper orchard and looked back at the long line of his footsteps on the whitened grass, for a moment surprised that hers weren't there, miraculously, also. When the first primroses decorated the dry, warm banks of



"We're cutting back on therapy. You?"

the orchards he found himself thinking that these familiar flowers were different this year because he was different himself and saw them in some different way. When summer came the memory of the woman was more intense.

"They'll draw in," a man near the head of the march predicted as two cars advanced upon the marchers. Obeyingly the cars pressed into a gateway to make room, their engines turned off, honoring the music. Women and children in the cars waved and saluted; a baby was held up, its small paw waggled in greeting. "Does your heart good, that," one of the men remarked.

The day was warm. White clouds were stationary, as if pasted onto the vast dome of blue. It was nearly always fine for the July celebration, a fact that did not pass unnoticed in the neighborhood—taken to be a sign. Milton associated the day with sweat on his back and in his armpits and on his thighs; his shirt stuck to him in patches that later became damply cold. As he marched now the sun was hot on the back of his neck. "I wonder will we see the Kissane girl?" Billy Carew said in speculation, marching beside him.

The Kissane girl lived in one of the houses they passed. She and her two

younger sisters usually came out to watch. Her father and her uncles and her brother George were in the march. She was the best-looking girl in the neighborhood, now that Milton's sisters were getting on a bit. She had glasses, which she took off when she went dancing at the Cuchullain Inn. She had her hair done regularly and took pains to get her eyeshadow right; she matched the shade of her lipstick to her dress. There wasn't a better pair of legs in Ulster, Billy Carew claimed.

"Oh, God!" he muttered when the marchers rounded a bend and there she was with her two young sisters. She had taken her glasses off and was wearing a dress that was mainly pink, with flowers like roses on it. When they drew nearer, her white sandals could be seen. "Oh, God!" Billy Carew exclaimed again, and Milton guessed his friend was undressing the Kissane girl, the way they used to undress girls in church. One of the girl's sisters had a Union Jack, which she waved.

Milton experienced no excitement. Last year he, too, had undressed the Kissane girl, which hadn't been much different from undressing Esme Dunshea in church. The Kissane girl was older than Esme Dunshea, and older than himself and Billy Carew by

five or six years. She worked in the chicken factory.

"D'you know who she looks like?" Billy Carew said. "Ingrid Bergman."

"Ingrid Bergman's dead."

Busy with his thoughts, Billy Carew didn't reply. He had a thing about Ingrid Bergman. Whenever "Casablanca" was shown on the television nothing would get him out of the house. For the purpose he put her to it didn't matter that she was dead.

"God, man!" Billy Carew muttered, and Milton could tell from the urgency of his intonation that the last of the Kissane girl's garments had been removed.

At ten to one the marchers reached the green corrugated-iron sheds of McCourt's Hardware & Agricultural Supplies. They passed a roadside water pump and the first four cottages of the village. They were in Catholic country now: no one was about, no face appeared at a window. The village was a single wide street, at one end Vogan's stores and public house, and at the other Tiernan's grocery and filling station, where newspapers could be obtained. Next door was O'Hanlon's public house and then the road widened, so that cars could turn in front of the Church of the Holy Rosary and the school. The houses of the village were color-washed in different colors, green and pink and blue. They were modest houses, none of more than two stories.

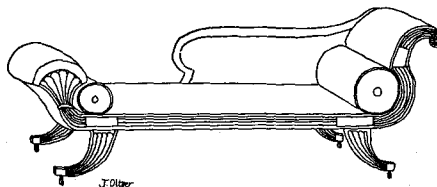
As the marchers melodiously advanced upon the blank stare of so many windows, the stride of the men acquired an extra fervor. Arms were swung with fresh intent, jaws were more firmly set. The men passed the Church of the Holy Rosary, then halted abruptly. There was a moment of natural disarray as ranks were broken so that the march might be reversed. As the Reverend Herbert Cutcheon's voice briefly intoned, a few glances were directed toward the nearby church. Then the march returned the way it had come, the music different, as though a variation were the hidden villagers' due. At the corrugated sheds of McCourt's Hardware & Agricultural Supplies the men swung off to the left, marching back to Mr. Leeson's field by another route.

The picnic there was the reward for duty done, faith kept. Bottles appeared. There were sandwiches, chicken legs,

sliced beef and ham, potato crisps and tomatoes. The men urinated in twos, against a hedge that never suffered from its annual acidic dousing—this, like the weather, was said to be a sign. Jackets were thrown off, bowler hats thrown down, sashes temporarily laid aside. News was exchanged, the details of a funeral or a wedding passed on, prices for livestock deplored. The Reverend Herbert Cutcheon passed among the men who sat easily on the grass, and greeted those from outside his parish whom he hadn't managed to greet already, inquiring after womenfolk. By five o'clock, necks and faces were redder than they had earlier been, hair less tidy, beads of perspiration catching the slanting sunlight. There was euphoria in the field, some drunkenness, and an occasional awareness of the presence of God.

"Are you sick?" Billy Carew asked Milton. "What's up with you?"

Milton didn't answer. He was maybe sick, he thought. He was sick or going round the bend. Since he had woken up this morning she had been there, but not as before, not as a tranquil presence. Since he'd woken she



FIELD FLOWERS

What are you saying? That you want eternal life? Are your thoughts really as compelling as all that? Certainly you don't look at us, don't listen to us, on your skin
stain of sun, dust
of yellow buttercups: I'm talking to you, you staring through bars of high grass shaking your little rattle—O
the soul! the soul! Is it enough only to look inward? Contempt for humanity is one thing, but why disdain the expansive
field, your gaze rising over the clear heads of the wild buttercups into what? Your poor idea of heaven: absence
of change. Better than earth? How would you know, who are neither here nor there, standing in our midst?

—LOUISE GLÜCK

had been agitating and nagging at him. "I'm O.K.," he said.

He couldn't tell Billy Carew any more than he could tell his mother, or anyone in the family, yet all the time on the march he had felt himself being pressed to tell, and all the time in the deadened village while the music played, when they turned and marched back again and the tune was different. Now, at the picnic, he felt himself being pressed more than ever.

"You're bloody not O.K.," Billy Carew said.

Milton looked at him and found himself thinking that Billy Carew would be eating food in this field when he was as old as Old Knipe. Billy Carew with his acne and his teeth would be satisfied for life when he got the Kissane girl's knickers off. "Here," Billy Carew said, offering him his half bottle of Bushmills.

"I want to tell you something," Milton said, finding the Reverend Herbert Cutcheon at the hedge where the urinating took place.

"Tell away, Milton." The clergyman's edgy face was warm with the pleasure the day had brought. He adjusted his trousers. Another day to remember, he said.

"I was out in the orchards a while back," Milton said. "September it was. I was seeing how the apples were doing when a woman came in the top gate."

"A woman?"

"The next day she was there again. She said she was St. Rosa?"

"What d'you mean, St. Rosa, Milton?"

The Reverend Cutcheon had halted in his stroll back to the assembled men. He stood still, frowning at the grass by his feet. Then he lifted his head and Milton saw bewilderment and astonishment in his opaque brown eyes.

"What do you mean, 'St. Rosa'?" he repeated.

Milton told him, and then confessed that the woman had kissed him twice on the lips—a "holy kiss," as she'd called it.

"No kiss is holy, boy. Now, listen to me, Milton. Listen to this carefully, boy."

A young fellow would have certain thoughts, the Reverend Cutcheon explained. It was the way of things that a young fellow could become confused, owing to the age he was and the changes that had taken place in his body. He reminded Milton that he'd left school, that he was on the way to manhood. The journey to manhood could have a stumble or two in it, he explained, and it wasn't without temptation. One day Milton would inherit the farm and the orchards, since Garfield had surrendered all claim to them. That was something he needed to prepare himself for. Milton's mother was goodness itself; his father would do anything for you. If a neighbor had a broken fence while he was laid up in bed Milton's father would be the first to see to it. His mother had brought up four fine children, and it was God's way that the fifth was afflicted. God's grace could turn affliction into a gift: poor Stewart, you might say, but you only had to look at him to realize you were glad Stewart had been given life.

"We had a great day today, Milton. We had an enjoyable day. We stood up for the people we are. That's what you have to think of."

In a companionable way, the clergyman's arm was placed around Milton's shoulders. He'd put the thing neatly, the gesture suggested. He'd been taken aback but had risen to the occasion.

"She won't leave me alone," Milton said.

Just beginning to move forward, the Reverend Cutcheon halted again. His arm slipped from Milton's shoulders. In a low voice he said, "She keeps



"I take it you won't be joining the conga line."

bothering you in the orchards, does she?"

Milton explained. He said the woman had been agitating him all day, since the moment he awoke. It was because of that that he'd had to tell someone, because she was pressing him to.

"Don't tell anyone else, Milton. Don't tell a single soul. It's said now between the two of us, and it's safe with myself. Not even Addy will hear the like of this."

Milton nodded. The Reverend Cutcheon said, "Don't distress your mother and your father, son, with talk of a woman who was on about holiness and the saints." He paused, then spoke with emphasis, and quietly. "Your mother and father wouldn't rest easy for the balance of their days." He paused again. "There are no better people than your mother and father, Milton."

"Who was St. Rosa?"

Again the Reverend Cutcheon checked his desire to rejoin the men who were picnicking on the grass. Again he lowered his voice.

"Did she ask you for money? After she touched you did she ask you for money?"

"Money?"

"There are women like that, boy."

Milton knew what he meant. He and Billy Carew had many a time talked about them. You saw them on television, flamboyantly dressed on city streets. Billy Carew said they hung about railway stations, that your best bet was a railway station if you were after one. Milton's mother, once catching a glimpse of these street traders on the television, designated them "Catholic strumpets." Billy Carew said you'd have to go careful with them lest you'd catch a disease. Milton had never heard of such women in the neighborhood.

"She wasn't like that," he said.

"You'd get a travelling woman going by and maybe she'd be thinking you had a coin or two on you. Do you understand what I'm saying to you, Milton?"

"Yes."

"Get rid of the episode. Put it out of your mind."

"I was only wondering about what she said in relation to a saint."

"It's typical she'd say a thing like that."

Milton hesitated. "I thought she wasn't alive," he said.

Mr. Leeson's uncle Willie used to preach. He had preached in the towns until he was too old for it, until he began to lose the thread of what he was

saying. Milton had heard him. He and Garfield and his sisters had been brought to hear Uncle Willie in his heyday, gesturing and quoting from a Bible he held clenched in his right hand. Sometimes he spoke of what happened in Rome, facts he knew to be true; how the Pope drank himself into a stupor and had to have the sheets of his bed changed twice in a night, how the Pope's own mother was among the women who came and went in the papal anterooms.

Men still preached in the towns, at street corners or anywhere that might attract a crowd, but the preachers were fewer than they had been in the heyday of Mr. Leeson's uncle Willie, because the popularity of television kept people in at nights, and because people were in more of a hurry. But during the days that followed the July celebration Milton remembered his great-uncle's eloquence. He remembered the words he had used and the way he could bring in a quotation, and the way he was so certain. Often he had laid down that a form of cleansing was called for, that vileness could be exorcised by withering it out of existence.

The Reverend Cutcheon had been more temperate in his advice, even if what he'd said amounted to much the same thing: if you ignored what happened it wouldn't be there anymore. But on the days that followed the July celebration Milton found it increasingly impossible to do so. With a certainty that reminded him of his great-uncle's he became convinced beyond all doubt that he was not meant to be silent. Somewhere in him there was the uncontrollable urge that he not be. He asked his mother why the old man had begun to preach, and she replied that it was because he had to.

FATHER MULHALL didn't know what to say. To begin with, he couldn't remember who St. Rosa had been, even if he had ever known. Added to which, there was the fact that it wasn't always plain what the Protestant boy was trying to tell him. The boy stammered rapidly through his account, beginning sentences again because he realized his meaning had slipped away, speaking more slowly the second time but softening his voice to a pitch that made it almost inaudible. The whole thing didn't make sense.

"Wait now till we have a look,"

Father Mulhall was obliged to offer in the end. He'd said at first that he would make some investigations about this saint, but the boy didn't seem satisfied with that. "Sit down," he invited, in his living room, and went to look for Butler's "Lives of the Saints."

Father Mulhall was fifty-nine, a tall, wiry man, prematurely white-haired. Two sheepdogs accompanied him when he went to find the relevant volume. They settled down again, at his feet, when he returned. The room was cold, hardly furnished at all, the carpet so thin you could feel the boards.

"There's the Blessed Roseline of Villeneuve," Father Mulhall said, turning over the pages. "And the Blessed Rose Venerini. Or there's St. Rose of Lima. Or St. Rosalia. Or Rose of Viterbo."

"I think it's that one. Only she definitely said 'Rosa.'"

"Could you have fallen asleep? Was it a hot day?"

"It wasn't a dream I had."

"Was it late in the day? Could you have been confused by the shadows?"

"It was late the second time. The first time it was the afternoon."

"Why did you come to me?"

"Because you'd know about a saint."

Father Mulhall heard how the woman who'd called herself St. Rosa wouldn't let the boy alone, how she'd come on stronger and stronger as the day of the July celebration approached, and so strong on the day itself that the boy knew he wasn't meant to be silent.

"About what, though?"

"About her giving me the holy kiss."

The explanation could be that the boy was touched. There was another boy in that family who wasn't the full shilling either.

"Wouldn't you try getting advice from your own clergyman? Isn't Mr. Cutcheon your brother-in-law?"

"He told me to pretend it hadn't happened."

The priest didn't say anything. He listened while he was told how the

presence of the saint was something clinging to you, how neither her features nor the clothes she'd worn had faded in any way whatsoever. When the boy closed his eyes he could apparently see her more clearly than he could see any member of his family—or anyone he could think of.

"I only wanted to know who she was. Is that place in France?"

"Viterbo is in Italy, actually."

One of the sheepdogs had crept onto the priest's feet and settled down to sleep. The other was asleep already. Father Mulhall said, "Do you feel all right in yourself otherwise?"

"She said not to be afraid. She was on about fear." Milton paused. "I can still feel her saying things."

"I would talk to your own clergyman, son. Have a word with your brother-in-law."

"She wasn't alive, that woman."

Father Mulhall did not respond to that. He led Milton to the hall door of his house. He had been affronted by the visit, but he didn't let it show. Why should a saint of his Church appear to a Protestant boy in a neighborhood that was overwhelmingly Catholic, when there were so many Catholics to choose from? Was it not enough that that march should occur every twelfth of July, that farmers from miles away, strutting in their getups, should bang their way through the village just to show what was what? Was that not enough without their claiming the saints as well? On July 12th they closed the village down; they kept people inside. Their noisy presence was a reminder that beyond this small, immediate neighborhood there was a strength from which they drew their own. This boy's father would give you the time of day if he met you on the road, he'd even lean on a gate and talk to you, but once your back was turned he'd come out with his statements. The son who'd gone to Belfast would salute you and maybe laugh afterward because he'd saluted a priest. It was widely repeated that Garfield Leeson belonged in the ganglands of the Protestant back streets, that his butcher's skills came in handy when a job had to be done.

"I thought she might be foreign," Milton said. "I don't know how I'd know that."

Two scarlet dots appeared high up in Father Mulhall's scrawny cheeks. His anger was more difficult to disguise now; he didn't trust himself to



speak. In silence Milton was shown out of the house.

When he returned to his living room Father Mulhall turned on the television and sat watching it with a glass of whiskey, his sheepdogs settling down to sleep again. "Now, that's amazing," a chat-show host exclaimed, leading the applause for a performer who balanced a woman on the end of his finger. Father Mulhall wondered how it was done, his absorption greater than it would have been had he not been visited by the Protestant boy.

MR. LEESON finished rubbing his plate clean with a fragment of bread, soaking into it what remained of some bacon fat and small pieces of black pudding.

Milton said, "She walked in off the lane."

Not fully comprehending, Mr. Leeson said the odd person came after the apples. Not often, but you knew what such people were like. You couldn't put an orchard under lock and key. "Don't worry about it, son."

Mrs. Leeson shook her head. It wasn't like that, she explained; that wasn't what Milton was saying. The color had gone from Mrs. Leeson's face. What Milton was saying was that a Papist saint had spoken to him in the orchards. "An apparition," his mother said.

Mr. Leeson's small eyes regarded his son evenly. Stewart put his side plate on top of the plate he'd eaten his fry from, with his knife and fork on top of that, as he had been taught. He made his belching noise and to his surprise was not reprimanded.

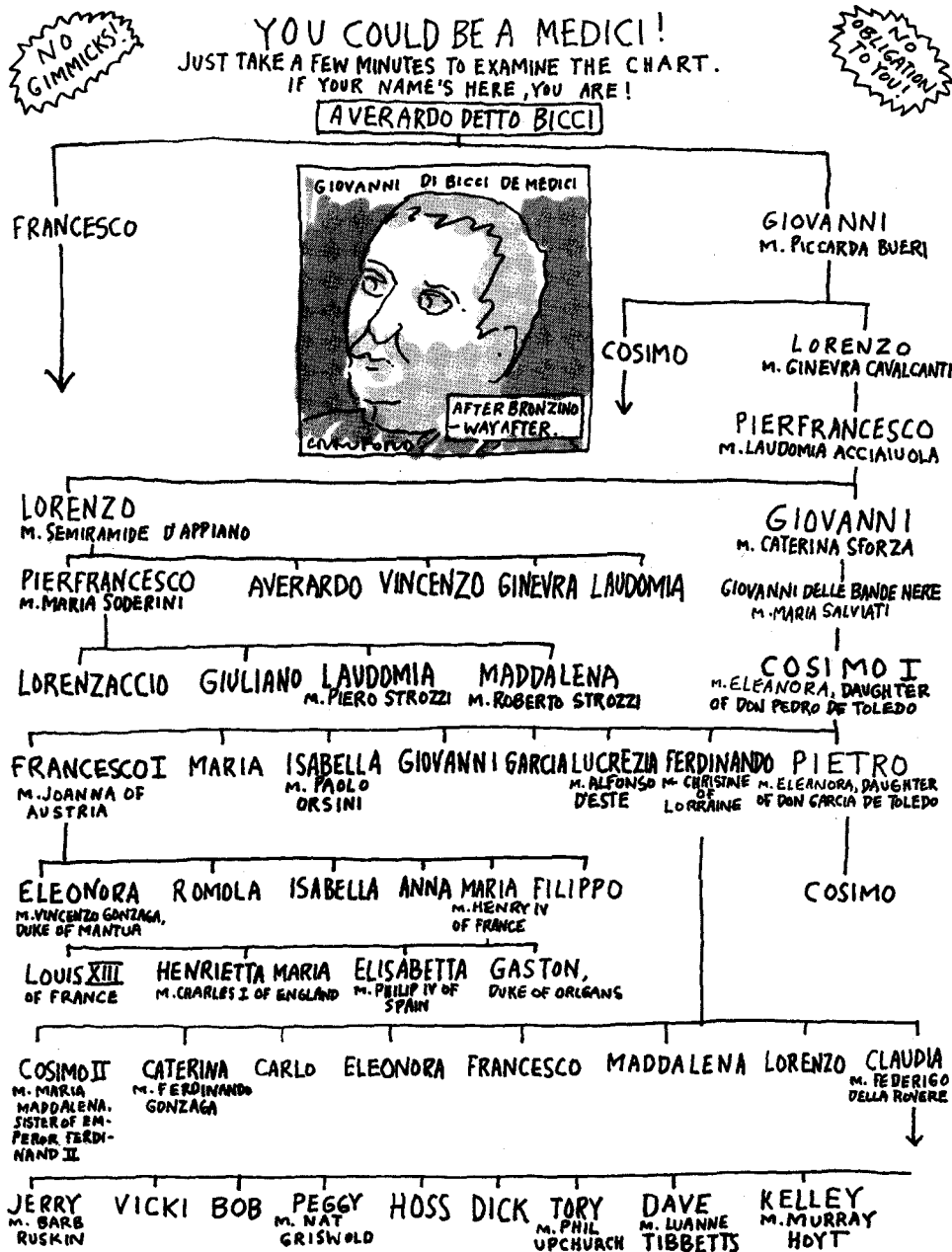
"I asked Father Mulhall who St. Rosa was," Milton said.

Mrs. Leeson's hand flew to her mouth. For a moment she thought she'd scream.

"What are you on about, boy?" Mr. Leeson said.

"I have to tell people."

Stewart tried to speak, gurgling out a request to carry his two plates and his knife and fork to the sink. He'd been taught that also, and was always obedient. But tonight no one heeded him.



"Are you saying you went to the priest?" Mr. Leeson asked.

"You didn't go into his house, Milton?"

Mrs. Leeson watched, incredulous, while Milton nodded. He said Herbert Cutcheon had told him to keep silent, but in the end he couldn't. He explained that on the day of the march he had told his brother-in-law when they were both standing at the hedge, and later he had gone into Father Mulhall's house. He'd sat down while the priest looked the saint up in the book.

"Does anyone know you went into the priest's house, Milton?" Mrs. Leeson said. She leaned across the table, staring at him with widened eyes that

didn't blink. "Did anyone see you?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Leeson pointed to where Milton should stand, then rose from the table and struck him on the side of the face with his open palm. He did it again. Stewart whimpered and became agitated.

"Put them in the sink, Stewart," Mrs. Leeson said.

The dishes clattered into the sink, and the tap was turned on as Stewart washed his hands. The side of Milton's face was inflamed; a trickle of blood came from his nose.

HERBERT CUTCHEON's assurance that what he'd heard in his father-in-law's field would not be passed on to

OH, WHAT A THORNY BUSINESS
this thing called money can be.

So desirable. And
yet, in one's
effort to
touch it, to
acquire it for one's
own, a dilemma
unfolds.

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consuming problem of
where to put the money.

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place? How much risk
is involved? Is it working
as hard as it can for you?

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income. Should you have to pay
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The

at least some
of these bur-

dens for you.

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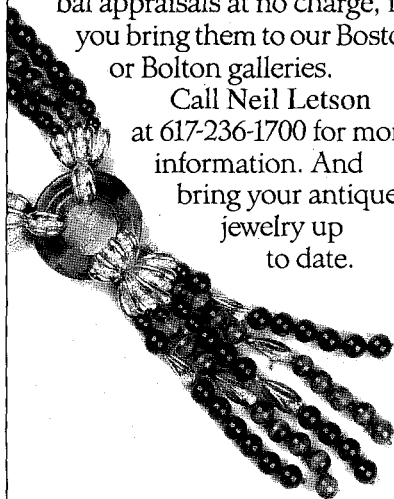
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his wife was duly honored. But when he was approached on the same subject a second time he realized that continued suppression was pointless. After a Sunday-afternoon visit to his in-laws' farmhouse, when Mr. Leeson had gone off to see to the milking and Addy and her mother were reaching down pots of last year's plum jam for Addy to take back to the rectory, Milton had followed him to the yard. As he drove the four miles back to the rectory, the clergyman repeated to Addy the conversation that had taken place.

"You mean he wants to *preach*?" Frowning in astonishment, Addy half shook her head, her disbelief undisguised.

He nodded. Milton had mentioned Mr. Leeson's uncle Willie. He'd said he wouldn't have texts or scriptures, nothing like that.

"It's not Milton," Addy protested, this time shaking her head more firmly.

"I know it's not."

He told her then about her brother's revelations on the day of the July celebration. He explained he hadn't done so before, because he considered he had made her brother see sense, and because these matters were better not referred to.

"Heavens above!" Addy cried, her lower jaw slack in fresh amazement. The man she had married was not given to the kind of crack that involved lighthearted deception, or indeed any kind of crack at all. Herbert's virtues lay in other directions, well beyond the realm of jest. Even so, Addy emphasized her bewilderment by stirring doubt into her disbelief. "You're not serious, surely?"

He nodded without taking his eyes from the road. Neither of them knew of the visit to the priest or of the scene in the kitchen that had ended in a moment of violence. Addy's parents, in turn believing that Milton had been made to see sense by his father's spirited response, and sharing Herbert Cutcheon's view that such matters were best left unaided, had remained silent also.

"Is Milton away in the head?" Addy whispered.

"He's not himself, certainly. No way he's himself."

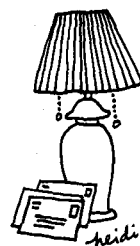
"He never showed an interest in preaching."

"D'you know what he said to me just now in the yard?"

But Addy was still thinking about the woman her brother claimed to have conversed with. Her imagination had stuck there, on the slope of her father's upper orchard—a Catholic woman standing among the trees.

"Dudgeon McDavie," Herbert Cutcheon went on. "He mentioned that man."

Nonplussed all over again, Addy frowned. Dudgeon McDavie was a man who'd been found shot dead by the roadside near Loughgall. Addy remembered her father coming into the kitchen and saying they'd shot poor Dudgeon. She'd been seven at the time; Garfield had been four, Hazel a year older; Milton and Stewart hadn't been born. "Did he ever do a minute's harm?"



she remembered her father saying. "Did he ever so much as raise his voice?" Her father and Dudgeon McDavie had been schooled together; they'd marched together many a time. Then Dudgeon McDavie had moved out of the neighborhood, to take up a position as a quantity surveyor. Addy couldn't remember ever having seen him, although from the conversation that had ensued between her mother and her father at the time of his death it was apparent that he had been to the farmhouse many a time. "Blew half poor Dudgeon's skull off," her father had said, and his voice, leaden and gray, echoed as she remembered. "Poor Dudgeon's brains all over the tarmac." Her father had attended the funeral—full honors because Dudgeon McDavie had had a hand in keeping law and order, part-time, in the Ulster Defense Regiment. A few weeks later two youths from Loughgall were set upon and punished, although they vehemently declared their innocence.

"Dudgeon McDavie's only hearsay for Milton," Addy pointed out, and her husband said he realized that.

Drawing up in front of the rectory, a low, brick building with metal-framed windows, he said he had wondered about going in search of Mr. Leeson when Milton had come out with all that in the yard. But Milton had hung about by the car, making the whole thing even more difficult.

"Did the woman refer to Dudgeon McDavie?" Addy asked. "Is that it?"

"I don't know if she did. To tell you the truth, Addy, you wouldn't know where you were, once Milton gets onto

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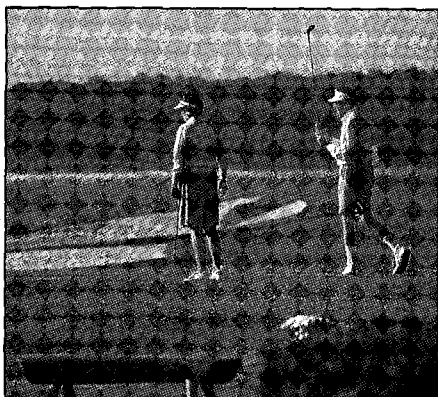
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this stuff. For one thing, he said to me the woman wasn't alive."

In the rectory Addy telephoned. "I'll ring you back," her mother said, and did so twenty minutes later, when Milton was not within earshot. In the ensuing conversation what information they possessed was shared—the revelations made on the day of the July celebration, what had later been said in the kitchen and an hour ago in the yard.

"Dudgeon McDavie," Mrs. Leeson reported quietly to her husband as soon as she replaced the receiver. "The latest thing is he's on to Herbert about Dudgeon McDavie."

MILTON rode his bicycle one Saturday afternoon to the first of the towns in which he wished to preach. In a car park two small girls, sucking sweets, listened to him. He explained about St. Rosa of Viterbo. He felt he was a listener, too, that his voice came from somewhere outside himself—from St. Rosa, he explained to the two small girls. He heard himself saying that his sister Hazel refused to return to the province. He heard himself describing the silent village, and the drums and the flutes that brought music to it, and the suit his father wore only on the day of the celebration. St. Rosa could mourn Dudgeon McDavie, he explained, a Protestant man from Loughgall who'd been murdered ages ago. St. Rosa could forgive the brutish soldiers and their masked adversaries, one or another of them responsible for each of the shattered motorcars and shrouded bodies that came and went on the television screen. Father Mulhall had been furious, Milton said in the car park, you could see it in his eyes: he'd been furious because a Protestant boy was sitting down in his house. St. Rosa of Viterbo had given him her holy kiss, he said: you could tell that Father Mulhall considered that impossible.

The following Saturday Milton cycled to another town, a little farther away, and on the subsequent Saturday he preached in a third town. He did not think of it as preaching, more as just telling people about his experience. It was what he had to do, he explained, and he noticed that when people began to listen they usually didn't go away. Shoppers paused, old men out for a walk passed the time in his company, leaning against a shop-

window or the wall of a public lavatory. Once or twice in an afternoon someone was abusive.

On the fourth Saturday Mr. Leeson and Herbert Cutcheon arrived in Mr. Leeson's Ford Granada and hustled Milton into it. No one spoke a word on the journey back.

"Shame?" Milton said when his mother employed the word.

"On all of us, Milton."

In church people regarded him suspiciously, and he noticed that Addy sometimes couldn't stop staring at him. When he smiled at Esme Dunshea she didn't smile back; Billy Carew avoided him. His father insisted that under no circumstances whatsoever should he ever again preach about a woman in the orchards. Milton began to explain that he must, that he had been given the task.

"No," his father said.

"That's the end of it, Milton," his mother said. She hated it even more than his father did, a woman kissing him on the lips.

The next Saturday afternoon they locked him into the bedroom he shared with Stewart, releasing him at six o'clock. But on Sunday morning he rode away again, and had again to be searched for in the streets of towns.

After that, greater care was taken. Stewart was moved out of the bedroom and the following weekend Milton remained under duress there, the door unlocked so that he could go to the lavatory, his meals carried up to him by his mother, who said nothing when she placed the tray on a chest of drawers. Milton expected that on Monday morning everything would be normal again, that his punishment would then have run its course. But this was not so. He was released to work beside his father, clearing out a ditch, and all day there were never more than a couple of yards between them. In the evening he was returned to the bedroom. The door was again secured, and so it always was after that.

On winter Sundays, when his sister Addy and the Reverend Cutcheon came to sit in the back room, he remained upstairs. He no longer accompanied the family to church. When Garfield came from Belfast on a weekend he refused to carry food to the bedroom, although Milton often heard their mother requesting him to. For a long time now Garfield had not ad-

dressed him or sought his company.

When Milton did the milking his father didn't keep so close to him. He put a padlock on the yard gate and busied himself with some task or other in one of the sheds or else kept an eye on the yard from the kitchen. On two Saturday afternoons Milton climbed out of the bedroom window and set off on his bicycle, later to be pursued. Then one day when he returned from the orchards with his father he found that Jimmy Logan had been to the farmhouse to put bars on his bedroom window. His own bicycle was no longer in the turf shed; he caught a glimpse of it tied onto the boot of the Ford Granada, and deduced that it was being taken to be sold. His mother unearthed an old folding card table, since it was a better height for eating off than the chest of drawers. Milton knew that people had been told he had become affected in the head, but he could tell from his mother's demeanor that not even this could exorcise the shame he had brought on the family.

When the day of the July celebration came again Milton remained in his bedroom. Before he left the house his father led him to the lavatory and waited outside it in order to lead him back again. His father didn't say anything. He didn't say it was the day of the July celebration, but Milton could tell it was, because he was wearing his special suit. Milton watched the car drawing out of the yard and then heard his mother chatting to Stewart in the kitchen, saying something about sitting in the sun. He imagined the men gathering in the field, the clergyman's blessing, the drums strapped on, ranks formed. As usual, the day was fine; from his bedroom window he could see there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

It wasn't easy to pass the time. Milton had never been much of a one for reading, had never read a book from cover to cover. Sometimes when his mother brought his food she left him the weekly newspaper and he read about the towns it gave news of, and the different rural neighborhoods, one of which was his own. He listened to his transistor. His mother collected all the jigsaw puzzles she could find, some of which had been in the farmhouse since Hazel and Garfield were children, others of a simple nature bought specially for Stewart. She left him a pack of cards with only the three of



"You might say I'm middle-of-the-road. I'd buy a fur coat, but I wouldn't buy a Japanese fur coat."

diamonds missing, and a cardboard box containing scraps of wool and a spool with tacks in it that had been Addy's French-knitting outfit.

On the day of the celebration he couldn't face yet again completing the jigsaw of Windsor Castle or the Battle of Britain, or playing patience with the three of diamonds drawn on the back of an envelope, or listening all day to cheery disk jockeys. He practiced preaching, all the time seeing the woman in the orchard instead of the sallow features of Jesus, or a cantankerous-looking God, white-haired and bearded, frowning through the clouds.

From time to time he looked at his watch and on each occasion established the point the march had reached. The Kissane girl and her sisters waved. Cars drew courteously in to allow the celebration to pass by. McCourt's Hardware & Agricultural Supplies was closed, the village street was empty. Beyond the school and the Church of the Holy Rosary the march halted, then returned the way it had come,

only making the change when it reached McCourt's again, swinging off to the left.

Mrs. Leeson unlocked the door and handed in a tray, and Milton imagined the chicken legs and the sandwiches in the field, bottles coming out, the men standing in a row by the hedge. "No doubt about it," his father said. "Dr. Gibney's seen cases like it before." A nut case, his father intimated without employing the term, but when he was out of hearing one of the men muttered that he knew for a fact Dr. Gibney hadn't been asked for an opinion. In the field the shame that was spoken about spread from his father to the men themselves.

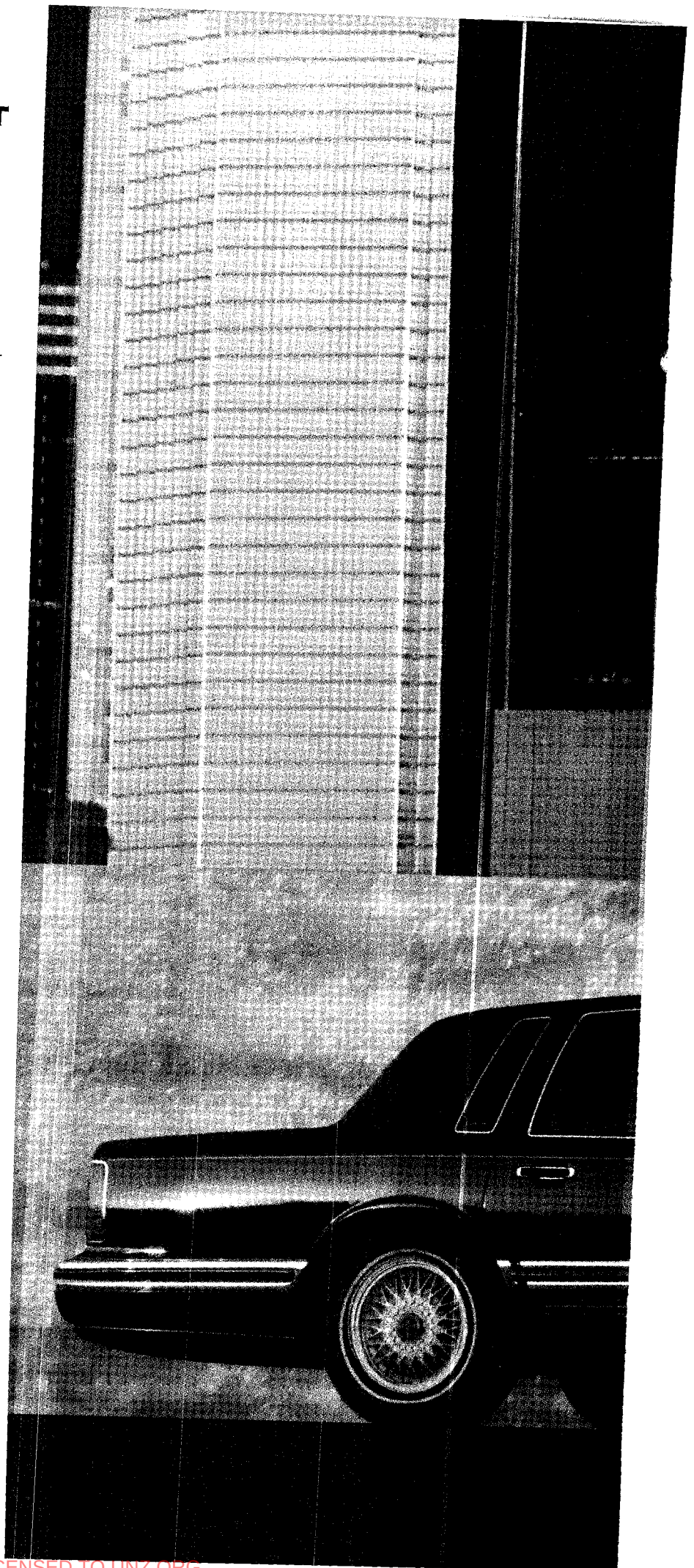
Milton tumbled out on the card table the pieces of a jigsaw of a jungle scene and slowly turned them right side up. He didn't know anymore what would happen if they opened the door and freed him. He didn't know if he would try to walk to the towns, if he'd feel again the pressure to do so, or if everything was over, if he'd "been

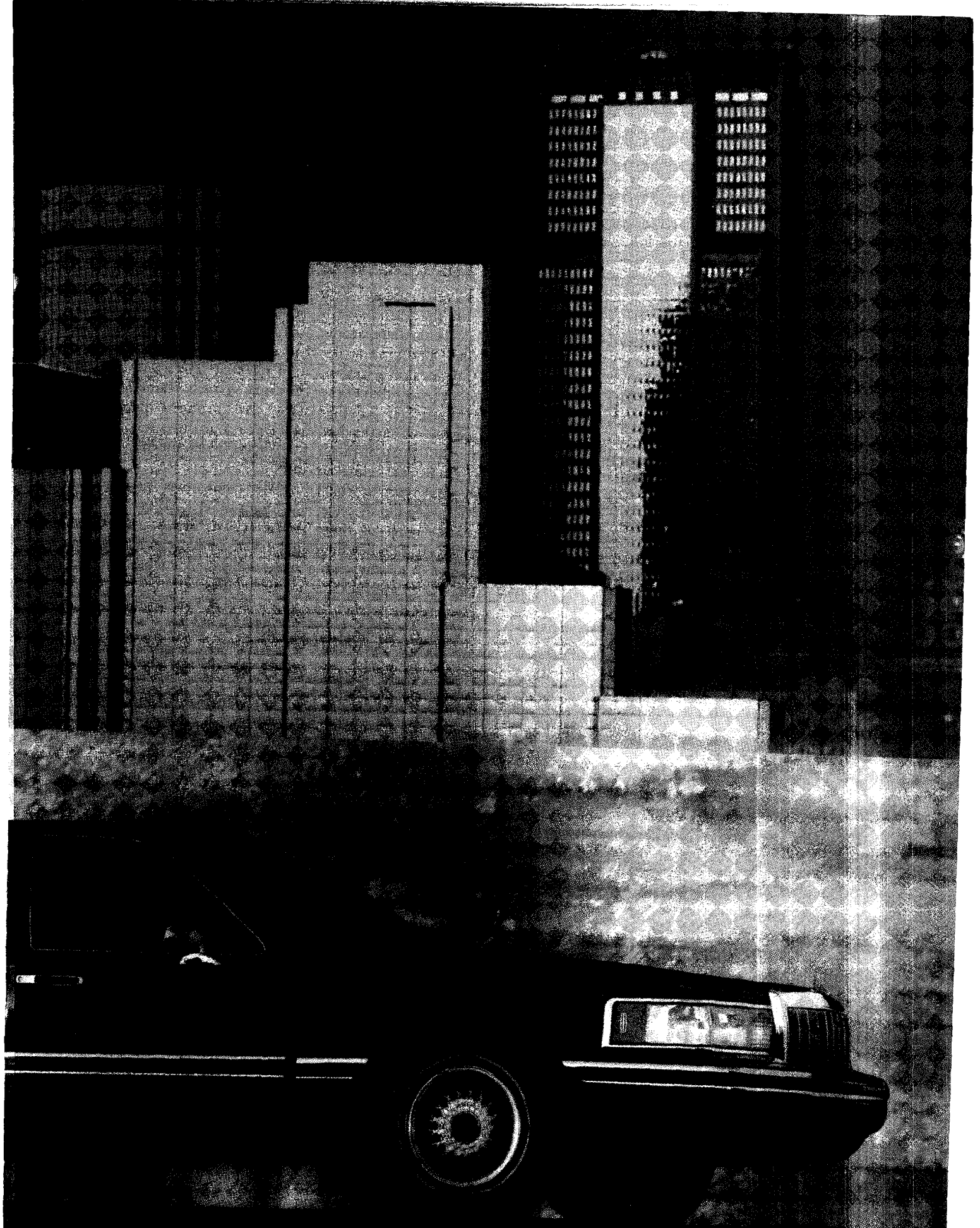
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cleansed," as his father's old uncle would have said. Slowly he found the shape of a chimpanzee among the branches of a tree. He wished he were in the field, taking the half bottle from Billy Carew. He wished he could feel the sun on his face and feel the ache going out of his legs after the march.

He completed the top left-hand corner of the jungle scene, adding brightly colored birds to the tree with the chimpanzees in it. The voices of his mother and Stewart floated up to him from the yard, the incoherent growling of his brother, his mother soothing. From where he sat he saw them when they moved into view, Stewart lumbering, his mother holding his hand. They passed out of the yard, through the gate that was padlocked when Milton did the milking. Often they walked down to the stream on a warm afternoon.

Again he practiced preaching. He spoke of his father's being ashamed in the field, and of the silent windows of the village. He explained that he had been called to go among people, bearing witness on a Saturday afternoon. He spoke of fear. It was that that was most important of all. Fear was the weapon of the gunmen and the soldiers, fear quieted the village. In fear his sister had abandoned the province that was her home. Fearful, his brother disposed of the unwanted dead.

Later, Milton found the two back legs of an elephant and slipped the piece that contained them into place. He wondered if he would finish the jigsaw or if it would remain with most of its middle part missing on the mildewed baize of the card table. He hadn't understood why the story of Dudgeon McDavie had occurred to him as a story he must tell. It had always been there; he'd heard it dozens of times; yet it seemed a different kind of story when he thought about the woman in the orchard, when over and over again he watched her coming toward him, and when she spoke about fear.

He found another piece of the elephant's gray bulk. In the distance he could hear the sound of a car. He paid it no attention, not even when the engine throbbed with a different tone, indicating that the car had drawn up by the yard gate. The gate rattled in a familiar way, and Milton went to his window then. A yellow Vauxhall moved into the yard.

He watched while a door opened

and a man he had never seen before stepped out from the driver's seat. The engine was switched off. The man stretched himself. Then Garfield stepped out, too.

"IT took a death to get you back," Mr. Leeson said.

On the drive from the airport Hazel did not reply. She was twenty-six, two years younger than Addy, small and dark-haired, as Addy was, too. Ever since the day she had married, since her exile had begun, the truth had not existed between her and these people she had left behind. The present occasion was not a time for prevarication, not a time for pretense, yet already she could feel both all around her. Another death in a procession of deaths had occurred, this time close to all of them. Each death that came was close to someone, within some family: she'd said that years ago, saying it only once, not arguing, because none of them wanted to have a conversation like that.

Mr. Leeson slowed as they approached the village of Glenavy, then halted to allow two elderly women to cross the street. They waved their thanks, and he waved back. Eventually he said, "Herbert's been good."

Again Hazel did not respond. "God took him for a purpose," she imagined Herbert Cutcheon saying, comforting her mother. "God has a job for him."

"How's Addy?"

Her sister also was naturally distressed, she was told. The shock was still there, still raw in all of them.

"That stands to reason."

They slid into a thin stream of traffic on the motorway, Mr. Leeson not accelerating much.

"I have to tell you what it was with Milton before we get home," he said.

"Was it the Provos? Was Milton involved in some way?"

"Don't call them the Provos, Hazel. Don't give them any kind of title. They're not worthy of a title."

"You have to call them something."

"It wasn't them. There was no reason why it should have been."

Hazel, who had only been told that her brother had died violently—shot by intruders when he was alone in the house—now heard how Milton had insisted he'd received a supernatural visitation from a woman. She heard how he had believed the woman was the ghost of a Catholic saint, how he

had gone to the priest for information, how he had begun street-corner preaching.

"He said things people didn't like?" she suggested, ignoring the more incredible aspect of this information.

"We had to keep him in. I kept him by me when we worked. Garfield wouldn't address him."

"You kept him in?"

"Poor Milton was away in the head, Hazel. He'd be all right for a while, maybe for weeks, longer even. Then suddenly he'd start about the woman in the orchard. He wanted to travel the six counties preaching about her. He told me that. He wanted to stand up in every town he came to and tell his tale. He brought poor Dudgeon McDavie into it."

"What d'you mean, you kept him in?"

"We sometimes had to lock his bedroom door. Milton didn't know what he was doing, girl. We had to get rid of his bicycle, but even so he'd have walked. A couple of times on a Saturday he set off to walk, and myself and Herbert had to get him back."

"My God!"

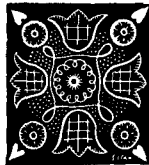
"You can't put stuff like that in a letter. You can't blame anyone for not writing that down for you. Your mother didn't want to. 'What've you said to Hazel?' I asked her one time and she said, 'Nothing,' so we left it."

"Milton went mad?"

"Poor Milton did, Hazel."

Hazel endeavored to order the confusion of her thoughts. Pictures formed: of the key turned in the bedroom door; of the household as it had apparently become, her parents' two remaining children a double burden—Stewart's mongol blankness and Milton's gibberish. "Milton's been shot," she had said to her husband after the telephone call, shocked that Milton had apparently become involved as Garfield was, drawn into it no doubt by Garfield. Ever since, that assumption had remained.

They left the motorway, bypassed Craigavon, then again made their way on smaller roads. This is home, Hazel found herself reflecting in that familiar landscape—an alien reminder among thoughts that were less tranquil. Yet in spite of the reason for her visit, in spite of the upsetting muddle of facts she'd been presented with on this journey, she wanted to indulge the moment, to close her eyes and let herself believe that it was a pleasure of some



kind to be back where she belonged. Soon they would come to Drumfin, then Anderson's Crossroads. They would pass the Cuchullainn Ballroom and turn before reaching the village. Everything would be familiar then, every house and cottage, tree and gateway, her father's orchards.

"Take it easy with your mother," he said. "She cries a lot."

"Who was it shot Milton?"

"There's no one has claimed who it was. The main concern's your mother."

Hazel didn't say anything, but when her father began to speak again she interrupted him.

"What about the police?"

"Finmoth's keeping an open mind."

The car passed the Kissanes' house, pink and respectable, delphiniums in its small front garden. Next came the ruined cowshed in the middle of Malone's field, three of its stone walls standing, the fourth tumbled down, its disintegrating roof mellow with rust. Then came the orchards, and the tarred gate through which you could see the stream, steeply below.

Her father turned the car into the yard of the farmhouse. One of the dogs barked, scampering back and forth, wagging his tail as he always did when the car returned.

"Well, there we are." With an effort Mr. Leeson endeavored to extend a welcome. "You'd recognize the old place still!"

In the kitchen her mother embraced her. Her mother had a shrunken look; a hollowness about her eyes and sallow cheeks that exposed the shape of bones beneath the flesh. A hand grasped at one of Hazel's and clutched it tightly, as if in a plea for protection. Mr. Leeson carried Hazel's suitcase upstairs.

"Sit down." With her free hand Hazel pulled a chair out from the table and gently eased her mother toward it. Her brother grinned across the kitchen at her.

"Oh, Stewart!"

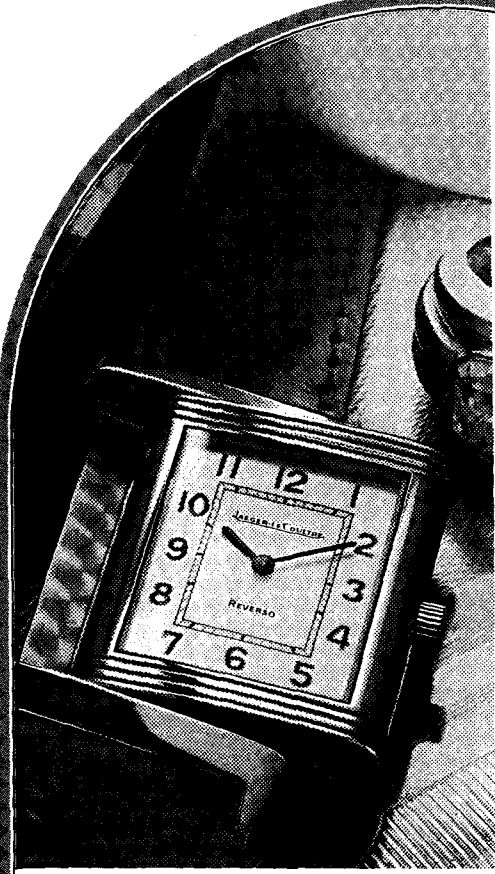
She kissed him, hugging his awkward body. Pimples disfigured his big forehead; his spiky, short hair tore uncomfortably at her cheek.

"We should have seen," Mrs. Leeson whispered. "We should have known."

"You couldn't. Of course you couldn't."

"He had a dream or something. That's all he was on about."

Hazel remembered the dreams she'd



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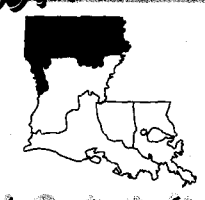
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had herself at Milton's age, half dreams, because sometimes she was awake—close your eyes and you could make Mick Jagger smile at you, or hear the music of U2 or The Damned. "Paul Hogan had his arms around me," Addy giggled once. Then you began going out with someone, and everything was different.

"Yet how would he know about a saint?" her mother whispered. "Where'd he get the name from?"

Hazel didn't know. It would have come into his head, she said to herself, but she didn't repeat the observation aloud. Her mother, in spite of what she said, didn't want to think about it. Maybe it was easier for her mother, too, to believe her son had been away in the head, or maybe it made it worse. You wouldn't know that, you couldn't tell from her voice or from her face.

"Don't let it weigh on you," Hazel begged. "Don't make it worse for yourself."

Later, Addy and Herbert Cutcheon were in the kitchen. Addy made tea, and tumbled biscuits onto a plate. Herbert Cutcheon was solemn, Addy subdued. Like her father, Hazel sensed, both of them were worried about her mother. Being worried about her mother was the practical aspect of the grief that was shared, an avenue of escape from it, a distraction that was permitted. Oblivious to all emotion, Stewart reached out for a biscuit with pink marshmallow in it, his squat fingers and bitten nails ugly for an instant against the soft prettiness.

"He'll get the best funeral the Church can give him," Herbert Cutcheon promised.

GARFIELD stood a little away from them, with a black tie in place and his shoes black also, not the running shoes he normally wore. Looking at him across the open grave, Hazel suddenly knew. In ignorance she had greeted him an hour ago in the farmhouse; they had stood together in the church; she had watched while he stepped forward to bear the coffin. Now, in the bleak churchyard, those images were illuminated differently. The shame had been exorcised, silence silently agreed upon.

"I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle," Herbert Cutcheon proclaimed, his voice heavy with the churchiness that was discarded as soon

as his professional duties ceased, never apparent on a Sunday afternoon in the back room of the farmhouse. "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God."

Earth was thrown onto the coffin. "Our Father, who art in heaven," Herbert Cutcheon suitably declared, and Hazel watched Garfield's lips, which moved in unison with Addy's and their parents'. Stewart was there, too, now and again making a noise. Mrs. Leeson held a handkerchief to her face, clinging to her husband in sudden bright sunshine. "And forgive us our trespasses." Garfield mouthed those words, too.

With bitter calmness, Hazel allowed the facts to settle into place. Milton had been told not to. He had been told, even by Garfield himself, that you had fancies when you were fifteen. He had been told that talk about a Catholic saint was like the Catholics' claiming one of their idolatrous statues had been seen to move. But, in spite of all that had been said to him Milton had disobeyed. "Your bodies a living sacrifice," Hazel's great-uncle Willie used to thunder, steadfast in his certainty. Prominent among the mourners, the old man's granite features displayed no emotion now.

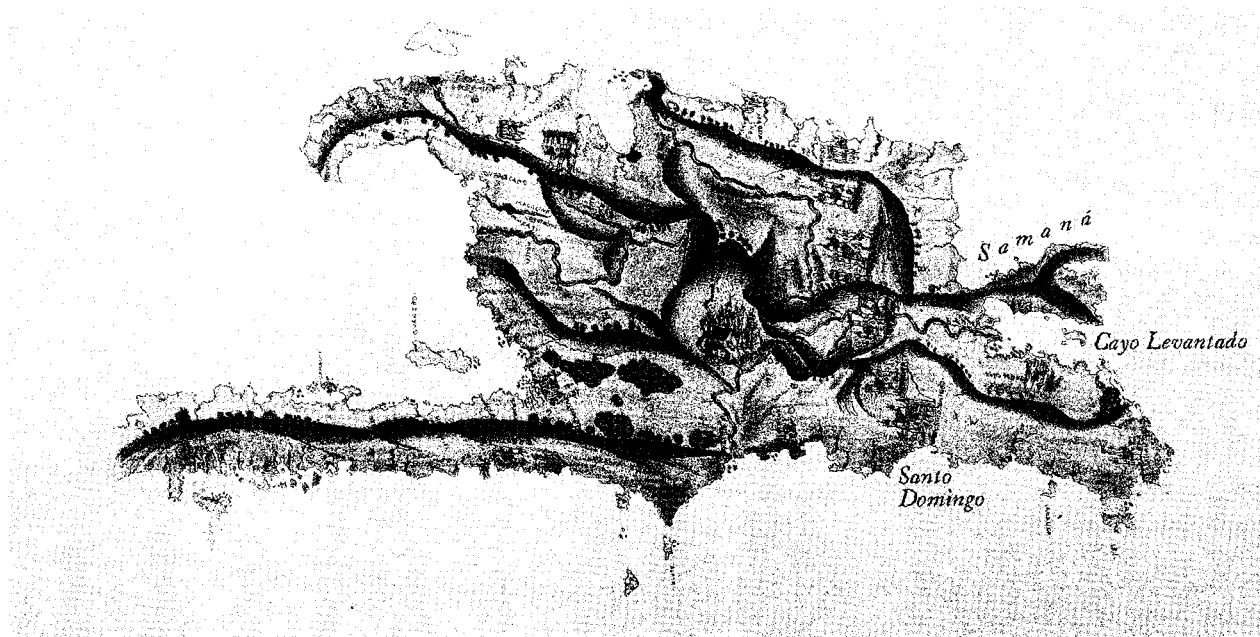
"Amen," Herbert Cutcheon prompted, and the mourners murmured and Mrs. Leeson sobbed. Hazel moved closer to her, as Addy did, receiving her from their father's care. All of them knew, Hazel's thoughts ran on. Her father knew, and her mother, and Addy, and Herbert Cutcheon. It was known in every house in the neighborhood; it was known in certain Belfast bars and clubs, where Garfield's hardman reputation had been threatened, and then enhanced.

"It's all right, Mother," Addy whispered as the three women turned from the grave, but Hazel did not attempt to soothe her mother's distress, because she knew she could not. Her mother would go to her grave with the scalding agony of what had happened still alive within her; her father would be reminded of the day of the occurrence on all the July marches remaining to him. The family would not ever talk about the day, but through their pain they would tell themselves that Milton's death was the way things were, the way things had to be. That was their single consolation.

—WILLIAM TREVOR

REFLECTIONS

WAITING FOR COLUMBUS



Map Division, N.Y.P.L.

Hispaniola, 1516

FOR some time now, I have viewed the coming of 1992 with a certain dread. It can hardly have escaped anyone's attention that on October 12th five hundred years will have passed since Christopher Columbus first stepped ashore on what was for him a new world, however ancient its inhabitants. From the vantage point of Europe, he began to make a vast unknown into a known, and the date has been nailed down in history as that of the discovery of America. Not surprisingly, 1992 has been steadily in the sights of many quickening interests, public and private, and countless plans have been laid to turn the year into a circus of near-global celebration. It is understandable that governments should seize on such occasions for a bit of national brio, the satisfaction of having come a long way. It puts some kind of affirmative stamp on a doubtful present; and, besides that, it gives the year a "theme," which can be echoed inexhaustibly in exploitable form. The year 1992 is a prospective gold mine: the books, bumper issues of magazines, television specials, documentaries, simulations, and reenactments, and the coins, medallions, ship models, maps, museum exhibits, and other icons, yet unimaginable. One Spanish sculptor, Antoni Miralda, set in motion plans for a

symbolic marriage between the Statue of Liberty and the statue of Columbus that stands on a cast-iron column overlooking the harbor of Barcelona. Outsized wedding garments and jewelry have already been on display in various capital cities, and the symbolic ceremony was held on St. Valentine's Day in Las Vegas. It occurs to me that if only Columbus had had the foresight to acquire the fifteenth-century equivalent of an agent his descendants would be raking in much more gold this year than even the Admiral dreamed of amassing, abundant though these dreams were, during his various sallies westward.

Of the thirty-odd countries that have pledged themselves to official quincentenary fervor, Spain is outdoing all the others in extravagance, spending hundreds of millions of dollars on the event. Spain, after all, made the initial investment in the Admiral's enterprise, and it is clearly looking to 1992 as a way of reaping even more than it already has from that first outlay. This year, Spain is the setting for a World's Fair (in Seville) and for the Olympic Games (in Barcelona), and Madrid has been named Europe's City of Culture for the year. All these events are expected to attract a vast intrusion of tourists—tourism being an industry that Spain has been turning to great advan-

tage since the sixties. Spain is ripe for a year of self-congratulation: since the death of Francisco Franco, in 1975, it has made itself into a responsible and sophisticated modern democracy, an active and energetic member of the European Community, with a new and zippy life style and an aggressive self-confidence. Spain has been trumpeting the quincentenary: in 1988, the Spanish government established a foundation in Washington, D.C.—SPAIN '92—"to engage Americans in a thoughtful exploration of the impact of Christopher Columbus' voyages and to strengthen the cultural traditions which unite Americans and Spaniards," in the words of its brochure. Spain has also had built meticulous replicas of the three ships that made the first voyage—the Santa Maria of a design the Spanish called a *nao*, slower and statelier than the caravels Niña and Pinta. They were launched by members of the Spanish Royal Family in the fall of 1989, and set sail in a reenactment of the voyage. Now they are showing themselves around the Caribbean before turning up to lead the tall ships into New York Harbor this Fourth of July. They are not, however, the only replicas of that little fleet; several have been built—enough to stage a round-the-world caravel race if they are all still afloat after their

strenuous year of simulation. One replica of the Santa María has been built in Barcelona by a Japanese publisher, who intends to sail it all the way from Barcelona to Kobe, Japan, thus fulfilling Columbus's original plan, which was to find the trade route from Spain to the lucrative East.

Ever since the quincentenary loomed, however, there has arisen a countercry, close to an outcry, over the global fiesta, and it has mostly come, understandably, from the countries of Spanish America—the discoverees, as it were, which were of course given no choice about being discovered. What came to these countries with the conquest was nothing good—violent invasion, massacre, enslavement, exploitation—and a number of voices have strongly suggested that 1992 be observed as a year of mourning in Spanish America and the Caribbean. Cuba has been scathing in its denunciations of the celebrations. I was sent a copy of the “Declaration of Mexico,” circulated by a group for the “Emancipation and Identity of Latin America.” To give the declaration's gist, I quote its first and last articles:

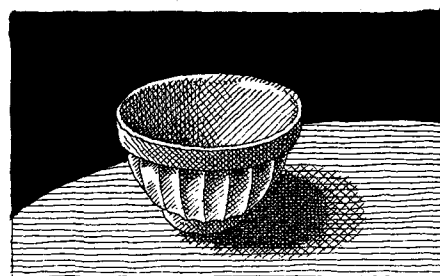
Whereas October 12, 1492, which according to a Eurocentric version of history was the “discovery” and/or “encounter between two worlds,” marked the beginning of one of the greatest acts of genocide, pillage, and plunder in human history, and whereas the intention to celebrate its 500th Anniversary constitutes an act of arrogance and disdain for the peoples of the Third World...

... we have resolved not to participate in any activity related to the official celebrations of the 500th Anniversary, since such participation would legitimize the historical system of injustice and dependence initiated on October 12, 1492, and the spurious character of its celebration.

Rumblings from Latin America notwithstanding, the country that has dressed the coming quincentenary in the most official pomp and gravity has been the Dominican Republic, which, with Haiti, occupies the island Columbus christened Hispaniola—the first whole territory subdued and settled by the fortune hunters from Spain. Santo Domingo, the present-day capital, was the first outpost, the first colonial city in the New World, and its cathedral contains at least some of the Admiral's remains. (Havana and Seville claim to have the other parts in their keeping.) For the country's President, Dr. Joaquín Balaguer, who is eighty-four, the quincentenary has been an obsession from an early age, and his long life seems

to have been single-mindedly aimed at October 12, 1992. As far back as 1986, Balaguer instituted the Permanent Dominican Commission for the Fifth Centenary of the Discovery and Evangelization of America—the longest and most pompous banner so far flown in the name of the event. He appointed as head of the commission his close friend and ecclesiastical henchman the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, Nicolás López Rodríguez, who views the landing of Columbus as the most momentous event in Christendom since the Resurrection. Balaguer clearly expects the quincentenary to bring to his country an attention and a sense of importance until now earned only by a rich crop of exceptional baseball players. Columbus, in his “Journal of the First Voyage,” speaks of the island as “the fairest ever looked on by human eyes”—an endorsement that is still used liberally by the Dominican Tourist Office.

The country certainly seemed so to me when I first went there, over ten years ago. Outside its capital and two or three lesser cities, it is rural and agricultural, dotted sparsely with small villages, outposts of subsistence, so that its beautiful and immensely varying landscapes always dominate. Dominicans are among the most cheerful people in the world, and I found myself going back to explore further. I eventually settled on the Samaná Peninsula, in the extreme northeast of the country, a narrow arm of land, thirty-two miles in length, that protrudes from the bulk of the mainland like a lobster claw into the Atlantic and forms a very long and narrow bay on its south side—a natural harbor that at different times has attracted the acquisitive attention of foreign powers, the United States among them. A low mountain spine runs along the peninsula, falling away on the north to a long sand coast and on the south to strings of beaches and small enclosed inlets. The whole peninsula is covered with coconut palms, whose easygoing crop has been for many years its principal source of revenue.



Samaná is quite literally the end of the line: if you follow its single road to the tip of the peninsula, you find yourself facing a white beach, a reef, and, beyond, the open Atlantic. It was on Samaná that Columbus made his last landfall on the first voyage of discovery, and from there he set sail for Spain with news of what he had found.

As a place, Samaná is one of those geographical oddities which seem to invite a correspondingly eccentric history: it feels itself only marginally connected to the rest of the country; on early maps, it is sometimes shown as an island. A broad expanse of marsh—the estuary of the River Yuna, which flows into Samaná Bay—joins it to the mainland. In the past, most likely, the marsh did provide a shallow waterway across the neck of the peninsula to the north coast, an escape route for privateers bottled up in the bay when piracy was at its height on the Spanish Main. In those days, Samaná afforded just the kind of retreat the buccaneers needed; and, indeed, it has given refuge to a great variety of runaways in its long past. It has the look and feel of an island, and it has an islandlike history—a series of intrusions and violations, all coming from the outside. It is one of the poorest provinces in the country, with the leanest statistics, but the land is bountiful, and its inhabitants follow a way of life that has allowed them to survive, however frugally, for an immemorial time.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Samaná was often raided by English and Spanish ships in search of buccaneers and runaways. It was not until 1756 that a group of Spanish colonists was shipped from the Canary Islands to found the town of Santa Barbara de Samaná. In 1807, while the French were briefly in possession of the entire island, General Louis Ferrand, Napoleon's commander in Santo Domingo, published a detailed plan for a new port, with a miniature French city neatly squared beside it, to be built in Samaná and named Port Napoleon: Samaná was to become a rich coffee plantation, Port Napoleon “a cultural capital between East and West.” General Ferrand died, and the French lost possession of the island before the work was begun, but the plans for Port Napoleon still exist. Between 1850 and 1874, the United States Congress was seriously studying

a plan first to rent and then to annex the Samaná Peninsula, and establish a permanent naval station in Samaná Bay. The idea of acquiring Samaná for the United States was something of a fixation in the mind of William H. Seward, who was Secretary of State under Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, and Grant, and who had previously engineered the purchase of Alaska from the Russians. On three or four occasions, agreement seemed close, but Congress voted against annexation, and when further offers to lease Samaná Bay were made General Ignacio María González, newly elected President in Santo Domingo, took a firm and popular decision that no part of his country should be yielded up to foreign ownership. The Germans and the English had also shown a commercial interest in Samaná. Even so, the place was hardly prosperous: the population of the peninsula when annexation was being considered was under three thousand.

Samaná had received an intrusion of settlers in 1824, when President Jean-Pierre Boyer of Haiti, who had just occupied Santo Domingo, decided to ship in immigrants from the Southern United States to populate the remoter parts of his new colony. Some three hundred of them settled in Samaná, and you can still hear the singsong English of their descendants in the market, or shake the huge hand of a man named Samuel Johnson on the dock. Don León, who keeps our local store, tells me of his childhood in Samaná, some sixty years ago, when there was no road to town and he had to row to market—a two-hour haul—sometimes twice a day. But he remembers a Samaná that was more prosperous than now, with a chocolate factory, an icehouse, a soap works, and a busy maritime trade. Samaná harbor is now mostly a landfall for small boats making an Atlantic crossing or cruising the Caribbean. In January, when the trade winds are blowing right, we see them straggle in, flying a variety of flags, sea-weary. Last winter, I found a plastic pouch of water on the beach with instructions in Norwegian. I do not know Norwegian, so I added its contents to the sea.

It was Samaná itself, and not Columbus, that drew me in. Turns in the road revealed sudden beauties, to gasp

at. Everything moved at walking pace. A car looked somehow absurd there. The place felt as if it were adrift, unanchored to anything. I explored the villages and the coast, I asked questions, I listened a lot, and eventually I acquired a piece of land just inside the point where Samaná Bay opens to the Atlantic: land that rose in a broad bowl from a small enclosed beach to a ridge, and fell away to the road on the other side; land that faced south across the bay and was thickly

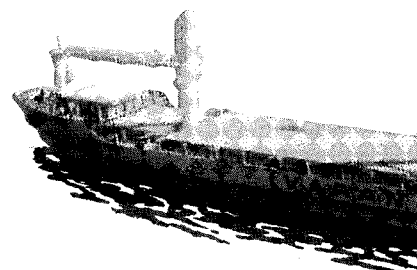


overgrown—well staked with coconut palms, all nodding seaward. Don Justo, who sold me the land, told me that he had not seen it in years, although he lives only a few miles from it. He had sent a man four times a year to gather the coconuts, but he did not think much else could grow there. Now he comes often, amazed that I have coaxed it into fruit.

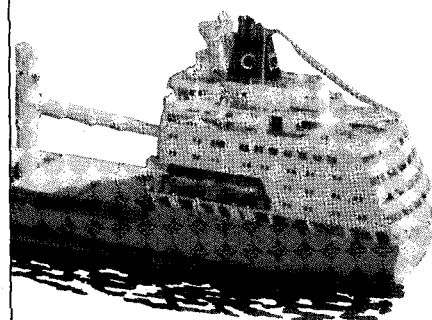
In the Dominican countryside, campesinos live mostly in clumps of houses, settlements rather than villages—*aldea* is the Spanish word—that are dotted here and there, usually close to a water source. My land fell away steeply on the west side to a small, flat clearing through which a freshwater stream flowed by way of a small lagoon into the sea. Five houses stood close to the stream, accommodating in all about twenty people—men, women, a tribe of children. After buying the land, I made arrangements to stay in a room in one of the houses, and I hired the men of the *aldea* to help me build a small house, and to clear the land for cultivation. During that time, I got to know my neighbors very well indeed. We were some nine miles beyond the last town—that is, beyond public market, post office, electricity, telephone, hospital, and hardware store—and everybody depended on the small country *colmados*, which sold the basics: rice, oil, sugar, salt, rum. What we lived in—our bounded world—was, I learned from them, our *vecindad*, or neighborhood, which meant roughly the piece of coast you could encompass with a sweep of the arm from the ridge. Within the *vecindad*, you knew the inhabitants, down to the babies, and if you did not actually know them you had heard about them, in story form, and you inevitably shared their crises and daily dramas.

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you absorb, and to some extent take on, from those who live there is their vantage point: the way they see the rest of the world, their preoccupations, the web of their attention. Most of my neighbors are *analfabetos*; they neither read nor write. They are, however, passionate, dedicated talkers, often eloquent. Their mode, their natural wavelength, is to put themselves in story form. Their lives have no written archives, their years no numbers or dates; for that reason, a quincentenary is meaningless to them. They have saved their personal history in the form of a set of stories, well polished with telling, stored, ready. I have heard some of them recount their lives, a rosary of stories, on different occasions, and noticed how they vary with the telling. Everything that happens eventually circulates in story form, embellished by its tellers. Don León listens avidly to the radio news in his store and passes on his edited versions of it to his customers, who disperse it further on the way home. Travelling so, from teller to teller, quite ordinary happenings often turn into wonders.

In 1950, George F. Kennan made an investigatory journey through a number of Latin-American countries. On his return, he wrote a report that was not circulated at the time, but that he refers to in his memoirs. I quote one passage:

The price of diplomatic popularity, and to some extent of diplomatic success, is constant connivance at the maintenance of a staggering and ubiquitous fiction: the fiction of extraordinary human achievement, personal and collective, subjective and objective, in a society where the realities are almost precisely the opposite, and where the reasons behind these realities are too grim to be steadily entertained. Latin American society lives, by and large, by a species of make-believe: not the systematized, purposeful make-believe of Russian communism, but a highly personalized, anarchical make-believe, in which each individual spins around him, like a cocoon, his own little world of pretense, and demands its recognition by others as the condition of his participation in the social process.

I can feel the exasperation behind that passage: the exasperation of a diplomat accustomed to clarity; the same exasperation that travellers in a Western hurry will stumble over in Latin America. Yet Kennan is putting his finger on a linguistic mode that is familiar to anyone who has lived in the countries of Spanish America, that I come across every day in conversations with my neighbors, that is at the core of Borges's writings. To Borges, ev-

everything put into language is a fiction, and should not be confused with reality. The fictions we make are ways of ordering and dominating the disorders of reality, even though they in no way change it. The "truth" of a fiction is less important than its effectiveness; and, since reality is shifting and changing, our fictions must constantly be revised. For my neighbors, their stories are a form of continuous self-creation, and a way of taming and domesticating the world outside the *vecindad*, the great, fearful unknown.

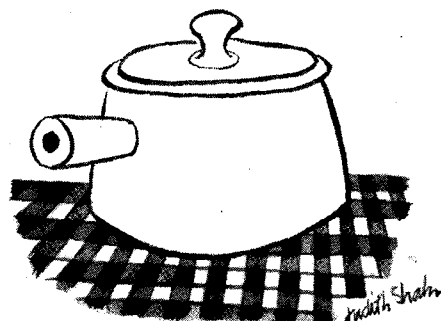
This fictive cast of mind, while it animates the *chisme*—the daily gossip that serves as our newspaper—is something of an impediment to serious discourse. I sometimes notice in the discussions I listen to on Dominican radio that what takes place is less an exchange of views on a given question than a series of restatements of the question, each distinctly personal, each with a neat resolution. It is perhaps too extreme to say of Dominicans that they are devoid of objectivity, yet that is what I often feel. It is as though they had no over-all grasp of their own situation, even though they have at the ready a rich variety of explanations and personal remedies. For them, once a problem has been put right in words, it can be forgotten. The reality is another matter altogether.

Listening to the Spanish spoken in the Dominican Republic, I quite often come on words so bizarrely unfamiliar that I have to reach their meaning by scrupulous questioning, for I have never heard them anywhere else. One such word, of Afro-Hispanic origin, from the language arrived at by the Africans brought as slaves to Hispaniola, is the noun *fucú* or *fukú*. It is often spoken with a certain dropping of the voice. *Un fucú* is something ill-omened, likely to bring bad luck, something in a person or a place or a happening that has doom about it. At the materialization of a *fucú* in any form, Dominicans cross their index fingers in the air and

exclaim "*Zafa!*"—loosely translated as "Change the subject." At least they used to, I am told by the elders in my neighborhood: perhaps the custom has waned because there are so many obvious public *fucús* in the country now that the day would be one long "*Zafa!*" The word has entered not just my vocabulary but my consciousness; I am able to realize that some people and elements in New York have a *fucú* about them for me. It helps me save time.

The most interesting *fucú* of all among Dominicans, however, is the superstition that has existed for centuries that bad luck would dog anyone who spoke aloud the name of Cristóbal Colón. That called for instant crossed fingers and a loud "*Zafa!*" One referred instead to the Admiral, or the discoverer. The official propaganda surrounding the quincentenary has had to face down the *fucú*, as it were, for the name has somehow kept coming up. But the campesinos still believe in the *fucú* that C——— C——— brings bad luck, perhaps with more fervor now than before. One of my neighbors told me solemnly that the word *colonia*—"colony"—came from the name of Cristóbal Colón, an error I saw no point in correcting.

IN the evenings of those first days, when we had finished work and bathed and eaten, we would sit by the stream and talk as the dark came down. My neighbors were full of questions, mostly about life in the United States, which I answered with some care; and in my turn I questioned them closely about their lives and the ways of the place. We have continued so ever since. In the evenings, I hear feet on the stones of my terrace, and someone will materialize, always with an offering—Sandro with fish, Felipe with an egg—and we will sit on the warm stone and talk. A kind of natural barter plays a large part in my neighbors' existence, and, indeed, they like nothing better than a "deal," an exchange that pleases both sides. I have to remember that I am a *patrón*, a landowner, and I have to assume the role sometimes: to settle a dispute, or to come up with money for medicine—a debt that is always paid off with a day's work. Dominican society is a curious web of family connections, of debts and favors owed, of patronage and reward—a system that, while it



functions well enough in remote country settlements like ours, has turned Dominican politics into a tangle of corruption. My neighbors are natural anarchists. Pucho, who has worked with me since the beginning, and now lives, with his family, on the land above mine, insists that he has no loyalties other than to what his eye encompasses, and he leaves no ground unplanted, for that is what makes unquestionable sense to him. One evening, he found, in a catalogue that had come with my mail, a rowing machine. He was delighted, for he has a long row to the reef where he goes fishing, and hates rowing; when I explained that people in cities had rowing machines in their houses to keep healthy, he looked at me piti- ingly.

As I discovered by the stream, history for my neighbors is mostly hearsay, vague rumblings in a dateless clutter of past, anchored by a few facts brought home from school by the children. For most of them, the past, though it has engendered their present, is an irrelevance. So at one point, for a few evenings running, I told them a fairly simplified version, though quite a detailed one, of Cristóbal Colón and the first voyage, the first landings, the coming of the Spaniards, and the subsequent enslavement of their country. I told them what I knew about the Indians—the Tainos and the Ciguayos—who when Colón arrived had been living an unvarying rural existence. They made their settlements by fresh water, close to the sea. They fished, they bartered work and harvests, they lived communally. They were also innocent of money, as my neighbors often are, though not from choice.

Some of my neighbors became quite indignant at my version of the arrival of the Spaniards, and, indeed, I did myself. Although I had read fairly extensively about the conquest, I had always done so in the historical mass, so to speak; I had never been physically close to the scene before, and I felt myself suddenly waking up to those happenings as quite easily imaginable realities. When the house was finished and the books were unpacked, I started to read that history all over again, beginning with where I was—with Columbus's landing on Samaná—and then going mostly backward, reading what I could find about the

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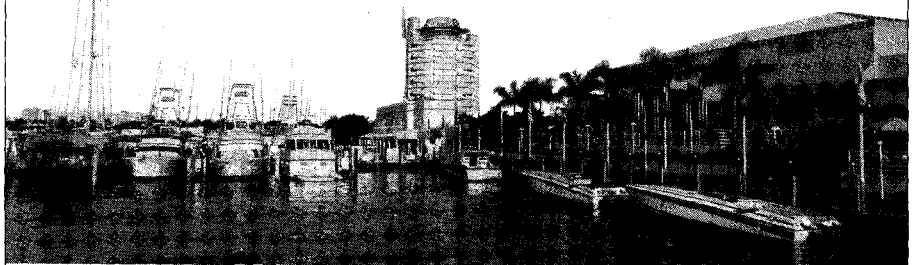
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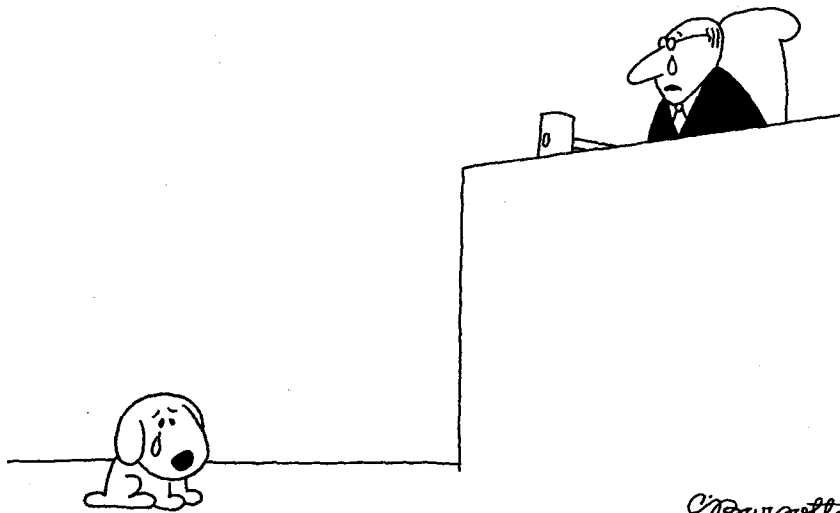


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conditions of life in Hispaniola before that catastrophic disembarkation.

IN early January of 1493, aboard the Niña, with the Pinta in attendance, Columbus was bowling along the north coast of Hispaniola, on an easterly course. Of all his landfalls so far, Hispaniola had proved the most rewarding. Its natives were friendly and docile, its vegetation was sumptuous, and he had found enough gold to fuel expectations of more. It would be his territory, he had decided, his base for any future exploration. Fixed firmly in his sailing mind, however, was the urge to return to Spain with all dispatch, on the first good wind. He had lost the Santa María, grounded on a coral reef on Christmas Eve, but its timbers had been used to build a small fort called La Navidad, where the Admiral left behind a garrison of thirty-nine men. The standard histories have him rounding the northeast corner of the Samaná Peninsula and deciding to make one last landfall, to take on fresh water and provisions for the return crossing, and, if possible, to careen and caulk his two remaining boats, which were taking water. According to his log entry for January 12, 1493, the two ships entered "an enormous bay three leagues wide, with a little island [*una isleta pequenuela*], in the middle of it," and they anchored between the little island and a shallow sand beach. The following morning, the Admiral sent a boat ashore to treat with the Indians, as he had been doing with regularity over the past three months. These

Indians, however, were quite different in appearance from the ones so far encountered. These wore their hair long, plaited with bird plumage, and they blackened their faces. Also, unlike most of those so far encountered, they carried arms—longbows and arrows. The crew persuaded one of them to return to the ship and talk with the Admiral. By this time, the Spaniards had most likely acquired a certain basic vocabulary, and, as usual, the Admiral questioned the man assiduously on the whereabouts of gold, and delivered an invitation to his cacique, his chief. The Indian was fed, given some trinkets, and returned by the boat's crew to his beach. On this occasion, some fifty-five Indians had gathered, and seven of the boat's crew bargained for bows and arrows, as they had been ordered. They had acquired two bows when something caused the Indians to go back to collect their arms. Leaving nothing to chance, the seven Spaniards attacked them, wounding one Indian with a sword slash in the buttocks and another in the breast with a crossbow arrow. This brief skirmish, most likely founded on a misunderstanding, has gone into the annals as the first shedding of indigenous blood in the New World—the first, faint inkling of the slaughter that was to follow. Three days later, the wind turned westerly, and, with four of the long-haired Indians added to the on-board evidence of the New World, the Niña and the Pinta put out well before dawn and set course for Spain. In his log the Admiral referred to his last anchorage

as the Golfo de las Flechas, the Bay of the Arrows.

"The Journal of the First Voyage," the written source of the discovery, is a strangely diffuse document, very far from objectivity even when it is being a ship's log, for some of its landfalls are still being argued over. (There is no original of the document. The version we read is an annotated text of a fifteen-thirties edition prepared and in many instances paraphrased by a later visitor, the diligent friar Bartolomé de Las Casas, from a less than complete copy made by an errant scribe; but not even this text was known about until 1825, when it was published, circulated, studied, and, in 1828, translated into English.) Some of the journal is first person, some third person (Las Casas' paraphrase), some in the shorthand of terse nautical observation. Columbus's own observations sometimes have the true awe of a man seeing unimagined wonders for the first time, but they are interspersed with passages of self-congratulation, lavish reassurances to Their Majesties, small sermons and other bursts of missionary zeal, inflated promises of bountiful gold, and a very eccentric geography. Columbus was in his forties by then, and for the last ten years his sole preoccupation had been to persuade some rich and powerful patron to underwrite an expedition of discovery. He had presented his arguments many times—as often as possible—first to the Portuguese court and then to Their Catholic Majesties in Spain, and he had obviously made them as alluring as he could. He was familiar with Marco Polo's chronicles, and cast his own expectations in the same high tone, conjuring up a vision of a New World that, since it was so far entirely imagined, could be wondrous in every respect. He became a practiced exaggerator. He was shrewd enough to realize that he had to satisfy a multitude of interests, and his arguments were consequently many-faceted: for mercantile interests he would discover the route to the East that would open up trade with Cathay and with Cipango (Japan); for the Crown he would claim all new lands and found for Spain a colonial empire; for the Church he could promise converts, he would find the Garden of Eden; and beyond all these interests he dangled the promise of gold in abundance, at a time when Spain's treasury was

exhausted. He had voiced these expectations so often that when he did find land what he looked for first was a self-justifying confirmation of them. His New World existed for him in the fiction he had made of it before he discovered it, and there was often a considerable disparity between what he found and what he said he found. After exploring the coast of Cuba, in November, he insisted, and continued to insist, that it was Cathay; yet he did not continue west. By then, from the natives he encountered he had picked up enough stories of gold so that it was fixed abidingly in the forefront of his attention. For him, the rumor of gold brought wish and reality together. Forgetting about the East, he followed the Indians' indications and turned back in the direction of Hispaniola.

Among a handful of anecdotes that Dominicans like to tell about the conquest is one that I have heard in a few variant forms. As fact it is improbable, but as essence it is peerless. It became the practice of the caciques to retreat from the arriving Spaniards, leaving placatory gifts in their path. The story has one such cacique leaving as an offering his beautiful daughter, bound to a stake, and wearing nothing but a gold ring in her nose. The Admiral, arriving at the head of his men, stops them suddenly with spread hands, gazes at the girl for a gravid minute, then points a trembling finger and asks, "Where did you get that ring?"

I keep thinking of those first encounters, particularly from the point of view of language. The Spaniards and the Indians had no language in common, and Columbus had to communicate as tourists do nowadays in markets beyond their linguistic reach—by pointing and gesticulating. While that probably served well enough to get the ships' companies food and water, to make gestures of friendship and good intentions, and even to emphasize a particularly urgent interest in anything made of gold, it cannot have made possible the communication of anything abstract, like the claiming of all the Indians' lands in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, or the fundamental tenets of the Holy Roman Church. Over various landfalls, the Spaniards probably began to assemble a sketchy vocabulary of native words, but there are

signs in the journal that Columbus was prone to the affliction of beginners in any language—an overwillingness to understand. Hearsay for Columbus was whatever he thought he heard, and hearsay was the basis of his golden promises in a famous letter that he addressed to Their Majesties on the return crossing. Besides the gold and the Indians, Columbus was carrying back with him a great fund of information that he had sifted from the Indians' stories, some of it more imagined than real. "The Journal of the First Voyage" has a kind of speculative edge to it, an awe in its voice, a looking-at that before very long became a looking-for. The second voyage, from 1493 to 1496, was no longer looking for gold; it was going after it. With the second voyage, the conquest really began.

On the first voyage, Columbus went through an orgy of naming—christening capes, headlands, bays, points, rivers, and islands, and entering the names meticulously in his log. For him, giving them Spanish names was synonymous with claiming them for Spain, and his naming grew more diligent as the voyage progressed. No matter that everything was already named and understood by the Indians—from now on, Spain was to impose itself on Hispaniola, a God-appointed enterprise. Whatever form of life the Indians had achieved up until now was an irrelevance, since it was about to be ended, irrevocably.

The landfall in Columbus's Bay of the Arrows, of first-blood fame, is identified in the vast majority of books about Columbus as the beach called Las Flechas, on the south coast of the Samaná Peninsula. Facing that beach is a small, neat jewel of an island known as Cayo Levantado, assumed to be the "little island" Columbus identifies in his log. Las Flechas lies along the coast from our beach, about a mile farther into the bay, and I must have passed it hundreds of times by now, for the road to town runs just above it. It has served to keep Columbus on my mind. The first time I explored it, I looked for some kind of marker, since Columbus's landfalls have been well labelled, but it was as anonymous as when he found it. Beyond a broad, untidy stragggle of coconut palms, which always cast for



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me a kind of cathedral gloom on the beaches below them, lay its curve of sand, three small fishing boats pulled up, a litter of fishing gear, and Cayo Levantado riding at anchor about a mile offshore. I talked to an old man who was resting his back against one of the boats. I asked him about the beach and Columbus. "Colón? Colón? Now, I've heard that name."

SINCE about the first century, Arawak Indians had been migrating north from the South American continent through the islands, and so had settled Hispaniola a good many centuries before Columbus arrived. Those island Arawaks of Hispaniola are now generally referred to as Tainos, from the name for their upper class, for, although they had originally brought with them their own plants and methods of cultivation, they evolved a way of life distinct to the island. What we know of their mode of existence in Hispaniola has reached us mainly through the assiduousness of four chroniclers who came on subsequent voyages—Bartolomé de Las Casas, Peter Martyr, Guillermo Coma, and Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo. Yet the more I read in the chronicles about how the Tainos lived, the more I realize that their life resembled, in most of its fundamentals, the present life of our *vecindad*. Taino artifacts are everywhere—the neighbors will bring me pieces of red pottery they come across, or an axe head, still lime-encrusted. Their life-sustaining crop was the root cassava—manioc, yuca, tapioca. It gave them bread, and they grew it in conelike mounds of earth called *conucos*. Cassava, yams, and sweet potato, along with beans, maize, peppers, and squashes, were their standard plantings, none of them at all demanding of attention or labor. They also grew cotton and tobacco and some fruit—pineapple and papaya in particular. With an abundance of fish, they were self-sufficient. A docile people, they were feudally organized under a cacique. They lived in small settlements close to fresh water, in simple houses, well roofed against the rains. Only hurricanes or droughts upset this equilibrium.

The selfsame crops are all flourishing in our *vecindad* at this moment. Pucho

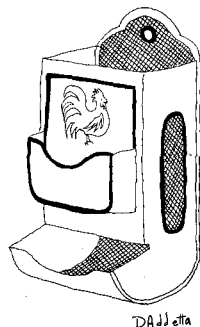
has a great spread of yuca growing just under the crest—a staple that feeds him year-round. Now we have additional staples—coconuts, bananas and plantains, rice, sugar, coffee, many more fruits—but the land and the fishing still provide practically all our food. Taino words are on our tongue every day—hammock, cassava, maize, tobacco, potato, canoe. Although the Taino population of Hispaniola was wiped out within thirty years of the discovery, it is as though the Tainos had left their mode of life embedded in the land, to be reenacted in a surprisingly similar form by the campesinos now. Rich soil, a benign climate, and plants of predictable yield guarantee basic survival, although today on a threadbare level. For the Tainos, however, it appears to have been an abundance, and their world was apparently both stable and peaceful. While the Tainos knew the whereabouts of gold, they made little use of it except for small ornaments. Sometimes, sitting on my terrace, I imagine what it must have been like for the Tainos, similarly perched, to see the caravels come into sight. Even today, when a boat of any size enters the bay we come out to gaze, as we do when a plane flies over.

In the letter Columbus wrote on the return crossing to Ferdinand and Isabella (it was addressed to Luis de Santangel, Crown Treasurer, for transmission to Their Catholic Majesties), he expanded on the nature of the Indians he had encountered, speaking of their timidity, their innocence, and the fact that they went unarmed and were both friendly to and fearful of the Spaniards—perfect material for conversion and for service to the Crown. He did report, however, that he had heard of an island peopled by warlike Indians, Caribs, who were known to eat human flesh, and who made sorties on the outlying islands. The details he gave of them—that they wore their hair long and carried bows and arrows—appear to have come from the confrontation and flash of force at Las Flechas. When his boat's crew told him of that encounter, he wrote of himself in the journal, on January 13, 1493, "In one way it troubled me, and in another way it did not, i.e., in that now they might be afraid of us. Without doubt, the people here are evil, and

I believe they are from the Isle of Caribe, and that they eat men. . . . If these people are not Caribes, they must at least be inhabitants of lands fronting them and have the same customs, not like the others on the other islands who are without arms and cowardly beyond reason."

When the seventeen ships of the second voyage reached their destination in Hispaniola, with a company of about fifteen hundred, some domestic animals, and a variety of seeds, plants, and provisions, the long equilibrium that the Tainos had enjoyed ended. Columbus found the fort he had left destroyed, all the men dead—they had abused the Indians and had been overcome in turn. From this point on, Columbus never hesitated to show force in all his dealings with the Indians. They were to be subdued and turned to work in finding and extracting gold, before all else. The Spaniards as yet had no substantial permanent settlement, but they set out on expeditions to the interior, to track the gold. The course of subsequent events was perhaps set from the beginning by a fatal misunderstanding. On the first voyage, Columbus read from the gesticulations of the Indians he questioned that gold existed on the island in abundant quantities, and he reported that as fact. In truth, while gold did exist in the Cibao and in other alluvial placers, it was not widespread, plentiful, or easily accessible—certainly not to any degree that would satisfy the Admiral's by now burning expectations. Yet he continued to insist that it was, and drove the Indians more and more ferociously to produce it.

It did not take long to turn the feelings of the Tainos for the Spaniards from fear to hatred: they first rose against them in early 1494, and suffered fierce retribution. When a fleet of four ships left for Spain, in February of 1495, about five hundred Indian captives were aboard; nearly half of them died on the voyage. Columbus meanwhile set about crushing Indian resistance once and for all, which he did with a formidable force of men. He eventually secured the submission of most of the caciques, established a fort in the center of the island, and then decided on the site of the new capital, Santo Domingo—at the mouth of the Ozama River, in the south. From every Indian over fourteen the Admiral demanded a tribute of a small piece



DALL'OLIA

of gold every three months. The caciques begged to be released from the tribute of gold, offering instead to plant a vast stretch of land expressly for feeding the Spaniards, something to them of infinitely greater worth. But the Spaniards, fired by both greed and impatience, were unrelenting.

Failure to pay tribute resulted in increasingly brutal punishment—quite often, according to Las Casas, the cutting off of the Indians' hands—until, in 1497, orders came from Spain, in the form of Letters Patent, decreeing a *repartimiento*, a sharing out, of the colony. The plan was later modified to become one of granting the settlers *encomiendas*, tracts of land to use and cultivate, along with an Indian community to do each settler's bidding, with the understanding that the *encomendero* would in time convert his Indians to Christianity. The granting of *encomiendas*, however, was less about land than about Indians: in practice, a settler would be given a whole Indian community, under its cacique, to cultivate the land, to dig for gold, to do anything at all that the master might command. Religious instruction was not uppermost in the settlers' minds. By 1500, the enslavement of the Tainos was complete. The seven years of Columbus's governorship of Hispaniola had been chaotic for the Spaniards and disastrous for the Tainos. His authority over the Spanish settlers had frayed and eroded, and the revenues he had promised the Crown had not been realized. Orders came from Spain that he was to be replaced as governor by Francisco de Bobadilla; and when Bobadilla arrived in Santo Domingo, in August of 1500, his first act was to arrest Columbus and his two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, and send them back to Spain in chains.

As for the Tainos, they were by now dwindling in number. Most of the detail that remains to us of that human erosion we owe to the extraordinarily observant and intelligent chronicle of Bartolomé de Las Casas. As a young man, in Seville, he had seen Columbus return in triumph from the first voyage in 1493, and his father and uncle had both preceded him to Hispaniola. He landed in Santo Domingo in 1502, and in his ten years there he was to bear witness to the steady extermination of the Tainos; in a growing state of moral outrage, he was led eventually to join the Dominican order and to dedicate



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his life to arguing the rights of the Indians and denouncing the brutalities of the conquest in his writings and in public debate in Spain. He often made his case in an eloquent polemic, but it is the details he patiently recorded in his history of the Indies which make his case for him now. He had a keen sense of the fatefulness of the times he was living in, and of the dangerous precedents being set. Were it not for him, we would know far less about the Tainos and their progressive destruction.

Among Las Casas' careful records we have his transcription of a sermon that the Dominican friar Antonio de Montesinos preached in Santo Domingo on the last Sunday of Advent, 1511, castigating the cruelty of the settlers and reminding them of their Christian obligations:

Tell me, by what right or justice do you hold these Indians in such a cruel and horrible servitude? On what authority have you waged such detestable wars against these peoples, who dwelt quietly and peacefully on their own land? Wars in which you have destroyed such infinite numbers of them by homicides and slaughters never before heard of? Why do you keep them so oppressed and exhausted, without giving them enough to eat or curing them of the sicknesses they incur from the excessive labor you give them? And they die, or, rather, you kill them, in order to extract and acquire gold every day.

And what care do you take that they should be instructed in religion, so that they may know their God and Creator, may be baptized, may hear Mass, and may keep Sundays and feast days? Are these not men? Do they not have rational souls? Are you not bound to love them as you love yourselves? Don't you understand this? Don't you feel this? Why are you sleeping in such a profound and lethargic slumber? Be assured that in your present state you can no more be saved than the Moors or Turks, who lack the faith of Jesus Christ and do not desire it.

Witnessing the massacre of Indians, Las Casas himself wrote, "Who of those born in future centuries will believe this? I myself who am writing this and saw it and know most about it can hardly believe that such was possible."

It may be that from the beginning the Tainos were doomed by the disturbance of their rural way of life. Their settlements were the known world to them; to be moved left them helpless. (The Spanish word *desalojamiento*, "to be turned out of home," is a word my neighbors always utter with a hush of horror.) Their finely balanced agricultural rhythm was broken. The domestic animals—cattle, pigs, horses—that the Spaniards had brought

thrived on the vegetation and trampled free over cultivated land. The Tainos, besides, had no resistance of any kind—to European diseases, to the hard labor they were subjected to in the mines, to the demands and brutalities of the settlers, to the conditions of slavery, in Hispaniola or in Spain—and they died in vast numbers. The bitter cassava has a poisonous juice, which is squeezed out before making bread; the ubiquitousness of cassava meant that for the Tainos an easy means of suicide was at hand, and they used it liberally. A few fled—some, without doubt, to the Samaná Peninsula. An outbreak of smallpox in 1518 further reduced them. Most latter-day writers on the landings of the Spaniards concur in the opinion that what probably afflicted the Tainos more than anything else was the microbes and viruses introduced by the Spaniards. Las Casas estimated that some three million Tainos had died between 1494 and 1508, a figure now considered to be an exaggeration; but, as to the Taino population, there can be no definitive figures, only guesses. What is definitive is the fact that by the fifteen-thirties virtually no Tainos were left except a few hundred who had fled to Cuba and possibly a few who survived their slavery in Spain. As a people, they were extinct.

The letter Columbus wrote to Santangel for Their Majesties, with its glowing version of what he had discovered, was printed in Barcelona in 1493, and almost immediately translated into Latin. It sketches the Indians' way of life in a mode that carries echoes of Eden, Arcadia, and Columbus's own earlier fantasies. It caught the European imagination at once, this vision of unclothed, unarmed innocence, and it was to flower later in the writings of Montaigne, in the noble savage of Rousseau, and in other written utopias. It also gave the newly discovered lands an aura of promise and freedom that served as a spur to the many westward migrations from Europe that followed. With con-

quest, however, the Spanish view of the Indians changed quickly. The shift is visible in Columbus's own writings: the docile Tainos, friendly, eager to please, later become "cowards"; fear of the warlike Caribs takes precedence, a show of force is paramount. The native is animal, the paradise wilderness, both to be dominated and subdued. First seen as Ariel, the Indian is soon turned into Caliban: beast, slave, less than human.

The depletion of the Taino population left succeeding governors of Hispaniola with a serious lack of labor; new labor had to be found if the colony was to be of any further use to Spain. Hence, by 1518 African slaves were being brought to the island. They were stronger than the Tainos, better fitted for work in the mines and for cane-cutting. Sugar had been introduced in 1515, and Hispaniola was turning from its exhausted gold-workings to agriculture. At the same time, however, Hispaniola was receding in importance to the Spanish Crown. In 1500, Alonso de Ojeda had discovered the coastline of what is now Colombia, with evidence of gold in quantity; and, as news of that and of the later subjugation of Jamaica and Cuba, the excursions of Juan Ponce de León to Florida, in 1513, the further probings south by Vasco Núñez de Balboa, and Hernán Cortés's conquest of Mexico, in 1519, filtered back steadily to Santo Domingo, many of the settlers determined to follow in these tracks, and abandon the colony for more immediate reward. To survive, if not to prosper, Hispaniola needed a settled population. Instead, Santo Domingo was becoming little more than a way station on the Spanish Main. The first Spaniards came less to colonize than to return home wealthy. The surge was westward. When López de Velasco came to write the official geography of the Indies, in 1574, he reported a population in Hispaniola of a thousand Spaniards, half of them in Santo Domingo, and thirteen thousand African Negroes, with large tracts of the island abandoned. The present population of the Dominican Republic is two-thirds mulatto, one-third divided between white and black. No one claims Taino blood.

ALTHOUGH Columbus has been mythified by history as the discoverer, he cannot be made to bear the



blame for the greed and the brutality of those who came after him—men of a less visionary disposition. What set the ruthless tenor of the conquest, however, was the extravagant expectations that Columbus had created in his quest for patronage. His eagerness to confirm these expectations shows in what he chose to see on the first voyage. His later life seethed with frustration, as though he could never forgive the lands he had discovered for not giving him what they had promised, or what he had made them promise. His obsession with fulfilling the promise of abundant gold kept him from giving any thought to the territories he was meant to be governing, or maintaining any authority over the settlers. It was less the inhumanity of the settlers—although Las Casas has left us plenty of evidence of that—than the stupidity and mismanagement of the unfolding enterprise, coupled with the intrusion of disease, that made the Indians extinct in so short a time.

Living in Samaná off and on over these last years has without question made me Indian-minded in reading those chronicles. I find them horrifying. Whatever consequences the first voyage of Columbus may have had for the planet and for our present existence, I cannot see that the ensuing thirty years were other than a human disaster for Hispaniola, a record of cruel and pointless conquest that could have been otherwise. Pucho asks me a lot about the Tainos—I once read him from Las Casas the descriptions of their common crops and agricultural practices, and he was as startled as I was that everything was all still growing within shouting distance, that we were more or less enacting the Tainos' agricultural patterns, using their words, living more or less as they did except for our clothes and our discontents. Even though the Tainos were his precursors rather than his ancestors, even though his language and his religion come from the Spaniards, it is with the Indians, the victims, that he identifies. When I told Pucho earlier this year that sometime in 1992 three caravels would sail into Samaná Bay, past our beach, to anchor off Las Flechas, and some actor would come ashore in a Columbus suit, he was all for gathering a few picked men from the *vecindad* and taking the actor hostage, as a gesture.

Legends require simplification, and

by the time Columbus became legend and statue he had been enshrined as the discoverer, in some sense the founder, of the New World, although this did not really happen until the nineteenth century. Nor was it entirely a Eurocentric view that gave him the name of discoverer—it appealed as much to North Americans to fix on the image of the Admiral's first, frail landfall as a legendary beginning. The discoverers are glossed over; the fate

of the Tainos is hardly common knowledge. Plans for the quincentenary make clear that in the case of Columbus the clarification of history is giving way to its Disneyfication. The image of Columbus that is looming largest in prospect is the heroic one—in television series, in two feature films, in the gloss of magazine re-creation, and in the gush of highly colored simulation. A few years ago, an Italian film crew came to shoot part of a historical drama about Columbus on the north coast of Samaná. They used a group of villagers as extras, and left them somehow stranded in a time warp: they have never quite recovered from the experience, and talk of nothing else. In Samaná, we will all feel like extras, I imagine, by the time the quincentenary has run its course.

By far the most imaginative suggestion I have heard about an appropriate acknowledgment of the quincentenary was made on Dominican television by the Dominican economist and historian Bernardo Vega, just as President Balaguer was preparing to attend a summit meeting of Latin-American and Iberian heads of state in Mexico last July. Vega urged him to advance the idea at the meeting that since the Club of Paris, an organization that keeps a supervisory eye on Third World debt, was already excusing the debts of some African countries, it should make the year 1992 memorable by wiping off the slate all the European debt accumulated by the countries of Latin America, as partial compensation for the wealth that had been extracted from that region, starting in 1492.

In the decade following Columbus's first landfall, the island of Hispaniola, for the Spaniards who descended on it, was the New World—its earliest incarnation. The first reports and chronicles also whetted the colonizing appetites of the other seafaring countries of Europe. As the conquistadores ventured farther and farther into the south-



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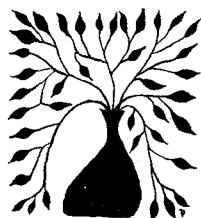
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ern continent, establishing their maritime base at Cartagena, from which harbor the gold-bearing ships set out on the Spanish Main, a whole host of adventurers began to arrive on the scene, to take part in the general land grab in the Caribbean and to launch almost two centuries of piracy. In 1586, Sir Francis Drake occupied and sacked Santo Domingo. French buccaneers set up their harbors of operation on the island of Tortuga and on the north coast of Hispaniola, and on their sorties they also discovered the Samaná Peninsula, a natural hideout, well placed for raids on the gold lanes to the south. The remaining Spanish colonists could not muster sufficient strength to drive the French out. In 1697,



they ceded the western part of the island altogether to France, and subsequently France peopled its new colony, Saint-Domingue, with bigger shipments of African slaves, to work in the increasingly lucrative sugar plantations. Spain's control of and interest in the colony waned considerably, and in 1795 it ceded the rest of the island to France. But, fired by news of the French Revolution, the slaves of Saint-Domingue began to rise in revolt, and, in 1804, succeeded in establishing the independent black republic of Haiti. Their revolutionary zeal and their determination to stamp out slavery led them into a series of aggressions against the rest of the island, and in 1822 a Haitian army occupied Santo Domingo and took over the whole island. It was the Haitian occupation that drove the colonists to unite in sufficient force to confront the invaders, to defeat them, and to declare, on February 27, 1844, the independent existence of the Dominican Republic.

The history of Hispaniola after Columbus—a history of factionalism, of foreign intrusions, of plot and counterplot—set a pattern that has continued into the island's turbulent present, and led to the republic's having had more than forty different governments between 1844 and 1916. It is a history that implies a deep division—a division between a few individuals with the ruthlessness to aspire to power and domination, on the one hand, and a quiescent people who have learned to survive whatever calamities break over their heads, on the other.

The Tainos were victims of the

conquest, and, in a sense, those who have inhabited the farther reaches of the island have continued to be victims ever since. At no time was the colony free of foreign presence, of foreign domination, even after independence had been at least nominally achieved; and in this century it is the United States, rather than France or Spain, that now casts its long shadow over the island's affairs, to the point of direct intervention on two occasions. The United States Marines occupied the Dominican Republic from 1916 until 1924, when political chaos threatened civil war; and in 1965, on the same pretext, President Lyndon Johnson sent an occupying force to the island when street fighting

in Santo Domingo threatened to spread and engulf the whole country. Between these two occupations came the long dictatorship of Rafael Leónidas Trujillo, who remained firmly in power from 1930 until 1961, ruling with such harsh authority that my neighbors still tend to lower their voices when they speak of his times.

I follow this history, and the history of Samaná in particular, with a kind of despairing fascination, for it reveals a pattern that I see persisting into the present—a kind of fatalistic acceptance. The Caudillo-Presidents of Dominican history—Pedro Santana, Buenaventura Baez, Ulises Heureaux—ruled as strongmen, like the caciques of old, and, in a way, laid the ground for Trujillo's absolute and unopposed rule over the country. They were his precursors. I quite often recount to Pucho what I have been reading, but it surprises him not at all, for he remembers the days of Trujillo, and finds none of the brutalities of Dominican history difficult to believe. Like all Dominicans who were alive at the time, he remembers exactly where he was when the rumor spread that El Chivo was dead. "We did not dare to believe it at first, so we all went indoors and whispered," he told me once. "We stayed up all night, wondering. And then, the next morning, when the news was sure, we all went out, every single person in the village I lived in, and walked about and talked the whole day. Nobody thought about working. But we talked in whispers, because we were still afraid."

Thirty years dead, Trujillo still

mesmerizes Dominicans. In conversations he comes up all the time. "*Cuando Trujillo*"—"in Trujillo's day"—I hear someone say, and a story will follow, of a horror, most likely, but always recounted with an edge of awe in the teller's voice. Any impending disaster—a gasoline shortage, a dearth of cement, a national strike—will cause Trujillo to be evoked: what my neighbors most fear is chaos and breakdown, and what he stamped on the country during his long rule was an unbreakable order, an authoritarian predictability. He lasted longer than any of the tyrants who preceded him, he amassed more power, property, and personal wealth, he made the military into a personal force for control, he dispensed patronage and punishment with such remorseless cunning as to paralyze his countrymen, and yet he still is remembered by a good many Dominicans as a stern father, who would take care of every eventuality, whose whims were law, but who would save them from the chaos.

The mold in which Trujillo cast Dominican society has not been broken. In many ways, the country under Trujillo resembled the Hispaniola of colonial days: a feudal society with a governing élite and a large, docile peasantry. The two-thirds of the people who lived in rural areas accepted both their poverty and their powerlessness. Crime was punished mercilessly, as was opposition in any form. Life was predictable, and accepted with a fatalism that I still encounter every day. "*Somos infelices*," the rural Dominicans say very often, meaning "It is our destiny to be poor." At the other extreme lies the capital—Ciudad Trujillo in the dictator's day, Santo Domingo now—where military, fiscal, and commercial power is concentrated, where fortunes, deals, and decisions are made, where favors are peddled. In his heyday, Trujillo was estimated to be one of the richest men in the world; he instituted a form of state capitalism in which he was the state. The identification of political power with self-enrichment is fixed forever in the popular mind, and, indeed, it has hardly been disproved by the elected governments of the last thirty years.

Trujillo's death left the country floundering in uncertainties. It had no institutional structure to maintain it. Pressures from the United States, which feared then that the Cuban Revolution



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might spread to the Dominican Republic, led to the holding of democratic elections in December of 1962. Although Dominicans had only a sketchy understanding of what democracy meant, they elected a populist President, Juan Bosch, who promised sweeping social reforms and political freedom, even to the Communists. Those promises proved too much for the élite and the military, and nine months later Bosch was overthrown and exiled in a military coup. A junta ruled uneasily for eighteen months, until the constitutionalists rose in a popular surge against the military; they seemed almost on the point of defeating it when Lyndon Johnson ordered in the Marines, to quench what was the closest to a revolution that the people of the country had ever come. Elections were held again in 1966, and have been held every four years since.

My neighbors remain distrustful of democracy as they know it. A change of party in Samaná means a change of all official posts in the town, from governor to itinerant mailman, but apart from that the campesinos see little or no improvement in their lot. Some, embittered by the lack of opportunity and of paid work, turn their eyes elsewhere, but the majority fall back on the ingrained pattern, the preoccupation with finding food every day. Only the luck of the climate and the bounty of the soil have kept them from misery. As for democracy, their participation ends with the elections, for Dominican Presidents do not govern so much as rule by decree. In Samaná, the pattern still has not changed. We live at the end of the line, the receiving end of whatever may come from the capital—government decrees, price rises, shortages, delays—and everything makes us wary of life outside the peninsula. Although all my neighbors vote proudly on Election Day, dipping their index fingers in indelible ink to make sure they vote no more than once, they do not expect anything to change. They all tell stories of electoral frauds, vote buying, false counts, as though to insulate themselves against disappointment.

Although the Dominican Republic shares Hispaniola with Haiti, the land-mass is virtually all that they do share. Dominicans harbor a deep prejudice against Haitians, an inherent racism that is seldom voiced but is pervasively present. It stems in part from the

violence of their history—Dominicans never forget that it was from Haiti that they wrested their independence. And now that their country is considerably more developed than its threadbare neighbor, with a much higher per-capita income, they do not welcome those Haitians who filter across the frontier, except as braceros, cane-cutters who work in conditions not far removed from slavery—a circumstance that has brought the Dominican Republic the censure of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights.

Of the many cruelties perpetrated by Trujillo, the most barbaric of all took place in October of 1937, when units of the Dominican Army, acting on a direct order from the dictator, hunted down and massacred between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand Haitians—men, women, and children—in the Dominican provinces adjoining the frontier. The event was covered up at the time, and today Dominicans go silent when it is mentioned.

The border between the two coun-

THE PRODIGAL

Dark morning rain
Meant to fall
On a prison and a schoolyard,
Falling meanwhile
On my mother and her old dog.

How slow she shuffles now
In my father's Sunday shoes.
The dog by her side
Trembling with each step
As he tries to keep up.

I am on another corner waiting
With my head shaved.
My mind hops like a sparrow
In the rain.
I'm always watching and worrying about her.

Everything is a magic ritual,
A secret cinema,
The way she appears in a window hours later
To set the empty bowl
And spoon on the table,
And then exits
So that the day may pass,
And the night may fall

Into the empty bowl,
Empty room, empty house,
While the rain keeps
Knocking at the front door.

—CHARLES SIMIC

tries is tightly closed, vaster than geography. Given the present doleful situation in Haiti, it might occur to any outsider that the simplest solution would be for the Dominican government to open temporary refugee camps in its territory; but, with Dominican attitudes as unyielding as they are, it's not surprising that Haitians in their despair choose to chance the open sea rather than look toward the forbidding frontier to the east.

DR. JOAQUÍN BALAGUER began his political career in the thirties, as a loyal servant of Trujillo, in a variety of official posts and eventually as Trujillo's puppet President—the post he occupied when Trujillo was assassinated. Balaguer's image could not be more different from that of his master—he is small, meek of manner, frail, soft-spoken, well known as a poet, scholar, and historian—yet, unscrupulous and politically astute, he has never strayed far from the exercise of power. He won the elections of 1966.

which followed the American intervention, and governed steadily until 1978—a period in which the country enjoyed a brief prosperity, thanks to a surge in sugar prices—and he returned to power in 1986, at the age of seventy-nine, and was reelected in a dubious election in 1990. He is now blind, yet his hold on power has been as tenacious as ever Trujillo's was, his mode of governing as autocratic, his use of patronage in government appointments as cunning, his command of the military as secure. He has used propaganda zealously, seeking to appear in the role of a benign grandfather who has given his entire life to his country. Yet nowadays, the length and breadth of the country, on the minibuses and in the market, you hear no good words for Balaguer—not even from those who voted for him. When I was last in the capital, you could read the same legend scrawled on corner after corner: “*Que se vaya ya!*”—“Let him leave now!” And what has brought the recent discontent to a head has been, as much as anything, the quincentenary.

When Balaguer was returned to office in 1986, he launched a vast program of public building, mostly in the capital—construction projects that had a great deal to do with the appearance of the place and bore his name more often than not. It was as though Balaguer, in his last years in power, were bent on fulfilling in new concrete Trujillo's obsession with public self-enshrinement. He also had firmly in mind a project he was determined to carry through: the building of a huge lighthouse, the Faro a Colón, to commemorate Columbus's landing in 1492.

The idea of a lighthouse as a monument to Columbus's arrival was first put forth in the middle of the last century, and it stayed alive until, at the Fifth International American Conference, held in Santiago, Chile, in 1923, a resolution was passed to build such a lighthouse monument on the edge of Santo Domingo “with the coöperation of the governments and peoples of America.” In 1929, an international competition was announced, with a prize of ten thousand dollars, for the design of such a shrine. The entries were sifted by a special commission, and in 1931 an international jury met in Madrid to study four hundred and fifty-five submissions, from forty-eight countries. The award went, finally, to young English architect, J. L. Gleave,



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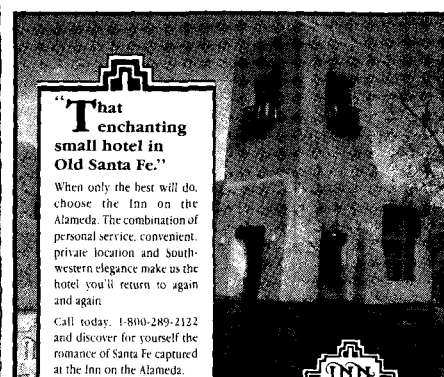
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who was still a student, and artists' impressions of his design for the Faro appeared in the Dominican press of the day. Time passed; then Trujillo took up the idea of the Faro with characteristic grandiloquence, planning a complex of buildings around the lighthouse, including a new Presidential palace for himself, and actually breaking ground for the project in April of 1948. The money promised by the other governments of Latin America was not forthcoming, however, and the Faro remained merely a plan. For Balaguer, however, the building of the Faro appears to have been, from the years of the competition on, a matter of deep commitment: it was his destiny to build it, to bring it to completion. He bided his time, and in 1986 work on the Faro began in earnest. The quincentenary was six years away. There was no time to lose.

Over these past few years, I have watched the Columbus Lighthouse lumber into being in the Parque del Este, on the east side of the Ozama River, looking across to the Colonial Quarter of Santo Domingo, and to the cathedral, where the lead casket with Columbus's remains waits to be transferred to the finished lighthouse. At first, a forced clearing of the area around the site dismantled the shantytowns and drove out about fifty thousand people, many of whom were given no promise of rehousing. On the bare, muddy expanse left by the bulldozers, the Faro began to rise.

We think of lighthouses as vertical towers that project a light horizontally, for ships to see. The Columbus Lighthouse, however, is a horizontal structure, like a recumbent beast, designed to throw its light vertically, upward. It has a long base and two stubby arms—the shape of a long cross or a short sword. Since it was clearly intended as one of the new wonders of the world, its scale is immense: it is nearly half a mile long; walls slant upward from each arm to meet at a point a hundred and twenty feet high, and are crowned with a beacon that is to project on the sky a lighted cross visible as far away as Puerto Rico, some two hundred miles east. It has the look of a concrete pyramid with one long extended arm: a humped, dinosaur look; an anonymous, inert grayness. The last time I saw it, in the summer, its outer

form was complete. Grass had grown over the razed barrios, and there were newly planted stands of trees and a web of new approach roads. At first sight, it has a curious effect on the eye, puzzling rather than impressive, and seems mournful and forbidding. You could easily believe that some huge, unnameable secret weapon was being assembled deep inside it. It put me in mind more of Dr. No than of Columbus.

Since Balaguer resumed the Presidency in August of 1990, things have been going very badly in the Dominican Republic. The elections were held that May, and we listened avidly to the first returns on the radio—the neighbors excitedly, for Juan Bosch appeared to be leading Balaguer. Suddenly, however, the electoral count was suspended, incomplete—nobody understood quite why. After a tense day or two, we were all back at work, while in the capital a bitter wrangling began. It lasted weeks, and finally, in mid-June, the electoral junta announced that Balaguer had won. Even so, the combined opposition votes exceeded his by half a million, making him very much a *minority President*. No one doubted that there had been electoral fraud. I knew of some in Samaná. Electoral fraud is not easy to bring off in our present political climate; for having done it, Balaguer did elicit some admiration. Those who had hoped that he might abandon his construction projects and give some attention to the backward state of the country's agriculture—which is to say, to the bare livelihood of those who lived outside

the capital—were soon disenchanted; one of his first acts was to set in motion plans for the rapid completion of the Faro a Colón. The year was a drastic one for the campesinos, first in soaring prices of basic foods, and then in serious shortages of fuel

and, of all things, sugar. The price of gasoline rose, and rose again. Perhaps even worse was the precarious state of the country's electrical grid, which occasioned nationwide daily electricity cuts, sometimes of twenty hours—cuts that played havoc with refrigeration, and with commerce in general. If there was hunger in the countryside, there was misery in the slums on the edges of the capital. Balaguer continued in Olympian indifference, unperturbed, deaf to dissent.

The ironies surrounding Balaguer's

obsession with the Faro were ever more apparent. How much had the Faro cost to build? Twenty million dollars? A hundred million? People guess, but nobody will ever know, since Balaguer does not make public such accountings. Its light is to be the brightest in all the Americas, a stunning irony in a country whose electrical system is all but bankrupt. When the Faro is switched on, the campesinos say, the lights will go out in all the rest of the country. Besides, they remind you, sailors have no need of lighthouses anymore. And, they add, when he switches on the Faro, poor Balaguer won't even be able to see the light.

I eavesdrop a lot on the long bus trips to Samaná, and the general talk always comes around to the Faro, for it has become, understandably, the incarnation of discontents, an object of concentrated scorn among the campesinos. At times, you will hear the fervently expressed hope that when Balaguer presses the button to switch on the Faro he will somehow be subsumed into it and projected skyward, and, with him, all politicians, to join Columbus in his Faro, because they've been doing to us the very thing that he did, haven't they, with rice now at five pesos a pound. It is not rage, however, that they direct toward the Faro—Dominicans, as they tell me often, are not good haters. They are too good-natured. Instead, they have made the Faro into a national joke, a monument to absurdity—not just the absurdity of their own situation but the absurdity of all such monumentalizing, at a time when the world is more bent on tearing down shrines to the past than on building them. The five hundred years that the Faro is enshrining represent for the campesinos a very different history from that being promulgated in the official publications of the quincentenary commission in Santo Domingo. On the day in question, October 12, 1992, Balaguer will have his life-fulfilling moment, imagining, I suppose, the eyes of the planet upon him as he presses the button in the presence of King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia of Spain and Pope John Paul II. The video of the event will, I imagine, be on sale at the Faro soon after.

BALAGUER's other interest in his policy of Dominican glorification has been, inevitably, tourism, and in



the late eighties, especially, the country has seen a rash of hotel building and resort-making along the Caribbean coast, in the south, and on the wilder, Atlantic north coast, bringing with it all the furniture of tourist occupation, and all the expectations. It appears at first a very simple and agreeable proposition to those who live there: tourists come with money, and wish to stay, and so one must offer them something that will cause them to hand over some, if not all, of their money. It appeals to the young in the *aldeas* who have other ideas than trudging back and forth from the *conucos* all their lives. And it appealed enough to the first tourists so that the Dominican Republic has been turned into a kind of modern discovery, worthy of being called unspoiled.

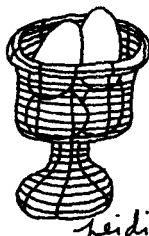
Not for long, however. Already, two towns on the north coast have been overtaken by mass tourism and turned quickly into overcrowded, traffic-ridden nightmares. Huge projects, some of them bearing Columbus's name, start up, founder, and fail, leaving monumental arched gateways leading to wilderness. Restaurants open in hope and quite often close in disappointment. There is work, of course, in construction—"building bars we can't afford to go into," as Orlando, the mason, likes to remark. We talk about tourism a lot by the stream, most seriously whenever there is a question of selling land. For a campesino to sell his land would mean money in the hand, something never known. But would the money in the hand last as the land lasts? In reality, the coming of tourism has made very little difference to the life of our *vecindad*, except for the occasional work it has offered in construction. It has, however, brought with it a great deal of *ilusión*, high hopes, great expectations.

Porfirio, who has a house above mine, by the road, a favorite meeting place in the neighborhood, got a job as a foreman, building a small hotel in town—a good job, which gave him, after a year, enough to leave it and buy a black-and-white television set, and an automobile battery, which is recharged once a week. Every night now, the blue light flickers in Porfirio's house after sundown, and of an evening there will be thirty neighbors cross-legged in rows, transfixed but still talkative, with sleeping children among

them. Sometimes I have gone up to see Porfirio and sat for a while, listening to the audience reaction. No matter what soap is sobbing its crisis on the screen, they are giving the drama only minimal attention. They point out the clothes, they crow at the food, they ogle the cars, they embrace the commercials. They are gazing through a window at a world they instantly want, and tourists are to them somehow emissaries from that world.

The inevitable discontents that are fuelled by the coming of tourists have led a lot of country people to leave behind them a life that, predictable though it is, gets harder rather than easier and holds out no hope of anything else. They may go to the capital, where they find that unemployment is chronic, prices are high, survival is much more precarious. Or they may take a more drastic course. In Samaná sometimes, on moonless nights, we will hear a boat pass, a boat of some power, but without lights. It is a *yola*, most likely—an open boat setting out with perhaps twenty people who have paid over most of their savings to the boatmaster to take them across the dangerous waters of the Mona Channel and land them, illegally, on a beach on the west shore of Puerto Rico. Some of the boats come to grief, and the sharks turn crossings into tragedies. Of those who land, some are caught at once, some later; but a good many filter in, an address in a pocket, are looked after at first by other Dominicans, then find work, hoping in time to send some money home and to save enough to make the flight to New York, untroubled by immigration, armed with more addresses, to find better work, eventually to become legal, with the dream of saving enough to set up a small *colmado* back in the *vecindad* they began in.

One of the men from our neighborhood went in a *yola*, worked in Puerto Rico for three months, was caught, and was returned by plane, his first flight. The fine he had to pay consumed all the money he had saved. We all turned out to welcome him back, however, and he has become something of a counsellor to others with *yolas* in mind. A nurse I know in town went in a *yola*, which was stopped about a mile out by the Dominican coast guard and turned back, the money



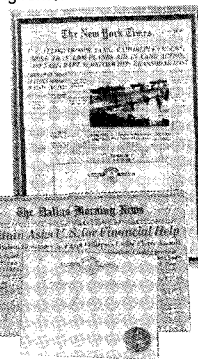
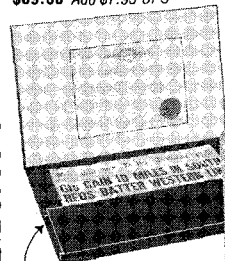
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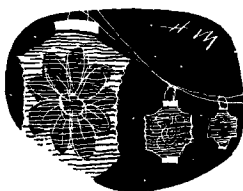
confiscated (and later shared with the captain of the *yola*, she was sure). Every time I return to Samaná, there is an absence, a space: someone I know has gone in a *yola*. In the first three days of this month, Puerto Rican authorities stopped seven *yolas* close to their coast and rounded up a total of three hundred and forty-two Dominicans who were attempting illegal entry. The gateway is, if not closing, at least narrowing.

In the Dominican Republic, Christmas and Easter are marked by the return, in flocks, of *Dominicanos ausentes*—those who live in the United States—on a visit to their pueblos, bearing gifts, wearing the gold chains and bright new clothes of success, and full of stories of color and light, even if the chains, and possibly the roll of bills, have been borrowed for the occasion. The myth is perpetuated. I have spent considerable time explaining some of the complexities of that other world to my neighbors—things like paying for heat, which is incomprehensible to them. But it is a world they have come to want fiercely, even if only in the form of sneakers—simply, a better life. Over the last twenty years, there has been a Dominican diaspora that has taken almost a million out of the country.

I am by now used to the fatalism of my neighbors. It is a cheerful fatalism rather than a despairing one, mostly, although hopes and expectations are scarce. I know a good number of Dominicans, however, who are acutely aware of the situation in their country and have a clear view indeed of a possible future for it. Among them is a farmer, Gilberto, with whom I often talk, for he experiments indefatigably with new seeds that I bring him. I asked him last summer what he would like to see happen in his country.

He did not hesitate for a second. "More than anything, I wish this country would lose its memory," he said. "We're still slaves of our own history—what happened to us is what we still expect to happen. I long to see the age of the *abuelos*, the grandfathers, Balaguer and Bosch, come to an end. Over thirty years, they have made it harder for those who live in the campo, never worse than now. I'd like to wipe out our present parties and politicians,

all the corruption and patronage and secret deals, all the intrigue. I'd like to see an end to this weakness we have of always looking for a leader, a father—a grandfather, even—who will save us, who will make all our decisions for us, whom we can curse and grumble at. Our parties don't have programs. All they do is parade their candidate for savior, hoping enough of us will say, 'That's the man!' We need parties that put forward programs, not saviors. We need young technocrats in the government who can come up with a national plan that will open up the



country, give it work, and, most of all, *involve* us in our own country, give us some hope. I'd like to see all our children literate, our teachers and doctors paid decent salaries, the police, too, so that they didn't have to turn to crime. If only we modernized our agriculture, if we diversified from our sugar dependence, we could be the garden state of the Caribbean. We wouldn't need tourism to save us. Tourism is another kind of slavery for Dominicans. Spaniards call tourism *puteria*—whoring—and that's what it is, pleasing foreigners. It's corrupting, it's like a pollution. Take Samaná. If the government gave Samaná a million dollars for agricultural projects, well supervised, we could be exporting fruit and vegetables year-round, to other islands, to Florida, and living well. We could have solar energy and irrigation systems and crops year-round. Instead, they talk of a golf course. Can you imagine what an insult it is to us, who have always lived from the land, to put down a golf course among us? Or to build that monstrous monument to Columbus? As far as I'm concerned, Columbus didn't so much discover America as bring into being the Third World."

Samaná, at the end of the line, has always had a trickle of tourists, but its facilities are still frail and few. The place survives, however, on rumors of imminent prosperity; and while many of its projects have foundered, some are coming to fruition. At the moment, the place lives in a kind of limbo of possibilities, and the *chisme* this year has been a little headier than usual. The mayor of Miami made a visit, expressed his undying love for Samaná, and promised to send a consignment of used official cars from Miami, which

have not so far arrived. A group of conservationists has been taking a growing interest in Samaná for the last three years, and a plan is afoot to have the bay and the peninsula declared a Biosphere Reserve, to maintain the native species, including the manatee, to prevent pollution of the bay, and to protect the habitat of the humpback whales that spend their breeding time in the bay from late January until early March every year, before their migration north. It has not been easy for me to explain to the neighbors just what a Biosphere Reserve means, or would mean to them. They are mystified by the notion; I think they see themselves as having to dress up as Tainos.

Most of the *chisme*, however, surrounds the imminent opening of a luxury hotel, on an outcrop of rocky coast overlooking the beach at Las Flechas and facing the little island of Cayo Levantado. The hotel has been taking shape in fits and starts for the past three years, and a number of men from our neighborhood have worked on it at various times. It is built in James Bond Caribbean: red roofs, verandas, palms wild and potted, a private force of uniformed guards, and a tariff that, if the *chisme* is close, sets everyone's eyes rolling. About a quarter of a mile from the hotel sits the small town of Los Cacaos, hugging the beach and sprawling up the slope—a jaunty, easygoing, raucous community of people, who are quite fired up by the sudden transformation of their coast. If any one of the inhabitants of Los Cacaos had in hand what a guest is to pay to sleep a night in the hotel, he would instantly be among the richest in town. Tourists, as a rule, want to go shopping; and shopping in the town of Samaná offers the slimmest of pickings. There is the market, where goats' throats are often cut in public; there is a hardware store like an Aladdin's cave; there are venders of hats made of varnished palm leaves; and there are three shoeshine boys who stare gloomily at tourist sandals. But there is not much more except for the roar of motorcycles, the main attainable dream of young Dominicans. I cannot think that much good can come from placing two such disparate groups, so far apart economically, in such sudden proximity. At best, they will trouble each other; and certainly the hotel's presence feeds local discontents, when people at scarcely survival level live in

such an opulent shadow. They fear that very soon their own beaches will be closed to them, as has begun to happen, and, worse, that they may be forced to move—to yield up their land to the needs of tourism—by government decree. The tourist enterprises that have been successful in the Dominican Republic are those in which the tourists are enclosed in vast, caged, patrolled compounds, the concentration camps of leisure, with Dominican workers shipped in during the day and out at night. The fence makes sense. The division is dire. Besides, after the first flush of construction tourism does not bring the abundance of work it initially seems to promise. The revenues do not filter down in any noticeable way to the local inhabitants. I would not be surprised to see some local merry men form a latter-day Robin Hood band, swooping down from the palm trees and turning Samaná into a tropical version of Sherwood Forest.

Simultaneously, however, another future hovers over Samaná. In October of 1990, the Dominican government signed an agreement with an American-owned company called Once Once, S.A., granting it the right to explore for oil in certain parts of the country, among them Samaná Bay. While it is difficult to see how the place might become a tourist mecca, a Biosphere Reserve, and a center for oil exploration all at once, such considerations are of little concern to Balaguer, who will not be around to face the consequences. Nor do my neighbors show much alarm or consternation at these prospects. Whatever may come to pass, it will happen to them as it happened to the Tainos, without any regard for their preferences; it has become their nature to accept rather than want. They will gaze at the cruise ships that nose into Samaná Bay with the same wary eyes, the same unease, with which the Indians watched the coming of the caravels.

COLUMBUS's first voyage is by now a matter more of legend than of history; but two scholars, Dr. J. L. Montalvo Guenard, in a thesis published in Puerto Rico in 1933, and the Dominican historian Bernardo Vega, in a recent paper, have, from a close reading of the text of the journal, made a strong case for Columbus's Samaná and fall taking place not on the beach of Las Flechas but at Rincón, at the

far end of the peninsula. They have convinced me; but it is unlikely that the history books will be revised. I tried to explain this quibble to Pucho, but he only looked at me with a mixture of scorn and alarm that I could find nothing better to do with my time. The idea that the new hotel may be founded on a historical misplacement tickles him, however.

It seems to me salutary that some serious arguments over Columbus and the Spanish Conquest should arise at this precise stage in our global history, since they raise disturbing questions about the meanings and evaluations of the past—questions that matter not to historians alone. We live in a postcolonial world, and we have, in our time, grown steadily more adamant about human rights, more sensitive to their violation. It seems to me that this must inevitably affect our reading and reassessment of history. It is why we now gravitate to seeing the conquest through the eyes of Las Casas rather than those of Columbus, and why we are grateful for his clarity, his humanity, and his indignation. We may argue about human rights, for they are, in a sense, abstractions, but we do not argue about human wrongs. We recognize them physically; we can point to them, in the past as in the present. Shame and indignation are our measures, as they were to Las Casas. Confronting human wrongs is our common cause at present. About the wrongs of the past we can do nothing, but we can at least look at them squarely, and see them clearly.

—ALASTAIR REID

DEPT. OF PATRIOTIC SACRIFICE

[From the Palm Beach Post]

Last January, some of the tiaras just weren't as towering as they normally are at the International Red Cross Ball.

The reason: A tricky decision about tiara etiquette in times of war.

Because the ball was held during the height of the Gulf War, Sue Whitmore had decided it would not be proper for the ladies to wear tiaras. Ron Viejo, manager of Van Cleef & Arpels who personally wires necklaces into tiaras for the ball, was relieved. The tedious process takes four to six hours per tiara.

But then Whitmore changed her mind—just a few hours before the ball.

"She said, 'Ron, I've changed my mind. We've got to show (the troops) that we support them, that we're not hiding anything,'" remembers Viejo.

When Viejo protested that it was too late, Whitmore told him, "Just give me a necklace and I'll put it in my hair."

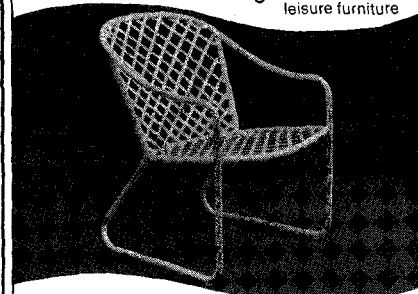
"And she did," Viejo said.

"Jazz will endure
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—John Philip Sousa

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THE ART WORLD

Close-Up

A NEARLY miraculous achievement in American painting over the last three years has been the series of artists' portraits undertaken by the fifty-one-year-old Photo-Realist Chuck Close. The first to be shown was of the painter Elizabeth Murray; it was displayed on the third floor of MOMA in January of 1991. A few months later, two more pictures in the series—one of the landscape painter April Gornik, and one of the photographer William Wegman—dominated a floor at the Whitney Biennial. Finally, last fall, the Pace Gallery's downtown branch, on Greene Street, showed portraits of Alex Katz, Judy Pfaff, Eric Fischl, Janet Fish, and Lucas Samaras, along with a new self-portrait and the portraits of Gornik and Wegman and Murray. Most of the new pictures are big (the one of April Gornik is eight and a half feet tall and seven feet wide); many are almost tropically colored, in flamingo pinks and Miami aquas and lime greens (Close used to work almost entirely in black-and-white); and all share the same broken, uneven, almost tactile mosaic surface. Each portrait seems to have been composed of thousands of unevenly joined tiles of stained glass and then to have been shattered with a hammer blow.

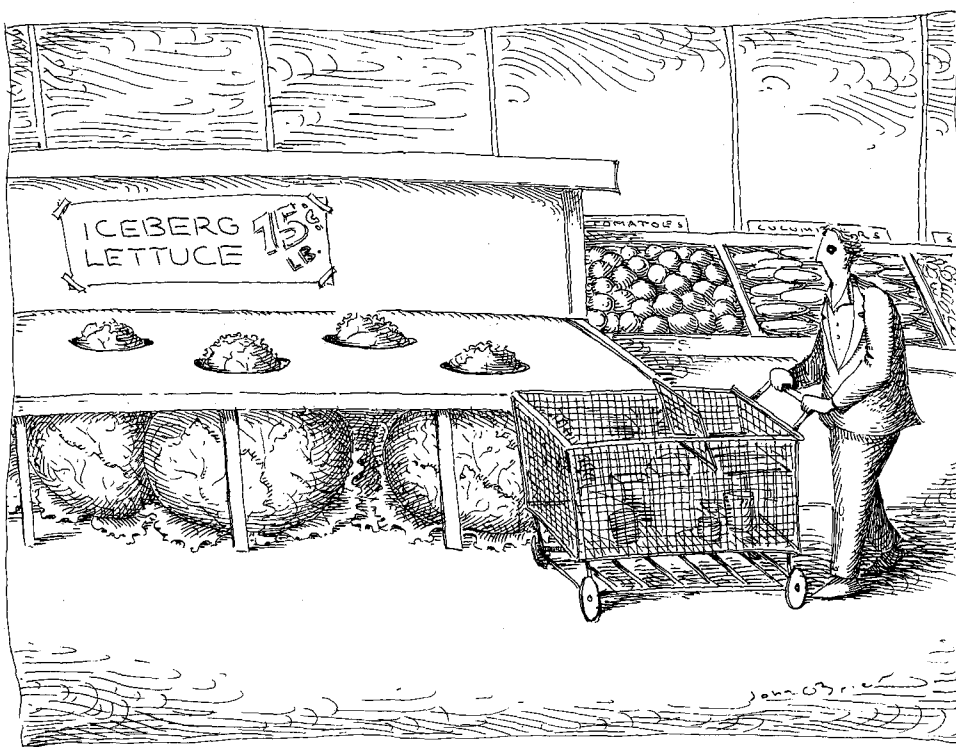
Three years ago, an artery in Close's spine collapsed, and he has been battling paralysis ever since; that these pictures exist at all is remarkable. But what makes them truly miraculous is that Close, using his limitation rather than just suffering it, has managed to discover within his familiar, objective, pointillist system a candor, and a subjective tenderness, that the system had in the past always seemed designed to forbid.

Close made his reputation in the early seventies, when he became known for jumbo-sized paintings of dazed faces that had been copied from photographs, and airbrushed in a dazzlingly enlarged, point-by-point mimicry of photographic "grain." Around 1980, Photo-Realism went into a long and mostly deserved eclipse, but it has lately returned to view, and to mind. Two new surveys of the style opened last year—one at the Ducasse gallery, and the other at the Whitney's annex in Stamford, Connecticut. Photo-Realism has come to be thought of as the realist response to minimal art, but the style—as it was practiced by Close and Richard Estes, at least—was also an odd counterpart of the American literary minimalism that flourished around the same time. A Close portrait shared

with a Frederick Barthelme story, say, the desire to remake reality out of concrete observations and small, exact, seemingly repetitive sensations, and it carried a similar charge of tight-lipped stoicism and benign resignation.

Though Photo-Realism never had much of an art-world following—it was too easy to get, and was got too quickly by the wrong kind of people—it was in fact the first movement in American art that now seems vividly (rather than merely doggedly) post-modern. Its dependence on photography conveyed, in the most flatly literal way, a fatigued sense of déjà vu; Warhol's silk screens, though also adapted from photographs, looked hotly Expressionist by comparison. Deliberately emptied of conventional expression, Close's portraits shared post-modernism's deprecation of subjective inner life and "humanism," and its desire to replace overwrought metaphor with discrete, affectless statements. Yet Close's deflationary mood, which revealed itself not only in the impersonal technique but even in the blank, open-mouthed gaze of his subjects, was never merely abstract and theoretical. His monumental driver's-license faces seemed immediately observed, almost journalistically true to the disappointed America of the seventies. Close's early work proposed a thinning out of picturemaking that seemed to bear credible witness to a thinned-out time.

Photo-Realism has remained popular with a few collectors (and with the public), because it looks real; but twenty years after its first appearance most of its practitioners either have been pigeonholed within a broader path of Hopperish melancholia, like Richard Estes, or else, like the provocative lingerie artist John Kacere, have found a home as superior (and well-paid) illustrators of slick Americana. Close, almost alone among the Photo-Realists, continued to hold a museum reputation as a painter. He constructed mosaic portraits out of thumbprints, dabs, plus and minus signs; any small element could become a building block in his mock-photographic method, and could be made to imitate the smooth, seamless look of the mechanical image. But the virtuosity was so narrowly imprisoned within a system—



confined to the same limited formats and effects and conclusions—that it seemed to suggest a longing for a more open-ended and expansive style, and this made the cold, impersonal finish of the pictures seem purposefully chastened rather than dryly affectless.

THE portrait of Elizabeth Murray was, like Close's earlier work, enlarged and adapted from a photograph, and made up of the accretion of thousands of small diamond- or square-shaped cells of paint, patiently laid down in uniform, graph-paper rows. But now each cell was haltingly argued-out, rather than skimmingly asserted, with the paint laid down in crude accents, so that the surface of the picture seemed to provide a lucid photographic image and, at the same time, an occluding veil of interference—visual static. The pictures of April Gornik and William Wegman were more “resolved.” The illusion seemed separate from the shattered, bumpy, awkwardly painted shards it was made of—it appeared to float behind the broken surface, rather than to reside within it—and the mosaic structure suggested the irregular, organic growth of a honeycomb or a reef, rather than the close-packed drill of dot-matrix reproduction.

The pictures were not painterly in any conventional sense—there was no slash and dash and back-and-forthing of the brushstrokes, no “expressionist” rhetoric. Each stroke was placed, as resolutely as ever, within the grid, yet now each unit was larger than it had been before, and each had its own identity as a shape or a mark. There were long, streaky éclair-like ovoids, and blobs and bull's-eyes; there were cartoony plus signs and crosses, and beads and bumps of hot-colored paint. In Close's earlier work, the surface had given the illusion of bland seamlessness; now it was wired and nervous and spasmodic. In places, all the little adjoining pieces would suddenly line up in rows to form a convoy of identical vertical marks that led nowhere—as though an electric current had suddenly been sent racing through a section of paint and had then just as suddenly been shut off. The roughness of the touch was set off by the sublime assurance of the system; it was like looking at a giant television screen that had somehow been hand-knotted in macramé.

Seen all together, in a single room, the twelve portraits at Pace first seemed to shimmer and be in motion. But then they slowed down, and one became aware of the structural integrity of their construction. Each mark was wrought—a complex hieroglyph designed to encode a particular point of light—and each might be composed of three or four colors. The agitation of the surface turned out to be the consequence of a thousand small, firm decisions. And yet each picture had the tonal roundness and casual *thereness* of a snapshot. It's hard to find a single best distance from which to view a Close portrait, one point at which all the individual marks suddenly knit together. The passage from the picture's surface to the far wall of the gallery is continuously enlivening, continuously true—the face continues to register as a photographic image and, at the same time, as a mosaic of marks. The illusion seems to reside behind your eyes, not in front of them. The portraits are not revealing in any familiar way—in a sense, they are not even portraits. Each of the artists has an almost metaphysical aura—somehow ghostly and fleshy at once, like a Fayum funerary portrait. But it is always the same aura. The faces are all limitingly alike, and their most inexpressive elements are treated, democratically, with the same absorption that the artist lends to the conventional expressive details of eyes and mouth and laugh lines. All the artists share the same uniform—expressionless mouth, blank gaze. They are spectres rather than subjects—emptied vessels, filled by the painter's hand. (The titles, significantly, use only first names: “Elizabeth,” “April,” “Bill,” and so on—as though they were meant to be understood as still-lives rather than as formal portraits.) Looking at these vast, expansive faces, one thinks not of Rembrandt, or even of Sargent, but of Seurat's empty Normandy harbors and Cézanne's homely quarry, and all those other places where modern painters, in their struggle to show that the world was infinitely rewarding of observation and reconstruction, went in order to make pictures of nothing much at all.

Not “insight” but *presence* is what Close is after. Although these are not abstract pictures, they have a structure we usually associate with abstraction; they work best when the edge is as

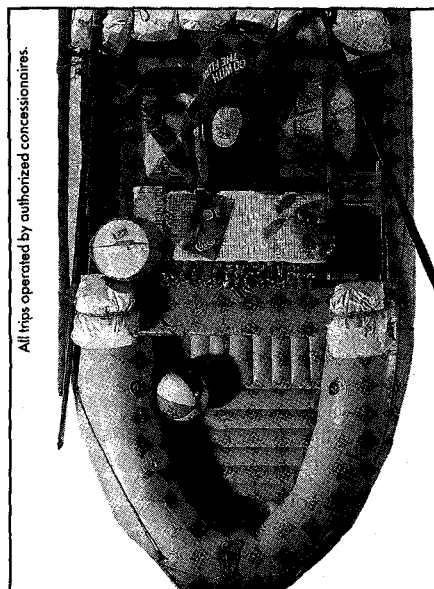
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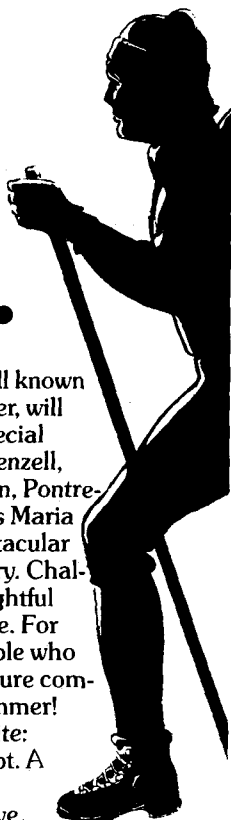
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strong as the center. Close's attention goes as much to the mask—to haircuts and glasses and earrings and collars and beards—as to the face beneath. "April" works so well because Gornik's beautiful aureole of red hair solves the one formal problem that Close's new method leaves him: given the broken agitation of the face, how do you keep the background from either going dead or, in its black-and-Day-Glo patterning, coming to resemble a bad piece of video art? Gornik's halo of hair reaches out to the very edge of the picture and itself supplies an enlivening architectural background: a faceted, zigzagging, chestnut-colored arch. Close's self-portrait, on the other hand, is done in severe grisaille—black and white and gray—and the focus is, improbably, on his black-rimmed glasses. Since we tend to look past eyeglasses in life, it's surprising, and often moving, to find them in painting. Close's sober, faceted articulation of his glasses shocks us a little, and has the same half-grave, half-comic effect that Teddy Roosevelt's giant spectacles have up there on Mt. Rushmore.

Close has made many self-portraits in a similar mood, but there is something searching—something more rapt than benumbed—in the expression that he provides himself here; and it serves as a reminder, perhaps, of his illness, which Close generally plays down. There is no mention of his paralysis (or of his heroic struggle to overcome it) anywhere in Peter Schjeldahl's fine catalogue essay for the Pace show, for example (although photographs of Close painting in his wheelchair are included in the catalogue); and the politically correct (and by no means entirely false) thing to say is that the new portraits evolved naturally out of the increasing freedom and painterliness of the older ones, and that the scale and the subjective qualities of these new pictures were foreshadowed in the freer and less self-constrained direction his art was already taking. But this is, in part, a piety, it seems to me, and one cannot help feeling that Close's illness has in some mysterious and paradoxical way liberated him (at a cost that one would never wish on anybody) from his own facility. Confronted with the disappearance of the virtuosity that had alone seemed to make his system possible, Close had to reconstruct it on an intellectual, and even moral, basis, rather than on a

merely technical one. He had to insert himself within a system that seemed designed to keep the maker out.

CLOSE's achievement points to no new direction, and seems unlikely to influence anyone: to paint like Close, you would have to become Close. Yet, because the paintings don't fit into any neat historical matrix, they seem to provoke outsized comparisons. In his catalogue essay, Schjeldahl compares Close to the masters of the seventeenth-century baroque. Yet even in so austere a painter as Velázquez the drama lies in how much quicker the artist's hand is than the eye, while in Close the beauty lies in how much slower than the eye the hand can be, and in how satisfying, as both illusion and art, the resulting pictures are. You probably cannot love Close's new pictures without subscribing—at some unconscious level, at least—to the entirely modern preference for the organic, the handmade, the awkward, and the sincere over the merely facile and showy.

Close seems further from any master of the grand baroque manner than from homespun traditions. His radiant artists may seem to close a circle begun by the first distinctively American portraits—those sober, flat faces which Erastus Field, in the middle of the nineteenth century, copied with such avid, painstaking precision from daguerreotypes. Field's pictures share with Close's a deliberate thinness and an empirical directness that make up for their lack of elaboration and psychological depth. (Both men's pictures don't so much "add" to the photograph as subtract from it—rob the photograph of its easy immediacy, and make something out of the unreflected surface left behind.) And they share, too, an American sense of human presence as something entirely material and unmysterious and yet vital, even electric—a current of energy that can be amplified, modulated, or filled with static and then restored to sense. A soulfulness quite distinct from theatrical "characterization" or conventional expressiveness radiates from these empirical, unsentimental portraits. This soulfulness belongs; perhaps, as much to the painter as to the subject, and derives from a kind of eager stoicism—a readiness, no matter what, to take life exactly at face value.

—ADAM GORNIK

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Shocks to the System

THE films of the English director Mike Leigh, whose "Life Is Sweet" was one of last year's best pictures, are fresh, imaginative, and sensationally well acted comedies about the ordinary trials of contemporary life. Between his first feature, "Bleak Moments" (1971), and his second, "High Hopes" (1989), all his films were done for British television, and none of them have ever been shown on American television or released theatrically here. There's a Leigh retrospective currently making the rounds of museums and film archives in the United States: it began in Chicago, moved on to San Francisco, and is now getting under way in Boston (at the Museum of Fine Arts); in the second week of April, it comes to the Museum of Modern Art in New York; stops in Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Cleveland, Houston, and Minneapolis (and perhaps other cities) will follow. The show, which includes almost everything Leigh has made, is a revelation. Individually, the films are (mostly) terrific; they're small-scale, beautifully textured explorations of the dense weave of everyday relationships, and the humor is all based on the absurd intensity of the characters' interactions with family members, co-workers, and neighbors. Taken together, the movies are even more affecting. Leigh's world of drab furnishings, behavioral minutiae, mundane crises, social awkwardness, and flat-out silliness turns out to be a startlingly coherent and suggestive vision of experience. His way of seeing seeps into you, and it doesn't go away after you've left the theatre. When you step outside, everything looks clearer; your senses have been refreshed, sharpened.

From the beginning, Leigh has developed his scripts in collaboration with his actors. He starts not with a plot but with a group of characters: the actors rehearse and improvise in character for weeks or months, and the story emerges from their workshop sessions. The final form of the movie,

though, is determined by Leigh. When the cameras roll, the actors aren't improvising anymore—the dialogue is scripted and the story is fixed. (Until the late eighties, the authorial credit on Leigh's films read "Devised and Directed by Mike Leigh." He switched to the more conventional "Written and Directed," largely, it seems, because interviewers tended to concentrate on his method of filmmaking rather than on the results.) But even when the shape of the movie is set, it's not the usual dramatic shape. The story never proceeds in a straight line toward an inevitable conclusion. The halting, unpredictable rhythms of improvisation remain in the scripted scenes; comic digressions interrupt the flow of the action; the focus of the story keeps shifting—from one character to another, from the workplace to the home, from major crises to the little business of life. The elliptical, apparently casual approach to structure in Leigh's movies can take some getting used to: if the films weren't so funny, their meandering narratives might make audiences very restless.

On the evidence of the retrospective, this loose-limbed technique was something Leigh had to get used to, as well.

"Bleak Moments" is actually a bit of a chore to sit through: it's all blank looks and uncomfortable silences, and it doles out its laughs and its revelations of character rather sparingly. In the TV films of the middle and late seventies, Leigh seems intent on using his style to create something snappier and more entertaining. The eccentricities of his characters become more outlandish, the conflicts between them become more extreme and more explosive. In "Nuts in May" (1976), he focusses on a middle-class couple on a camping holiday. The husband, Keith (Roger Sloman), is a pompous know-it-all who has a rigidly organized approach to life. For him, there's one right way of doing everything—pitching a tent, taking pictures, touring the countryside—and his sweet, meek wife, Candice Marie (Alison Steadman), gamely tries to keep up with his exhaustingly detailed agenda. They sing folk songs in the open air, and clearly think of themselves as wholesome, down-to-earth people. But in this natural setting, their profound unnaturalness is thrown into high relief. They're totally unequipped to deal with the vagaries of the weather or with the presence of other campers. *Everything* offends Keith's sense of propriety; Candice Marie is slightly more tolerant, but she stands by her husband in the petty disputes he gets into. The small shocks to Keith's tightly sealed



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

system take their toll; by the end of the picture, he's lashing out at everybody like a threatened animal. "Nuts in May" occasionally feels like an over-extended series of revue sketches. But they're good sketches, superbly performed, and the comedy makes a point. Its theme is also the basis of Leigh's filmmaking method: the movie is about the cost of maintaining a world view that doesn't allow for the accidental, the unexpected. And the relationship of Keith and Candice Marie is the beginning of Leigh's explorations of the comic mysteries of marriage: the intricate patterns of adjustment and accommodation that permit radically different people to live together in tenuous peace. The good marriages in his movies have the easy rapport—the delight in timing and anticipation—of veteran comedy teams. In the bad marriages, the partners seem like actors who can't get their styles to mesh—or who have simply been playing the same scenes for too long.

The seventies films lean heavily on the sort of cultural collision that takes place on the campsite battleground of "Nuts in May." The protagonists of "Abigail's Party" (1977) and "Who's Who" (1979) are, like Keith, savagely uptight middle-class characters who struggle unsuccessfully to keep the unruliness of the rest of the world at bay. Beverly (Alison Steadman again), the heroine of "Abigail's Party," turns a simple cocktail party for her neighbors into a frenzied social nightmare. She's trying so hard to impress her guests with her taste and graciousness that she won't let them alone: she tells them when to eat, when to drink, when to get up and dance, and she keeps the conversation rolling by quizzing them, with an inane smile, on embarrassingly intimate subjects. Alan (Richard Kane), the main character in "Who's Who," is a middle-aged clerk in a London brokerage firm who puts on the airs of an aristocrat. At home he struts around in an ascot and a double-breasted blazer, and he spends his spare time collecting form letters and autographed photos from the famous and the highborn: television presenters, Tory politicians, peers of the realm. These are comedies about self-delusion, about people who have, in a sense, miscast themselves in their own lives: Beverly and Alan have got themselves locked into roles that haven't emerged from their particular historie

and don't suit their real circumstances, and the effort of maintaining these personas is killing, desperate work.

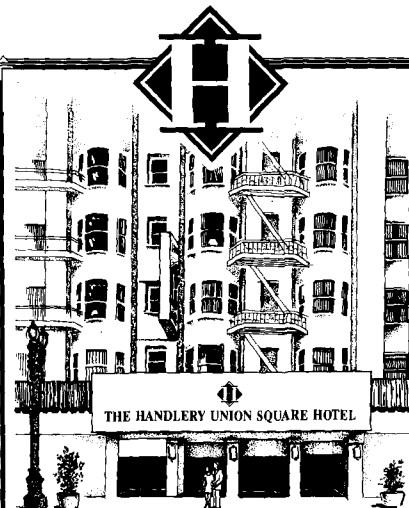
In these pictures, you can sense Leigh's attempt to define himself and his art against the traditional forms. Characters like Keith and Beverly and Alan might almost represent the futility of trying to mold oneself to the inflexible outlines of received images, familiar roles. The fun Leigh has at the expense of these characters is surprisingly affectionate, though, and the spirit of the films is exuberant and playful. The seventies pictures work off the contrast between willfully overdetermined characters and those whose sense of themselves is more tentative and ambiguous, and the result is an unusually inclusive comic perspective. The movies are designed to make us laugh, but they keep bursting their boundaries. With each successive film, the craziness on the screen seems to become richer, more resonant. By the time of "Grown Ups" (1980) and "Home Sweet Home" (1982)—two of the funniest films in the series—Leigh's unique style of realist cabaret is so fluent and expressive that the contrasts he sets up don't feel jarring at all: the wild variation in people's responses to experience seems perfectly natural.

The Leigh retrospective is a celebration of the art of acting, and a celebration, too, of the inconceivable complexity of human behavior. There isn't a film in the series that doesn't show us something new and specific about how people deal with the mess of their lives. Leigh's method is always the same, but the movies are all different from each other: every experience has its own contours, as distinctive as the lines of a fingerprint. "The Short & Curlies" (1987) is a lovely trifle: a hilarious twenty-minute-long romantic comedy about the courtship of a goofy compulsive joker and a rather sullen drugstore salesgirl who changes her hairdo more frequently than she changes her expression. In "Four Days in July" (1984), Leigh takes us into the homes of two Belfast families, one Catholic and one Protestant; the film's gentle, low-key humor has an undercurrent of melancholy, and by the end we feel the political tragedy of Northern Ireland in our bones, with a vivid and unshakable immediacy.

To my mind, the film that best embodies the range of Mike Leigh's

generous, democratic art is "Meantime" (1983), about a working-class family in which all the men—a father and two sons—are unemployed. The politics of "Meantime," like those of "Four Days in July," are felt rather than stated. The family's edginess and hair-trigger irritability as they squeeze past each other in the cramped rooms of their housing-estate flat tells us a lot about their frustration, and so does the way they snipe at their middle-class suburban relatives. A visit to the mother's well-off sister (Marion Bailey) is like torture for them: the unemployed father glowers and says little; the older son, Mark (Phil Daniels), delivers a stream of rude, sarcastic commentary;

the mother takes out her anger on the younger son, Colin (Tim Roth), who is retarded. The film is quick-witted and bracingly unsentimental. Colin is often the butt of Mark's bitter humor, and Leigh doesn't try to wring pathos out of their one-sided exchanges, or to turn Mark into a villain: we see where his mean remarks come from, and we understand that there's no real malice in them—what they express above all is a fierce intelligence that has nothing to apply itself to. The characters in "Meantime" live dreary, restricted lives, but the movie, miraculously, isn't grim or tedious. Leigh keeps us aware of the persistent vitality of people who don't have anything constructive to do: he makes us feel the energy surging underneath the characters' enforced indolence, and it's a complicated energy. The domestic tensions, the class resentments, and the unexpressed love that run through every scene in "Meantime" are as powerful—and, sometimes, as difficult to sort out—as the delicate emotions in a Chekhov play. The movie could be seen as an up-to-date example of the Angry Young Man school of British drama, but that would be too narrow a definition. The feelings and ideas and flickering moods evoked by "Meantime" transcend simple anger. Leigh shuns dramatic conventions for the best possible reason: he wants to avoid the nailed-down meanings that they produce. The body of his work is evidence that filmmakers can still reveal the world to us, if they're willing to look at it with an unprejudiced eye. Mike Leigh's retrospective is the most exciting and heartening movie event to come to America in a long time. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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THE THEATRE

Dubliners

HAROLD PRINCE has strayed at least seven leagues off his usual beat to present his adaptation, under his own direction, of the first two volumes of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, under the title "Grandchild of Kings," at Theatre for the New City, in the East Village. The audience entering the large rectangular performing space enters Dublin itself, to the music of jaunty Rusty Magee, cap on head, at the piano. In Eugene Lee's setting, there are ramps for sidewalks, and windows and doors and rooms on all sides and overhead. (This is not the first time that the gifted Mr. Lee has transported an audience; he is as much illustrator as Mr. Prince is adapter.) Soon Mr. Magee is joined by several other members of the company, singing and dancing to traditional Irish songs. At one end of the rectangle, in a battered, sprung armchair, sits Chris O'Neill as Old Sean, wire-rimmed spectacles on his nose (the resemblance is astonishing), and there he remains for much of the time, sometimes speaking but more often just listening, and the quality of his attention becomes a force that holds the show together.

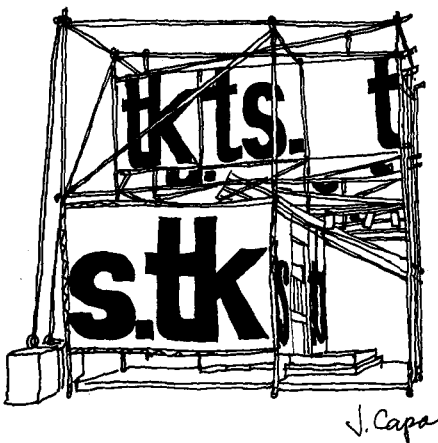
The first half of the evening is a dramatization of "I Knock at the Door" (Vol. I). Sean is a child with painful, injured eyes, almost totally dependent upon his mother (the invaluable Pauline Flanagan, who seems to get better every time I see her). The child, played by Padraic Moyles, is taken to a hospital, where he is forbidden to use his eyes at all, and a struggle ensues between a pastor, who says he must attend school, and the surgeon. Surgeon wins, to Young Johnny's sly delight. (He is Johnny Casside, by the way, until a memorable moment in Act II, when the ringleader of a rally against the English proudly christens him Sean O'Casey.) Defying the doctor's orders, the child constantly reads the Bible and Shakespeare, and even memorizes Tennyson's "The Brook" on a stone wall overlooking the Liffey. At the end of the act, practicing for some amateur theatricals, he is crooked and limping and falling dead to earth as Richard III.

In Act II, "Pictures in the Hall-

way" (Vol. II), Sean (Patrick Fitzgerald) is a young man. He takes his first job, quarrels with his boss when he is docked two shillings for some transgression, and quits after a timid flirtation with a timid co-worker named Alice. Sean goes on to act in some melodrama or other, perhaps by Dion Boucicault, and he has a first sexual romp with anything-but-timid Daisy (Louise Favier). When he leaves Daisy in bed to go about his trivial routine, Old Sean indignantly jumps from the chair to join him in the middle of the room and give him hell. Eventually, Sean realizes that he has to write a play of his own. We end with his beginning—"The Shadow of a Gunman."

A frail synopsis, but no synopsis could do justice to the richness of "Grandchild of Kings." Every moment is alive with characters, with music and dancing, and with feelings that explode and vanish.

The first volume of O'Casey's autobiography was done as staged readings in 1957, and both volumes were done in 1964. I admired them then but always with some slight misgivings. Fine actresses like Aline MacMahon and Peggy Wood seemed mysteriously ill at ease in their roles. I thought the trouble was that they weren't Irish. Mr. Prince has had the inspiration to engage the actors and actresses of the Irish Repertory Theatre, and now I see that country of origin is the least of it. Everyone in the cast is a deft performer, and, among those I haven't mentioned, Paddy Croft, Ciarán O'Reilly, Ciarán Sheehan (who has a lovely tenor voice), Nesbitt Blaisdell, Chris Carrick, and Brian F.



O'Byrne are especially so. (Maevie Cawley, aged twelve, dances a mean and marvellous Irish jig.) The character of Sean, a true portrait of the artist as a young man, is always secure in the hands of Mr. Fitzgerald. Nevertheless, the real triumph is Mr. Prince's. When I first heard of the project, I was concerned. The music will dilute those wonderful words, I thought. If O'Casey had wanted his memoirs to be dramatized, he'd have done it himself. No need to worry. Seldom can a writer as great as O'Casey have been treated with so much imagination and love. The lighting was designed by Peter Kaczorowski, the costumes by Judith Anne Dolan, and the lively dances by Barry McNabb. —EDITH OLIVER

What They Wanted

THE happiest fellow in the whole Napa Valley (according to Frank Loesser, after Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted") is Tony Esposito, the gruff but kindly middle-aged vintner whose postal courtship of a young waitress who once served him in a San Francisco greasy spoon has met with success. The young woman—he calls her Rosabella, for reasons that will be apparent to any student lyricist—has consented to marry him. She has suggested that they exchange photographs and has sent one of herself. Cravenly, instead of sending his own picture, Tony sends a photograph of Joe, his handsome young foreman. Joe has indicated a readiness to move on, but on the day of the wedding he is still around and planning to stay for the festivities. Tony, setting out late to fetch Rosabella, whose real name is Amy, misses her at the station and has a bad crackup coming home, so that, broken and bloody, he's being carried in just as Amy, to whom everything has become clear, is about to stalk offstage, suitcase in hand. "You're leaving him now?" everyone says. "How can you be so cruel? Aw, go on—marry him!" So she does, and the first-act curtain falls on Joe comforting Amy and the two moving ominously into a steamy embrace.

"The Most Happy Fella" is a musica that is perhaps best seen as an older person's show. It has the plot of "Fanny"—young woman slips with young man and marries older man whom she learns to care for—divorced from any notion of romantic love. Bu

if you turn the relationship between the young people in "Fanny" into a meaningless—almost passionless—one-night stand, what you have is a story about a young woman being forced to content herself with an old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everybody a lesson about making do with what life has to offer.

It seems to me that life itself does a swell job of teaching us to make do, without our needing musical theatre to drive the point home. Also, I think that "Most Happy Fella" overreaches itself, groping after some notion of seriousness or Art. Loesser at his best ("Guys and Dolls" and "How to Succeed in Business") had a gift for balancing cynicism with romance in a way that kept both firmly moored to a specific time and context. If "Guys and Dolls" is great, it's because it effects a perfect marriage between fifties realism and fifties idealism. Gambling man, civilizing woman: the one starts out cynical, the other hopelessly romantic. What makes the show such fun is our discovery that the gambler is the ultimate romantic and the woman with domestic longings the ultimate realist. "The Most Happy Fella" isn't fun. It's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana.

Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera revival, which opened at the Booth Theatre last Thursday, is pretty much what it was at the Goodspeed Opera last summer, but then I never understood the fuss about the production. It seemed to me your basic better-than-average dinner-theatre revival—no worse, perhaps, than the Paper Mill Playhouse revival of "Show Boat" a couple of seasons ago, but certainly no better. In fact, I remember being a little shocked by the amateurishness of the whole enterprise—perhaps because the production had been so highly praised. Many of the leads seemed to be weak singers, and Charles Pistone, the actor playing Joe, needed posture work and a diction coach. The woman playing Amy's friend Cleo (Liz Larsen) could sing, all right—and, boy, she wasn't going to let you forget it!—while the members of the ensemble were doing the kind of mugging and not very skillful show dancing you expect to see only in summer stock.

Supposedly, one of the production's great selling points was that Mr. Gutierrez used a version of Loesser's score calling for only two pianos.

I thought the result sounded tinny. On Broadway, where ticket prices make the absence of a full orchestra an absurdity, the production has the feel of one of those City Opera musical-comedy revivals where the words and the score are all there but something seems to have gone wrong aesthetically. Some of the performances have improved (like Sophie Hayden's and Spiro Malas's), and some have not. Mr. Pistone still walks around with his head jutting forward, and he pronounces "Joey" so that in his signature song it sounds as if the wind is calling, "Time to go, Jew." Miss Larsen still sings in that brassy show-biz style for which in 1992 there is no reason or excuse. Liza Gennaro's choreography, which is nothing if not hokey, doesn't look any better on Broadway than it did in East Haddam, and Jess Goldstein's costumes are looking a little worse. The principals' dresses were always a bit Boltonesque, but fashion would seem to have caught up with the men, whose liberally flowered shirts look distractingly like a new line of tailor-mades that the Gap is showing just now.

I don't remember whom I first saw as Herman, the too nice Texan who has to learn to make a fist and a frown, but it wasn't Scott Waara, who plays the role here. Mr. Waara is never a chore to watch, but the best things about the production are James McMullan's poster art and the three Italian chefs (Mark Lotito, Buddy Crutchfield, and Bill Nabel), who vie with one another in officiousness and obsequiousness. The night I attended, the people in the audience seemed to be working pretty hard at enjoying themselves. During that last scene at the railway station, though—when Joe has left for New Mexico, and Tony has stopped being all bent out of shape about the baby, and it's begun to dawn on you how banal all this is and that if diversion was what you'd wanted you could have stayed home and rented a movie, while if culture was what you'd wanted you could have gone to the Met—they seemed to me to be getting a little fractious.

—MIMI KRAMER

Would the person who entered the Spam Sushi in the Spam cooking contest at the Ohio State Fair share the recipe?—*Letter in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

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PERSONAL HISTORY

EARLY INNINGS

I WAS born in 1920, and became an addicted reader at a precocious age.

Peeling back the leaves of memory, I discover a peculiar mulch of names. Steerforth, Tuan Jim, Moon Mullins, Colonel Sebastian Moran. Sunny Jim Bottomley, Dazzy Vance, Goose Goslin. Bob La Follette, Carter Glass, Rexford Guy Tugwell. Robert Benchley, A. E. Housman, Erich Maria Remarque. Hack Wilson, Riggs Stephenson. Senator Pat Harrison and Representative Sol Bloom. Pie Traynor and Harry Hopkins. Kenesaw Mountain Landis and Benjamin Cardozo. Pepper Martin. George F. Babbitt. The Scottsboro Boys. Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Babe Ruth. In my early teens, I knew the Detroit Tigers' batting order and F.D.R.'s first Cabinet, both by heart. Mel Ott's swing, Jimmy Foxx's upper arms, and Senator Borah's eyebrows were clear in my mind's eye. Baseball, which was late in its first golden age, meant a lot to me, but it didn't come first, because I seem to have been a fan of everything at that age—a born pain in the neck. A city kid, I read John Kieran, Walter Lippmann, Richards Vidmer, Heywood Broun, and Dan Daniel just about every day, and what I read stuck. By the time I'd turned twelve, my favorite authors included Conan Doyle, Charles Dickens, Will James on cowboys, Joseph A. Altsheler on Indians, and Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars on reptiles. Another batting order I could have run off for you would have presented some prime species among the Elapidae—a family that includes cobras, coral snakes, kraits, and mambas, and is cousin to the deadly sea snakes of the China Sea.

Back then, baseball and politics were not the strange mix that they would appear to be today, because they were both

plainly where the action lay. I grew up in New York and attended Lincoln School of Teachers College (*old Lincoln*, in Manhattan parlance), a font of progressive education where we were encouraged to follow our interests with avidity; no Lincoln parent was ever known to have said, "Shut up, kid." My own parents were divorced, and I lived with my father, a lawyer of liberal proclivities who voted for Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, in the Presidential election of 1932 and again in 1936. He started me in baseball. He had grown up in Cleveland in the Nap Lajoie-Addie Joss era, but he was too smart to try to interpose his passion for the Indians on his son's idolatrous attachment to the Yankees and the Giants, any more than he would have allowed himself to smile at the four or five Roosevelt-Garner buttons I kept affixed to my windbreaker (above my knickers) in the weeks before Election Day in 1932.



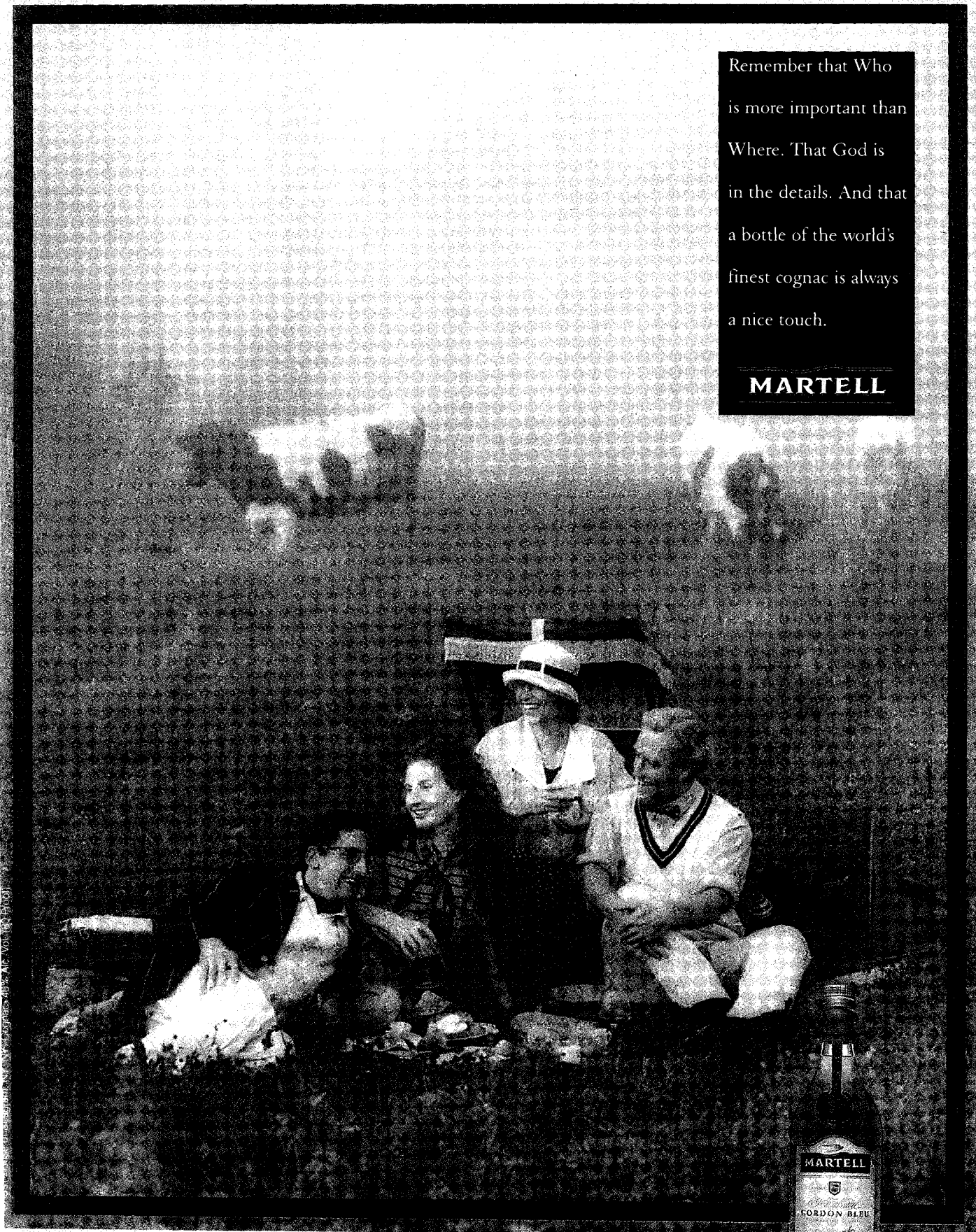
"Does your husband work, too?"

The early to mid-nineteen-thirties were tough times in the United States, but palmy days for a boy-Democrat baseball fan in New York. Carl Hubbell, gravely bowing twice from the waist before each delivery, was throwing his magical screwball for the Giants, and Joe DiMaggio, arriving from San Francisco in '36 amid vast heraldings, took up his spread-legged stance at the Stadium, and batted .323 and .346 in his first two years in the Bronx. He was the first celebrated rookie to come up to either team after I had attained full baseball awareness: *my* Joe DiMaggio. My other team, the New Deal, also kept winning. Every week in 1933, it seemed, the White House gave birth to another progressive, society-shaking national agency (the A.A.A., the N.R.A., the C.C.C., the T.V.A.), which Congress would enact into law by a huge majority. In my city, Fiorello LaGuardia led the Fusion Party, routed the forces of Tammany Hall, and, as mayor, cleared slums, wrote a new city charter, and turned up at five-alarmers wearing a fire chief's helmet. (I interviewed the Little Flower for my high-school paper later in the decade, after sitting for seven hours in his waiting room. I can't remember anything he said, but I can still see his feet, under the mayoral swivel chair, not quite touching the floor.) Terrible things were going on in Ethiopia and Spain and Germany, to be sure, but at home almost everything I wanted to happen seemed to come to pass within a few weeks or months—most of all in baseball. The Yankees and the Giants between them captured eight pennants in the thirties, and even played against each other in a subway series in 1936 (hello, ambivalence) and again in 1937. The Yankees won both times; indeed, they

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captured all five of their World Series engagements in the decade, losing only three games in the process. Their 12-1 October won-lost totals against the Giants, Cubs, and Reds in '37, '38, and '39 made me sense at last that winning wasn't everything it was cracked up to be; my later defection to the Red Sox and toward the pain-pleasure principle had begun.

THERE are more holes than fabric in my earliest baseball recollections. My father began taking me and my four-years-older sister to games at some point in the latter twenties, but no first-ever view of Babe Ruth or of the green barn of the Polo Grounds remains in mind. We must have attended with some regularity, because I'm sure I saw the Babe and Lou Gehrig hit back-to-back home runs on more than one occasion. Mel Ott's stumpy, cow-tail swing is still before me, and so are Gehrig's thick calves and Ruth's debutante ankles. Baseball caps were different back then: smaller and flatter than today's constructions—more like the workmen's caps that one saw on every street. Some of the visiting players—the Cardinals, for instance—wore their caps cheerfully askew or tipped back on their heads, but never the Yankees. Gloves were much smaller, too, and the outfielders left theirs on the grass, in the shallow parts of the field, when their side came in to bat; I wondered why a batted ball wouldn't strike them on the fly or on the bounce someday, but it never happened. John McGraw, for one, wouldn't have permitted such a thing. He was managing the Giants, with his arms folded across his vest (he wore a suit some days and a uniform on others), and kept his tough, thick chin aimed at the umpires. I would look for him—along with Ott and Bill Terry and Travis Jackson—the minute we arrived at our seats in the Polo Grounds.

I liked it best when we came into the place from up top, rather than through the gates down at the foot of the lower-right-field stand. You reached the upper-deck turnstiles by walking down a steep, short ramp from the Speedway, the broad avenue that swept down from Coogan's Bluff and along the Harlem River, and once you got inside, the long field within the horseshoe of decked stands seemed to stretch away forever below you, toward the bleachers and the clubhouse pavilion

in center. My father made me notice how often Terry, a terrific straight-away slugger, would launch an extra-base hit into that bottomless countryside ("a homer in any other park" was the accompanying refrain), and, sure enough, now and then Terry would reaffirm the parable by hammering still another triple into the pigeoned distance. Everything about the Polo Grounds was special, right down to the looped iron chains that separated each sector of box seats from its neighbor and could burn your bare arm on a summer afternoon if you weren't careful. Far along each outfield wall, a sloping mini-roof projected outward, imparting a thin wedge of shadow for the bullpen crews sitting there: they looked like cows sheltering beside a pasture shed in August.

Across the river, the view when you arrived was different but equally delectable: a panorama of svelte infield and steep, filigree-topped inner battlements that was offered and then snatched away as one's straw-seat I.R.T. train rumbled into the elevated station at 161st Street. If the Polo Grounds felt pastoral, Yankee Stadium was Metropole, the big city personified. For some reason, we always walked around it along the right-field side, never the other way, and each time I would wonder about the oddly arrayed ticket kiosks (General Admission fifty-five cents; Reserved Grandstand a dollar ten) that stood off at such a distance from the gates. Something about security, I decided; one of these days, they'll demand to see passports there. Inside, up the pleasing ramps, I would stop and bend over, peering through the horizontal slot between the dark, overhanging mezzanine and the descending sweep of grandstand seats which led one's entranced eye to the sunlit green of the field and the players on it. Then I'd look for the Babe. The first Yankee manager I can remember in residence was Bob Shawkey, which means 1930. I was nine years old.



I can't seem to put my hand on any one particular game I went to with my father back then; it's strange. But I went often, and soon came to know the difference between intimate afternoon games at the Stadium (play started at 3:15 P.M.), when a handful of boys and night workers and layabouts and late-arriving businessmen (with vests and straw hats) would cluster together in the stands close to home plate or down in the lower rows of the bleachers, and sold-out, roaring, seventy-thousand-plus Sunday doubleheaders against the Tigers or the Indians or the Senators (the famous rivalry with the Bosox is missing in memory), when I would eat, cheer, and groan my way grandly toward the distant horizon of evening, while the Yankees, most of the time, would win and then win again. The handsome Wes Ferrell always started the first Sunday game for the Indians, and proved a tough nut to crack. But why, I wonder, do I think of Bill Dickey's ears? In any case, I know I was in the Stadium on Monday, May 5, 1930, when Lefty Gomez, a twitchy rookie southpaw, pitched his very first game for the Yankees, and beat Red Faber and the White Sox, 4-1, striking out his first three batters in succession. I talked about the day and the game with Gomez many years later, and he told me that he had looked up in the stands before the first inning and realized that the ticket-holders there easily outnumbered the population of his home town, Rodeo, California, and perhaps his home county as well.

I attended the Gomez inaugural not with my father but with a pink-cheeked lady named Mrs. Baker, who was—well, she was my governess. Groans and derisive laughter are all very well, but Mrs. Baker (who had a very brief tenure, alas) was a companion any boy would cherish. She had proposed the trip to Yankee Stadium, and she was the one who first noticed a new name out on the mound that afternoon, and made me see how hard the kid was throwing and what he might mean for the Yanks in the future. "Remember the day," she said, and I did. Within another year, I was too old for such baby-sitting but still in need of late-afternoon companionship before my father got home from his Wall Street office (my sister was away at school by now); he solved the matter by hiring a Columbia undergraduate named Ter Goldschmidt, who proved to be such

a genius at the job that he soon moved in with us to stay. Tex knew less about big-league ball than Mrs. Baker, but we caught him up in a hurry.

BASEBALL memories are seductive, tempting us always toward sweetness and undercomplexity. It should not be inferred (I remind myself) that the game was a unique bond between my father and me, or always near the top of my own distracted interests. If forced to rank the preoccupying family passions in my home at that time, I would put reading at the top of the list, closely followed by conversation and opinions, politics, loneliness (my father had not yet remarried, and I missed my mother), friends, jokes, exercises and active sports, animals (see below), theatre and the movies, professional and college sports, museums, and a very large Misc. Even before my teens, I thought of myself as a full participant, and my fair-minded old man did not patronize me at the dinner table or elsewhere. He supported my naturalist bent, for instance, which meant that a census taken on any given day at our narrow brownstone on East Ninety-third Street might have included a monkey (a Javanese macaque who was an inveterate biter); three or four snakes (including a five-foot king snake, the Mona Lisa of my collection, that sometimes lived for a day or two at a time behind the books in the library); assorted horned toads, salamanders, and tropical fish; white mice (dinner for the snakes); a wheezy Boston terrier; and two or three cats, with occasional kittens.

Baseball (to get back on track here) had the longest run each year, but other sports also got my full attention. September meant Forest Hills, with Gilden and Vines, Don Budge and Fred Perry. Ivy League football still nattered in those times, and I saw Harvard's immortal Barry Wood and Yale's ditto Albie Booth go at each other more than once; we also caught Chick Meehan's N.Y.U. Violets, and even some City College games, up at Lewisohn Stadium. Winter brought the thrilling Rangers (Frank Boucher, Bing Johnson, and the Cook brothers) and the bespangled old Americans; there was wire netting atop the boards, instead of Plexiglas, and Madison Square Garden was blue with cigarette and cigar smoke above the

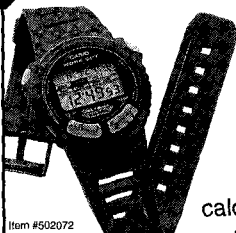
painted ice. I went there on weekends, never on school nights, usually in company with my mother and stepfather, who were red-hot hockey fans. Twice a year, they took me to the six-day bicycle races at the Garden (Reggie McNamara, Alfred Letourner, Franco Georgetti, Torchy Peden), and, in midwinter, to track events there, with Glenn Cunningham and Gene Venzke trying and again failing to break the four-minute mile at the Millrose Games. Looking back, I wonder how I got through school at all. My mother, I should explain, had been a Red Sox fan while growing up in Boston, but her attachment to the game did not revive until the mid-nineteen-forties, when she fetched up at Presbyterian Hospital for a minor surgical procedure; a fellow-patient across the hall at Harkness Pavilion was Walker Cooper, the incumbent Giants catcher, drydocked for knee repairs, who kept in touch by listening to the Giants' game broadcasts every day. My mother turned her radio on, too, and was hooked.

Sports were different in my youth—a series of events to look forward to and then to turn over in memory, rather than a huge, omnipresent industry, with its own economics and politics and crushing public relations. How it felt to be a young baseball fan in the thirties can be appreciated only if I can bring back this lighter and fresher atmosphere. Attending a game meant a lot, to adults as well as to a boy, because it was the only way you could encounter athletes and watch what they did. There was no television, no instant replay, no evening highlights. We saw the players' faces in newspaper photographs, or in the pages of *Baseball*, an engrossing monthly with an invariable red cover, to which I subscribed, and here and there in an advertisement. (I think Lou Gehrig plugged Fleischmann's Yeast, a health remedy said to be good for the complexion.) We never heard athletes' voices or became aware of their "image." Bo Jackson and Joe Montana and Michael Jordan were light-years away. Baseball by radio was a rarity, confined for the most part to the World Series; the three New York teams, in fact, banned radio coverage of their regular-season games between 1934 and 1938, on the theory that daily broadcasts would damage attendance. Following baseball always required a

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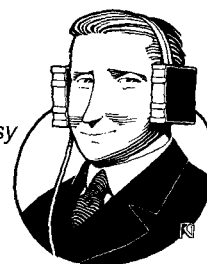
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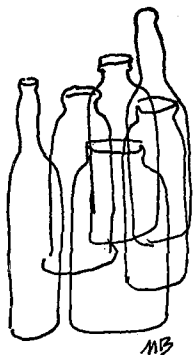
visit to the players' place of business, and, once there, you watched them with attention, undistracted by Diamond Vision or rock music or game promotions. Seeing the players in action on the field, always at a little distance, gave them a heroic tinge. (The only player I can remember encountering on the street, one day on the West Side, was the Babe, in retirement by then, swathed in his familiar camel-hair coat with matching cap.)

We kept up by reading baseball. Four daily newspapers arrived at my house every day—the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* by breakfast time, and the *Sun* and the *World-Telegram* folded under my father's arm when he got home from the office. The games were played by daylight, and, with all sixteen teams situated inside two time zones, we never went to bed without knowledge of that day's baseball.

Line scores were on the front page of the afternoon dailies, scrupulously updated edition by edition, with black squares off to the right indicating latter innings, as yet unplayed, in Wrigley Field or Sportsman's Park. I soon came to know all the bylines—John Drebing, James P. Dawson, and Roscoe McGowen in the *Times* (John Kieran was the columnist); Rud Rennie and Richards Vidmer in the *Trib*; Dan Daniel, Joe Williams, and Tom Meany in the *World-Telly* (along with Willard Mullin's vigorous sports cartoons); Frank Graham in the *Sun*; and, now and then, Bill Corum in the *Sunday American*, a paper I sometimes acquired for its terrific comics.

Richards Vidmer, if memory is to be trusted, was my favorite scribe, but before that, back when I was nine or ten years old, what I loved best in the sports pages were box scores and, above all, names. I knew the names of a few dozen friends and teachers at school, of course, and of family members and family friends, but only in baseball could I encounter anyone like Mel Ott. One of the Yankee pitchers was named George Pipgras, and Earle Combs played center. Connie Mack, a skinny gent, managed the Athletics and was in fact Cornelius McGillicuddy. Jimmy Foxx was his prime slugger. I had a double letter in my name, too, but it didn't match up to a Foxx or an Ott. Or to Joe Stripp. I read on, day

after day, and found rafts of names that prickled or sang in one's mind. Eppa Rixey, Goose Goslin, Firpo Marberry, Jack Rothrock, Eldon Auker, Luke Appling, Mule Haas, Adolfo Luque (for years I thought it was pronounced "Lyoo-kyoo")—Dickens couldn't have done better. Paul Der-ringer was exciting: a man named for a pistol! I lingered over Heinie Manush (sort of like sitting on a cereal) and Van Lingle Mungo, the Dodger ace. When I exchanged baseball celebrities with pals at school, we used last names,



to show a suave familiarity, but no one ever just said "Mungo," or even "Van Mungo." When he came up in conversation, it was obligatory to roll out the full name, as if it were a royal title, and everyone in the group would join in at the end, in chorus: "Van Lin-gle MUN-go!"

Nicknames and sobriquets came along, too, attaching themselves like pilot fish: Lon Warneke, the Arkansas Hummingbird; Travis (Stonewall) Jackson; Deacon Danny MacFayden (in sportswriterese, he was always "bespectacled Deacon Danny MacFayden"); Tony (Poosh 'Em Up) Lazzeri (what he pooshed up, whether fly balls or base runners, I never did learn). And then, once and always, Babe Ruth—the Bambino, the Sultan of Swat.

By every measure, this was a bewitching time for a kid to discover baseball. The rabbit ball had got loose in both leagues in 1930 (I wasn't aware of it)—a season in which Bill Terry batted .401 and the Giants batted .319 as a team. I can't say for sure that I knew about Hack Wilson's astounding hundred and ninety R.B.I.s for the Cubs, but Babe Herman's .393 for the Dodgers must have made an impression. (The *lowly* Dodgers. As I should have said before, the Dodgers—or Robins, as they were called in tabloid headlines—were just another team in the National League to me back then; I don't think I set foot in Ebbets Field until the 1941 World Series. But they became the enemy in 1934, when they knocked the Giants out of a pennant in September.) The batters in both leagues were reined in a bit after 1930, but the game didn't exactly become dull. Lefty Grove had a 31-4 season for the A's in 1931, and Dizzy Dean's 30-7 helped win a pen-

nant for the Gas House Gang Cardinals in 1934. That was Babe Ruth's last summer in the Bronx, but I think I was paying more attention to Gehrig just then, what with his triple-crown .363, forty-nine homers, and hundred and sixty-five runs batted in. I became more aware of other teams as the thirties (and my teens) wore along, and eventually came to think of them as personalities—sixteen different but familiar faces ranged around a large dinner table, as it were. To this day, I still feel a little stir of fear inside me when I think about the Tigers, because of the mighty Detroit teams of 1934 and 1935, which two years running shouldered the Yankees out of a pennant. I hated Charlie Gehringer's pale face and deadly stroke. One day in '34, I read that a Yankee bench player had taunted Gehringer, only to be silenced by Yankee manager Joe McCarthy. "Shut up," Marse Joe said. "He's hitting .360—get him mad and he'll bat .500." Gehringer played second in the same infield with Hank Greenberg, Billy Rogell, and Marv Owen; that summer, the four of them drove in four hundred and sixty-two runs.

The World Series got my attention early. I don't think I read about Connie Mack's Ehmke strategem in 1929 (I had just turned nine), but I heard about it somehow. Probably it was my father who explained how the wily Philadelphia skipper had wheeled out the veteran righty as a surprise starter in the opening game against the Cubs, even though Howard Ehmke hadn't pitched an inning of ball since August: he went the distance in a winning 3-1 performance, and struck out thirteen batters along the way. But I was living in the sports pages by 1932, when the mighty Yankees blew away the Cubs in a four-game series, blasting eight home runs. It troubled me in later years that I seemed to have no clear recollection of what came to be the Series' most famous moment, when Babe Ruth did or did not call his home run against Charlie Root in the fifth inning of the third game, out at Wrigley Field. What I remembered about that game was that Ruth and Gehrig had each smacked two homers. A recent investigation of the microfilm files of the *Times* seems to have cleared up the mystery, inasmuch as John Drebing's story for that date makes no mention of the Ruthian feat in its lead, or, indeed, until the thirty-fourth para-

graph, when he hints that Ruth did gesture toward the bleachers ("in no mistaken motions the Babe notified the crowd that the nature of his retaliation would be a wallop right out the confines of the park"), after taking some guff from the hometown rooters as he stepped up to the plate, but then Drebinger seems to veer toward the other interpretation, which is that Ruth's gesture was simply to show that he knew the count ("Ruth signalled with his fingers after each pitch to let the spectators know exactly how the situation stood. Then the mightiest blow of all fell"). The *next*-mightiest blow came on the ensuing pitch, by the way: a home run by Lou Gehrig.

I REMEMBER 1933 even better. Tex Goldschmidt and I were in the lower stands behind third base at the Stadium on Saturday, April 29th, when the Yankees lost a game to the ominous Senators on a play I have never seen duplicated—lost, as Drebinger put it, "to the utter consternation of a crowd of 36,000." With the Yanks trailing by 6-2 in the ninth, Ruth and then Gehrig singled, and Sammy Byrd (a pinch-runner for the portly Ruth) came home on a single by Dixie Walker. Tony Lazzeri now launched a drive to deep right center. Gehrig hesitated at second base, but Walker, at first, did not, and when the ball went over Goslin's head the two runners came around third in tandem, separated by a single stride. The relay—Goslin to Joe Cronin to catcher Luke Sewell—arrived at the same instant with the onrushing Gehrig, and Sewell, whirling in the dust, tagged out both runners with one sweeping gesture, each on a different side of the plate. I was aghast—and remembered the wound all summer, as the Senators went on to win the A.L. pennant, beating out the Yanks by seven games.

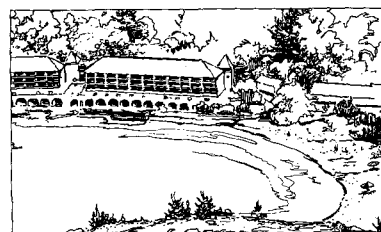
Startling things happened in baseball that season. The first All-Star Game was played, out at Comiskey Park, to a full-house audience; Babe Ruth won it with a two-run homer and Lefty Gomez garnered the win. On August 3rd, Lefty Grove shut out the Yankees, terminating a string (sorry: a skein) of three hundred and eight consecutive games, going back almost exactly two years, in which the Bombers had never once been held scoreless. The record stands, unbeaten and unthreatened, to this day. Later that

month, Jimmy Foxx batted in nine runs in a single game, a league record at the time; and, later still, Gehrig played in his one-thousand-three-hundred-and-eighth consecutive game, thereby eclipsing the old mark established by a Yankee teammate, Everett Scott, in 1925. *That* story in the *Times*, by James P. Dawson, mentions the new record in a terse, two-gram lead, and brusquely fills in the details down at the bottom of the column, recounting how action was halted after the first inning for a brief ceremony at home plate, when league president Will Harridge presented Gehrig with a silver statuette "suitably inscribed." Then they got back to baseball: "This simple ceremony over, the Yankees went out almost immediately and played like a winning team, but only for a short time." There was no mooning over records in those days.

It's always useful to have two teams to care about, as I had already learned. My other sweethearts, the Giants, moved into first place in their league on June 13th and were never dislodged. On the weekend of the Fourth of July, they gave us something to remember. I was just back from an auto trip to the Century of Progress World's Fair, in Chicago, taken in the company of three schoolmates and a science teacher, all of us crammed into an ancient Packard, and of course I had no ticket for the big doubleheader against the Cardinals at the Polo Grounds. I'm positive I read John Drebinger the next morning, though—and then read him again: "Pitching of a superman variety that dazzled a crowd of 50,000 and bewildered the Cardinals gave the Giants two throbbing victories at the Polo Grounds yesterday over a stretch of six hours. Carl Hubbell, master lefthander of Bill Terry's amazing hurling corps, blazed the trail by firing away for eighteen scoreless innings to win the opening game from the Cards, 1 to 0. . . . Then the broad-shouldered Roy Parmelee strode to the mound and through semi-darkness and finally a drizzling rain, blanked the St. Louisans in a nine-inning nightcap, 1 to 0. A homer in the fourth inning by Johnny Vergez decided this battle."

Trumpet arias at this glorious level require no footnotes, and I would add only that Tex Carleton, the Cardinal starter in the first game, threw sixteen scoreless innings himself before giving way to a reliever. He was pitching on

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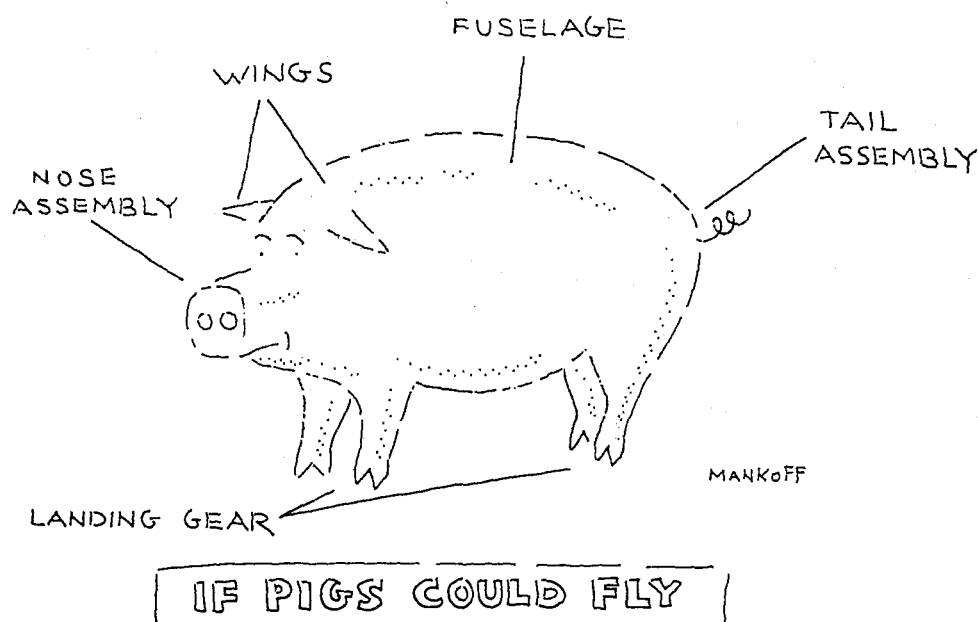
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two days' rest, and Dizzy Dean, the starter and eventual loser of the afterpiece, on one. The first game got its eighteen innings over with in four hours and three minutes, by the way, and the nightcap was done in an hour and twenty-five.

The Giants went the distance in 1933, as I have said, and took the World Series as well, beating the Senators by four games to one. Hubbell, who had wound up the regular season with an earned-run average of 1.66 (he was voted Most Valuable Player in his league), won two games, and Ott drove in the winning runs in the opener with a home run, and wrapped matters up with a tenth-inning shot in the finale. I had pleaded with my father to get us some seats for one of the games at the Polo Grounds, but he didn't come through. I imagine now that he didn't want to spend the money; times were tough just then. I attended the games by a different means—radio. Five different New York stations carried the Series that year, and I'm pretty sure I listened either to Ted Husing, on WABC, or to the old NBC warhorse, Graham McNamee, over at WEF or WJZ. (Whoever it was, I recall repeated references to the "boy managers"—Bill Terry and the Senators' Joe Cronin, who had each lately taken the helm at the old franchises.) I knew how to keep score by this time, and I rushed home from school—for the four weekday games, that is—turned on the big Stromberg-Carlson (with its glowing Bakelite dial), and kept track, inning by inning, on scorecards I drew on one

of my father's yellow legal pads. When my father got home, I sat him down and ran through it all, almost pitch by pitch, telling him the baseball.

I WAS playing ball myself all this time—or trying to, despite the handicaps of living in the city and of my modestly muscled physique. But I kept my mitt in top shape with neat's-foot oil, and possessed a couple of Louisville Slugger bats and three or four baseballs, one so heavily wrapped in friction tape that making contact with it with a bat felt like hitting a frying pan. (One of the bats, as I recall, bore lifelong scars as the result of a game of one-o'-cat played with a rock.) Neat's-foot oil was a magical yellow elixir made from cattle bones and skin—and also a password, unknown to girls. "What's a neat?" every true American boy must have asked himself at some point or other, imagining some frightful amputation made necessary by the demands of the pastime.

What skills I owned had been coached by my father from an early age. Yes, reader: we threw the old pill around, and although it did not provide me with an instant ticket to the major leagues, as I must have expected at one time, it was endlessly pleasurable. I imagined myself a pitcher, and my old man and I put in long hours of pitch and catch, with a rickety shed (magically known as the Bull Pen) as backstop; this was at a little summer colony on the west bank of the Hudson, where we rented. My father had several gloves of his own, including an

antique catcher's mitt that resembled a hatbox or a round dictionary. Wearing this, he would squat down again and again, putting up a target, and then fire the ball back (or fetch it from the weeds somewhere), gravely snapping the ball from behind his ear like Mickey Cochrane. Once in a while, there would be a satisfying pop as the ball hit the pocket, and he would nod silently and then flip the pill back again. His pitching lexicon was from his own boyhood: "inshoot," "hook," "hard one," and "drop." My own drop dropped to earth so often that I hated the pitch and began to shake him off.

I kept at it, in season and out, and, when I finally began to get some growth, developed a pleasing roundhouse curve that sometimes sailed over a corner of the plate (or a cap or newspaper), to the amazement of my school friends. Encouraged, I began to work on a screwball, and eventually could throw something that infinitesimally broke the wrong way, although always too high to invite a swing; I began walking around school corridors with my pitching hand turned palm outward, like Carl Hubbell's, but nobody noticed. Working on the screwball one cold March afternoon (I was thirteen, I think), on a covered but windy rooftop playground at Lincoln, I ruined my arm for good. I continued pitching on into high school (mine was a boarding school in northern Connecticut), but I didn't make the big team; by that time, the batters I faced were smarter and did frightful things to my trusty roundhouse. I fanned a batter here and there, but took up smoking and irony in self-defense. A short career.

WHEN I began writing this brief memoir, I was surprised to find how often its trail circled back to my father. If I continue now with his baseball story, instead of my own, it's because the two are so different yet feel intertwined and continuous. He was born in 1889, and lost his father at the age of eight, in a maritime disaster. He had no brothers, and I think he concluded early on that it was incumbent on him to learn and excel at every sport, all on his own. Such a plan requires courage and energy, and he had both in large supply. A slim, tall

bald, brown-eyed man, of handsome demeanor (there is some Seneca Indian blood on his side of the family), he pursued all sports except golf, and avidly kept at them his whole life. He was a fierce swimmer, mountain climber, canoeist, tennis player, fly fisherman, tap dancer, figure skater, and ballplayer; he was still downhill-skiing in his middle seventies, when a stern family meeting was required to pry him from the slopes, for his own good. He was not a great natural athlete, but his spirit made him a tough adversary. My Oedipal struggles with him on the tennis court went on almost into my thirties, but we stayed cheerful; somewhere along the line, a family doctor took me aside and said, "Don't try to keep up with him. Nobody's ever going to do that."

Baseball meant a great deal to my father, and he was lucky enough to grow up in a time when there were diamonds and pickup nines in every hamlet in America. He played first base and pitched, and in his late teens joined a village team, the Tamworth Tigers, that played in the White Mountain valleys of New Hampshire, where he and his mother and sister went on their vacations. Years later, he told me about the time he and some of the other Tamworth stars—Ned Johnson, Paul Twitchell, Lincoln and Dana Steele—formed a team of their own and took a train up into Canada, where they played in a regional tournament; he pitched the only game they got to play, against a much better club (semi-pros, he suspected), and got his ears knocked off. The trip back (he said, still smiling at the pain) was a long one. Many years after this, on a car trip when he was in his seventies, my

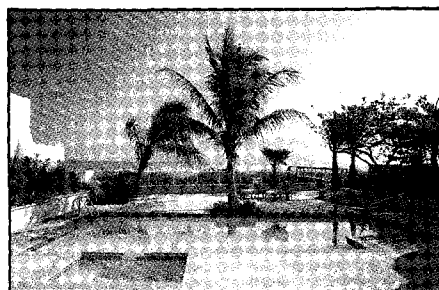
father found himself near the mountains he knew so well and made a swing over to Chocorua and Tamworth to check out the scenes of his youth. He found the Remick Bros. General Store still in business, and when he went in, the man at the counter, behind the postcards and the little birchbark canoes, was Wadsworth Remick, who had played with him on the Tigers long ago. Waddy Remick. There were no signs of recognition, however, and my old man, perhaps uncomfortable in the role of visiting big-city slicker, didn't press the matter. He bought a pack of gum or something, and was just going out the door

when he heard, "Played any first base lately, Ernest?"

I think people gave up with reluctance in olden days. My father sailed through Harvard in three years, making Phi Beta Kappa, but he didn't make the varsity in baseball, and had to settle for playing on a class team. Most men would call it a day after that, but not my father. He went to law school, got married, went off to the war in France, came back and moved from Cleveland to New York and joined a law firm—and played ball. I think my very first recollection of him—I was a small child—is of standing beside him in a little downstairs bathroom of our summer place while he washed dirt off his face and arms after a ballgame. Rivers of brown earth ran into the sink. Later that same summer, I was with my mother on the sidelines when my father, pitching for some Rockland County nine, conked a batter on the top of his head with an errant fastball. The man fell over backward and lay still for a moment or two, and my mother said, "Oh, God—he's done it!" The batter recovered, he and my father shook hands, and the game went on, but the moment, like its predecessor, stayed with me. Jung would envy such tableaux.

Years passed. In the summer of 1937, I worked on a small combined ranch and farm in northern Missouri, owned by a relative who was raising purebred white-faced Herefords. I drove cattle to their water holes on horseback, cleaned chicken coops, and shot marauding evening jackrabbits in the vegetable garden. It was a drought year, and the temperature would go well over a hundred degrees every afternoon; white dust lay on the trees. I was sixteen. Both the Giants and the Yankees were rushing toward another pennant in New York (it was the DiMaggio, Henrich, Rolfe, Crosetti Yankees by now), but I had a hard time finding news of them in the austere, photoless columns of the *Kansas City Star*. All I could pick up on the radio was Franc Laux doing Cardinals games over KMOX.

My father arrived for a visit, and soon discovered that there would be a local ballgame the next Sunday, with some of the hands on the ranch representing our nearby town. Somehow, he cajoled his way onto the team (he was close to fifty but looked much



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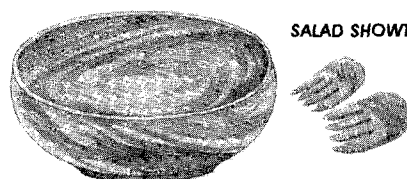
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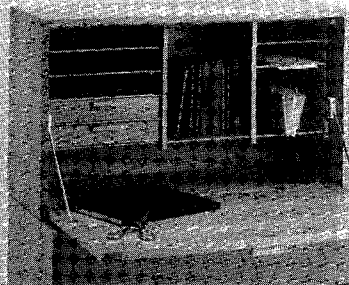
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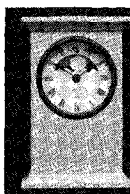
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younger); he played first base, and got a single in a losing cause. Late in the game, I was sent up to pinch-hit for somebody. The pitcher, a large and unpleasant-looking young man, must have felt distaste at the sight of a scared sixteen-year-old dude standing in, because he dismissed me with two fiery fastballs and then a curve that I waved at without hope, without a chance. I sat down again. My father said nothing at the time, but later on in the day, perhaps riding back to supper, he murmured, "What'd he throw you—two hard ones and a hook?" I nodded, my ears burning. There was a pause, and Father said, "The curveball away can be very tough." It was late afternoon, but the view from my side of the car suddenly grew brighter.

It is hard to hear stories like this now without an accompanying inner smirk. We are wary of sentiment and obsessively knowing, and we feel obliged to put a spin of psychology or economic determinism or bored contempt on all clear-color memories. I suppose someone could say that my father was a privileged Wasp, who was able to pursue some adolescent, rustic yearnings far too late in life. But that would miss the point. My father was knowing, too; he was a New York sophisticate who spurned cynicism. He had only limited financial success as a Wall Street lawyer, but that work allowed him to put in great amounts of time with the American Civil Liberties Union, which he served as a long-term chairman of its national board. Most of his life, I heard him talk about the latest issues or cases involving censorship, Jim Crow laws, voting rights, freedom of speech, racial and sexual discrimination, and threats to the Constitution; these struggles continue to this day, God knows, but the difference back then was that men and women like my father always sounded as if such battles would be won in the end. The news was always harsh, and fresh threats to freedom immediate, but every problem was capable of solution somewhere down the line. We don't hold such ideas anymore—about our freedoms or about anything else. My father looked on baseball the same way; he would never be a big-league player, or even a college player, but whenever he found a game he jumped at the chance to play and to win.

If this sounds like a romantic or foolish impulse to us today, it is be-

cause most of American life, including baseball, no longer feels feasible. We know everything about the game now, thanks to instant replay and computerized stats, and what we seem to have concluded is that almost none of us are good enough to play it. Thanks to television and sports journalism, we also know everything about the skills and financial worth and private lives of the enormous young men we have hired to play baseball for us, but we don't seem to know how to keep their salaries or their personalities within human proportions. We don't like them as much as we once did, and we don't like ourselves as much, either. Baseball becomes feasible from time to time, not much more, and we fans must make prodigious efforts to rearrange our profoundly ironic contemporary psyches in order to allow its old pleasures to reach us. My father wasn't naïve; he was lucky.

ONE more thing. American men don't think about baseball as much as they used to, but such thoughts once went deep. In my middle thirties, I still followed the Yankees and the Giants in the standings, but my own playing days were long forgotten; I had not yet tried writing about the sport. I was living in the suburbs, and one night I had a vivid dream, in which I arose from my bed (it was almost a movie dream), went downstairs, and walked outdoors in the dark. I continued down our little patch of lawn and crossed the tiny bridge at the foot of our property, and there, within a tangle of underbrush, discovered a single gravestone. I leaned forward (I absolutely guarantee all this) and found my own name inscribed there and, below it, the dates of my birth and of the present year, the dream time: "1920-1955." The dream scared me, needless to say, but providentially I was making periodic visits to a shrink at the time. I took the dream to our next session like a trophy but, having recounted it, had no idea what it might mean.

"What does it suggest to you?" the goodly man said, in predictable fashion.

"It's sort of like those monuments out by the flagpole in deep center field at the Stadium," I said. Then I stopped and cried, "Oh... Oh," because of course it had suddenly come clear. My dreams of becoming a major-league ballplayer had died at last.

—ROGER ANGEL

IN FASHION

Fanfare in a Minor Key

YVES SAINT LAURENT celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of his couture house with a party at the Opéra Bastille the other night. A program of arias, sung by the soprano Katia Ricciarelli and Dmitri Hvorostovsky, a baritone, culminated in a *grand défilé*—a retrospective of a hundred and four outfits, beginning with a suite of Saint Laurent's famous variations on the tuxedo and progressing to a group of sumptuous evening gowns, worn by a fleet of models advancing on the audience as the opera orchestra played Berlioz' "Marche Troyenne." The best retrospective, however, was mounted by the guests—loyal clients, friends, members of the press, and twenty-seven hundred present and former employees—who had delved into their closets and dressed in their most beloved clothes from Saint Laurent's collections over the years.

The evening began with film clips from interviews and with black-and-white footage of the house's second collection, including scenes in the *cabine* ("Vite, vite, vite!" an assistant urged as a mannequin was helped into the bridal gown for the finale) and out front, in the salons, where fashion editors seated on either side of the runway craned their necks to follow each new outfit as it passed ("Merveilleux, hein?"). Then backstage congratulations: Zizi Jeanmaire, Eugenia Sheppard, Lee Radziwill kissing the twenty-six-year-old Yves. A few veteran journalists in the audience at the Opéra spotted themselves in the audience in 1962.

In an excerpt from a 1968 interview, Saint Laurent was asked how he felt about Chanel's remark that he was right to copy her, and that he was their designate to her tradition. He replied that he was very flattered that he saw a resemblance between her work and his, but then he went on to make a few distinctions: for one thing, he was completely enamored of what was going on at the moment, he said—*Moi, j'adore mon époque*—whereas Chanel suit was like a costume from the era of Louis XVI, a "document."

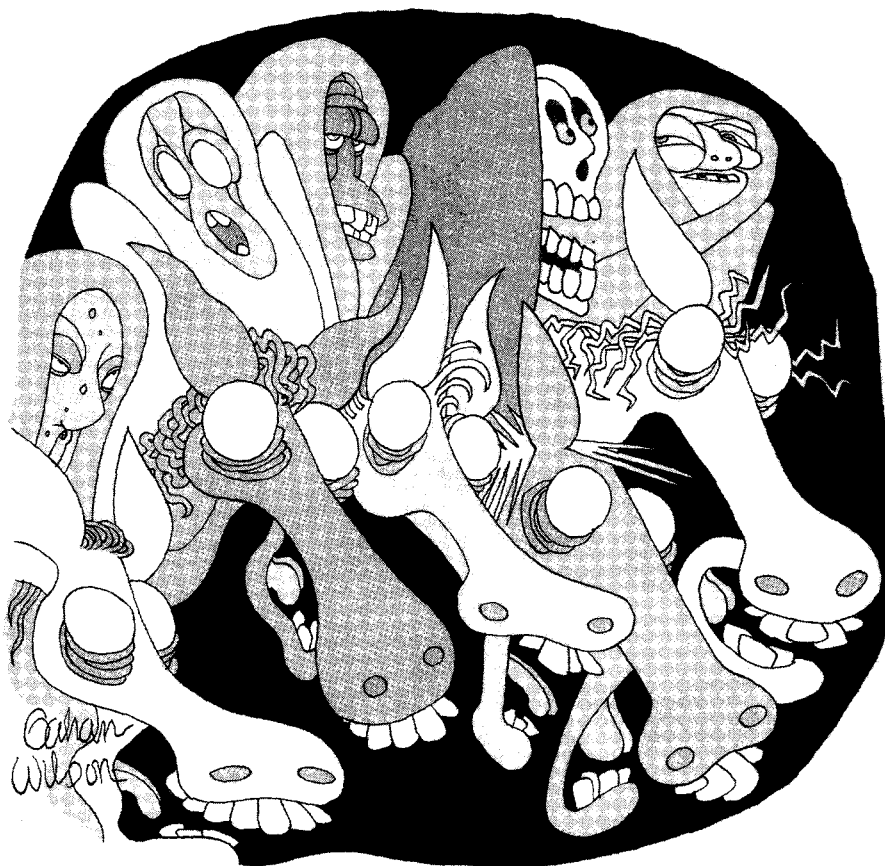
In the same interview, Saint Laurent

said that there are three kinds of couturiers: *les grands*, who know how to produce a *coup de cœur*; those who work honestly at their métier (these, he said, he found very boring); and, finally, those who present their dresses with Mickey Mouse ears and various other whimsical gimmicks (the Opéra audience laughed at this, no doubt recalling the black felt Mickey Mouse ears that Karl Lagerfeld had sent down the runway at Chanel only last year). The meaning of such shenanigans, Saint Laurent confessed, escaped him totally. In his opinion, there were then only two living examples of the first type of couturier: Balenciaga and Chanel. In the second and third categories, he named no names. Clearly, he himself aspired to the rank of *les grands*, and there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that he attained it.

His favorite color? Black, he replied. He deplored *les bourgeoises*—their esprit, their taste, their carefully coiffed hair. Would "elegant" be an apt word

to describe the woman he designs for? Saint Laurent told the interviewer that he preferred to think of her as "*séduisante*"—seductive, a woman who dresses to please men. He defined a dress as "a scenario, a story." He called the future "full of hope." Asked to name the worst misery, he responded, "Loneliness." He said he'd like to go away for a long time, with nothing to do.

As time went by, Saint Laurent became a recluse, retreating from the society he dressed. For several years now, the more skeptical members of the fashion press have come away from his collections with the feeling that there was nobody home. There were rumors that Saint Laurent himself was no longer designing the ready-to-wear, and then that he was no longer designing the haute couture. If these suspicions had been based on nothing more than hearsay, they might have been easier to dismiss. But there were the clothes: a pastiche of bits and pieces from Saint Laurent's greatest hits, a rehash of his former inspirations. Long after other designers had moved away from the swaggering, broad-shouldered silhouette that prevailed during the late seventies and early eighties, Saint



"Congratulations, Ecological Disaster—it's not often we admit another horseman into the Apocalypse!"

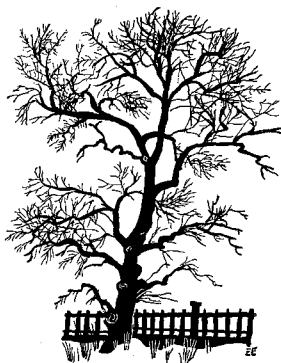
Laurent continued to insist on it, and the house named for the designer who had once professed to adore his own era began to appear hopelessly stuck in a rut. The clothes seemed to bear out the notion that Saint Laurent had abdicated and that, for the sake of the business, which went public on the Paris stock exchange two and a half years ago, no one was letting on. His appearances four times a year, at the end of his collections, did nothing to reassure us; looking bloated and heavily medicated, he made his way unsteadily down the runway with the dazed air of an animal let out of its cage.

In interviews in the French press within the past year, Saint Laurent has openly acknowledged his alcoholism and his addiction to cocaine; he has discussed the emotional trauma of growing up homosexual in Oran, Algeria, and of his two bouts of clinical depression, one right after the other, for which he was hospitalized. The gist of these articles, and of statements by Pierre Bergé, Saint Laurent's business partner from the beginning, is that the crisis is over—that he has put his problems behind him. But although Saint Laurent appears to be in better shape now than he has been for years, these bulletins have the vaguely hollow sound of a publicity campaign to prop up the colossus.

Christian Dior and Jacques Fath had the good fortune to die before they ran out of ideas. Madeleine Vionnet, having closed her house at the age of sixty-three, lived long enough to become a cult figure. Chanel in her old age augmented her reputation as a designer by setting herself up as an oracle, issuing Dorothy Parker-style pronouncements on matters of life and taste. Successful designers, as they grow older, have three options: to change with the times, to retire, or to continue quietly to dress their faithful clients. At the height of his glory, Saint Laurent articulated a vision that many women of all ages aspired to. But now that his collections have failed to move forward, his house attracts mostly middle-aged women whose prime coincided with his own, who continue to adhere to the style they dressed in during the years when they felt at their most attractive. Saint Laurent is not the first

designer to outlive his moment—Paul Poiret died penniless as well as forgotten. But few have outlived it in so tragic a manner. Much of the fanfare on the occasion of this anniversary had the final-sounding ring of an obituary—as if Saint Laurent were already dead.

He was in the audience, seated halfway back in the parterre, beside Catherine Deneuve, his longtime friend and the recently appointed model for Yves Saint Laurent skin-care products. (She was wearing an emerald-green-and-turquoise sequined dress and jacket from his spring haute-couture collection, shown the week before.) Welcoming the guests and announcing the order of the evening's program, Pierre Bergé seemed to address Saint Laurent directly. The people there



that evening, he told him, had come not only to take part in the festivities but also to demonstrate their admiration and their affection. Later, when Bergé, whose political ambitions have been the subject of much speculation here (and who last year published a book of essays entitled, after a poem by Paul Éluard, "Liberté, J'écris Ton Nom"), talked about "this house that became an empire," it called to mind his emergence from behind Saint Laurent's throne. It was said that Bergé had wanted the Ministry of Culture under Mitterrand; he was given the directorship of the Opéra instead. This was his own stage that he was standing on.

The throng of dresses as they came toward us revived images of others, stored away in memory's attic. This was by no means the most comprehensive retrospective of Saint Laurent's designs we'd ever seen, nor was it the most impressive. Exhibitions like the one mounted at the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, in 1983, made a more persuasive case for the breadth of his work and included more outright showstoppers. But for those of us who lived through the years when Saint Laurent was supreme, this *grand défilé* served to recall the basis of his greatness.

Saint Laurent has found raw material for his imagination in the work of Picasso, Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, and van Gogh; in Bakst's designs for

Diaghilev's Ballets Russes; in the folkloric traditions of Russia, Spain, Africa, India, and China. His sense of color—his gift for bizarre but felicitous combinations, which have been widely imitated, with less success, by other designers—seems to derive from painting rather than from fashion. In the press, he has been portrayed as a cultivated man, with a mind that ranged far afield of fashion. He often cited the authors he loved most, particularly Marcel Proust—another neurotic too sensitive for this world, with whom he identified. When travelling, he sometimes assumed the name of Swann.

That Saint Laurent, a mere designer of what the English contemptuously call frocks, took himself so seriously struck some people as presumptuous, but those who were susceptible to the clothes he turned out were willing to forgive him his pretensions. In an essay in the anniversary souvenir program Bernard-Henri Lévy, France's most conspicuous celebrity intellectual, argues the case for conferring on Saint Laurent the status of artist. Other fashion designers—Mario Fortuny, Charles James, Romeo Gigli—have been called artists, too, usually in terms insinuating that their work is too esoteric for the masses. But in Saint Laurent's case it is simply that for the better part of his career he has been virtually the only couturier who could qualify as one of *les grands*. If his achievement didn't fit our definition of fashion, the problem was not so much that the clothes he designed were so exalted but that our notion of fashion had become so debased.

I have friends who would be surprised to hear that a thinking person could be moved by the sight of a dress but I have been, and it has happened to me most often at Yves Saint Laurent. When I try to analyze what it is that gives his clothes this power, I always arrive at the same conclusion: something to do with the cut. In his collections we have watched a brilliant mind tackling the perennial problem of dressmaking. (His Mondrian dresses: in 1965, cut in rectangular panels and pieced together with horizontal and vertical seams, were an exercise in eliminating the darts that had been the traditional means of conforming the fabric to the breasts.) The interest inherent in the cut of Saint Laurent clothes is, however, not only technic

but sexual. The tenderness with which the fabric is made to drape around the body is so painstaking and attentive that the dress is, finally, like an act of lovemaking.

"If he has a religion," Anthony Burgess is quoted as saying in the souvenir program, "its divinity is surely woman." Some people see in Saint Laurent and his work one of fashion's most confounding ironies—that of the homosexual designer who loves women's bodies with an intensity bordering on lust, who celebrates women and renders them more beautiful and, in the end, more attractive to the men around them. There is something idolatrous in Saint Laurent's attitude toward women, as if they were the keepers of life's sacred flame.

Loyalists declared his spring haute-couture collection a success—a return to feminine loveliness, an assortment of clothes that were eminently wearable, if not groundbreaking. But my skepticism was revived, rather than put to rest, as the parade wore on. The daywear, at the beginning, looked all too familiar; the ideas were so sparse and so random, with no development and no continuity, that at the finish it seemed as if the ninety-one numbers had been conceived by almost as many different people. The hardest thing about designing a collection, Saint Laurent told *Le Monde* in an interview that appeared the day of his show, is to find what he called "the line"—to keep from losing one's way. In his best collections over the years, he has presented a theme or a set of ideas which he then went on to develop with the curiosity of a research scientist and the rapture of a poet. That sense of investigation was missing, and, apart from a handful of numbers—among them a strapless evening gown sculpted in black gazar—the majority of the clothes looked perfunctory. If in fact Saint Laurent had a hand in this collection, as the recent articles imply, I could perhaps be convinced that he had sketched his ideas, which were then passed on to his atelier to interpret, but nothing could persuade me that he had resumed the method he often used in the past, conceiving a dress directly on a model's body. Whether he can eventually find his way back to his original fascination and the satisfaction he once derived from his work remains to be seen. This season, I couldn't decide which was sadder: to think that Saint

Laurent himself had had nothing to do with this collection or to think that he had actually designed it.

At the end of the *grand défilé*, Saint Laurent walked from all the way upstage down to the footlights, and for an instant he looked utterly lost. Then Bergé and Catherine Deneuve emerged from the wings and flanked him. Saint Laurent took the microphone in one hand, seeming choked up or confused, or both, and tried to say a few words of gratitude. Deneuve clasped his other hand, behind his back; Bergé steadied him with a hand on his shoulder. In the end, he managed a statement—that his had been a life of love ("*une vie d'amour*") in a house that had been founded on love, and that he believed that in his collections he had expressed what was for him the most precious thing in life: the love of a woman. Then Bergé seized the mike and thanked everybody from the bottom of his heart. The audience breathed a collective sigh of relief: Saint Laurent had got through the program without any mishaps.

What we have witnessed in his collections over the past several years is a man's ongoing struggle with himself—a struggle that he was evidently losing as he tried by diverse means to satisfy his longing for oblivion. Like so many other members of the audience that night at the Opéra, I went to pay my respects to a designer who had shown me and others of my generation, whose experience of fashion was shaped by ready-to-wear, the haute couture's reason for being—a precision and a subtlety that can only be custom-made. But my mind kept straying from the vigorous young man in the film to the broken-down man in our midst, and the notion of promise and its fulfillment, which other people seemed to find so exhilarating, only served to deepen my sense of loss at the prospect of such an enormous talent eclipsed by some private pain that in the long run has proved to be even larger.

—HOLLY BRUBACH

Dec. 17—Sponsored by the Winthrop House Music Society the Beaux Arts Trio will perform Zemlinsky's *Trio in D minor*, Op. 3, Schubert's *Trio in E flat Major*, Op. 100, and a work to be announced by Mozart at 8 p.m. in Sanders Theatre.—*Harvard Gazette*.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

White, Red, Green, Blue

BOIELDIEU's "La Dame Blanche," which Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York presented in Carnegie Hall last month, is important in operatic history. It appeared at the Opéra-Comique in 1825 and was soon being heard all over Europe. For some fifty years, no composer could escape it: Weber and Wagner said kindly things about it; Berlioz and Bizet scorned it; Delibes composed a comedy, "L'Écossais de Chatou," about a French enthusiast who attended six hundred and sixty-six performances of it and fashioned his house to match its Scottish settings. Rossini's "La Donna del Lago," composed in 1819, had reached Paris in 1824, and Walter Scott was at the height of his European fame. An operatic "Waverley" appeared in 1825, an "Ivanhoe" in 1826, with scores confected from Rossini. "La Dame Blanche," Scott-derived, both catered to the appetite for Scottish adventure and increased it. Berlioz contemplated a "Talisman" opera and wrote his "Waverley" (1828) and "Rob Roy" (1831) overtures. In 1835, Bellini brought out "I Puritani di Scozia," which is set in England and has little to do with Scott directly but was deliberately given a Scott-suggesting title. Later that year, Donizetti capped "I Puritani" with his "Lucia di Lammermoor." His "Elisabetta, o Il Castello

di Kenilworth" had already appeared, in 1829. Bizet—who once cried "Down with 'La Dame Blanche!'"—produced his Scott opera, "La Jolie Fille de Perth," in 1867, while "La Dame Blanche" was still going strong.

To the romantic exoticism of Scotland, Boieldieu and his librettist, Eugène Scribe, added another operatic taste of the time—for the supernatural. Weber's "Der Freischütz," which had also reached Paris in 1824, inspired it. Meyerbeer and Scribe's "Robert le Diable" (1831) capitalized on it. In 1846, when Verdi was commissioned to write an opera for Florence, where "Der Freischütz" and "Robert le Diable" had recently been heard, he proposed another work in the fashionable *genere fantastico*—"Macbeth." The phantom of Boieldieu's opera is in fact mortal—merely the heroine in disguise—but the Highlanders believe in the existence of their spectral White Lady, and Boieldieu wrote appropriate music for her.

"I Puritani" and "Lucia," "Der Freischütz" and "Macbeth" have survived. "La Donna del Lago" has rejoined the repertory (there was a performance this month in Town Hall, given by the PALA Opera Association), and "La Jolie Fille" would bear revival. For a century or more, however, "La Dame Blanche" has seldom been played. Record collectors know one or

two graceful tenor airs. Operatic histories tell of its former fame and generally have sentences approving its modest inspiration and neat craftsmanship. But in the Carnegie performance "La Dame Blanche" proved to be a score whose charms have faded. No reproach to Miss Queler; gratitude, rather, for having revived it. We needed to hear it.

Scribe took the basic plot from "Guy Mannering." (The hero, like the hero of "Lucia," is the dispossessed scion of a house loyal to the Stuarts.) He added supernatural matter from "The Monastery" and introduced elements from "The Abbot" and "The Lady of the Lake." The result is a bumpy, ill-fashioned libretto. Boieldieu made ingenious use of Scottish folk tunes ("The Bush Aboon Traquair," "The White Cockade," "The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie," "Robin Adair"), and composed music that is sometimes charming, sometimes empty. In the Carnegie revival, the singing of the principal soprano and tenor, Renée Fleming and Robert Swensen, was strong but, like Miss Queler's conducting, lacked lightness and grace. The principal bass, Pierre Charbonneau, indulged in coarse, off-pitch shouting. A little of the spoken dialogue was retained by the characters, and the rest was condensed into a narration, delivered by Nico Castel.

THE Chicago Lyric Opera's last production of the season, a co-production with the San Francisco Opera, is a "Turandot" designed by David Hockney—"the Hockney 'Turandot.'" It has been criticized as being opera more for the eye than for the ear—designer's opera. It did make that effect, but the fault was not Mr. Hockney's. The visual element was distinguished. The stage direction was not; three of the leading singers were dull; and the conducting was routine.

In a preliminary interview, Mr. Hockney announced his aim of "taking out the dragons." Describing most productions of the opera as "unbelievably overdesigned," he continued, "One of the reasons I wanted to do it was that I felt it was possible to simplify it, to get rid of the grotesque chinoiserie." The stage directions certainly encourage extravagance. Those at the start of the Riddle Scene are:

The vast square before the Royal Palace appears. Almost in the center there is an enormous marble staircase, which loses itself a



SURPRISE PARTY

the top amid triple arches. The staircase has three broad landings. Numerous servants set out many-colored lanterns on every side. Gradually the crowd fills the square. The Mandarin arrives, clad in azure and gold. At the head of the staircase, tall and imposing, the eight sages appear. They are old, almost exactly alike, enormous and massive. They gesture very slowly, and simultaneously. Each of them holds three sealed silk scrolls. . . . Incense begins to rise from the tripods at the head of the staircase. Through the clouds of incense, the three ministers make their way, clad now in ceremonial yellow. . . . Amid the aromatic clouds, the Emperor's yellow and white standards appear. Slowly, the incense disperses, and then on the heights of the staircase the Emperor Altoum appears, seated on a broad ivory throne. He is very old, entirely white, venerable, hieratic. It is as if a god appeared amid the clouds.

Turandot herself can dominate such a set. At the top, she sings her aria and asks her first riddle. She descends halfway to ask the second. For the third, she hastens to the foot of the staircase, where Calaf is kneeling, and "bends over him, fiercely, hammering out the syllables, her mouth almost on his face." Franco Zeffirelli's set for this scene at the Metropolitan Opera is grandiose, elaborately detailed, and stuffed with supers; except in arena productions, I have not seen more people on a stage. But his Turandot, once she has entered, is confined to a little central island approached by narrow bridges. No matter who sings the title role, the dramatic dynamics of the sequence are muted.

Mr. Hockney provides the necessary staircase. Throughout the opera, he provides excellent spaces within which to act. The scenery is stripped down to a few carefully devised shapes, brilliantly colored: red walls, jade-green corrugated roofs, against a glowing sapphire sky. This "Turandot" is concentrated, never massive or inflated, never fussy, and very beautiful. The perspectives are not realistic. The play of colors is extraordinary: red upon red, intensities of green and of blue, a breathtaking final crescendo of light as the chorus sings, "Love! O Sun! Life! Eternity! Light of the world is over! Our infinite happiness laughs and sings in the sun!" The lighting is by Duane Schuler; he and Mr. Hockney have worked in happiest harmony. The costumes, by Ian Falconer, who was Mr. Hockney's assistant on the Los Angeles production of "Tristan," have an enchanted, straightforward, picture-book quality. The chorus is in lack—until for the brief final scene it changes into a rich blue. Just one thing

flecked the visual magic of the stage pictures: the unrelated, flickering rectangle above them that carried the English supertitles. I wonder whether Mr. Hockney took it into account when he planned his scenes—as Peter Sellers' designers did when designing "Tannhäuser," "The Magic Flute," and "The Death of Klinghoffer."

The principals were a quartet familiar on the international circuit. Eva Marton, the Turandot, was loud, forceful, and plain. Lando Bartolini, the Calaf, has a loud, ringing tenor, but he sang without expression. Dimitri Kavrakos, the Timur, was sonorous but wooden. These three gave their regular performances; they seemed unresponsive to, un-inspired by the remarkable setting. Lucia Mazzaria, on the other hand, was a sensitive and poignant Liù, but at times her voice sounded worn and uncertain. (Ten performances were given; at some of them the roles were taken over by Galina Savova, Kristján Jóhannsson, Mark Doss, and Catherine Malfitano.) The trio of masks had more character: James Michael McGuire was a Ping with an agreeably forward utterance, Piero de Palma a seasoned Pang, and Douglas Perry a nimble Pong. Bruno Bartoletti conducted, and the stage director was William Farlow. In the penultimate scene, Turandot appeared unveiled; Calaf could not violate her by tearing the veil from her face. (I wasn't watching the supertitles and don't know what they made of his cry "Solleva quel velo.") When it was time for the conquering kiss, Turandot went willingly to meet it. At the start of the scene, Calaf gave the impression that he was trying in vain to get some sleep; people singing "Nessun dorma!" all over the place made sleep impossible, so he decided, "Oh, I might as well get up and sing an aria."

"Turandot," which Puccini did not finish, is not an easy opera to stage. On any realistic level, the tale is unpleasant. The abridged Alfano ending does not help; it bumps, whereas the original libretto moves toward the triumphal close by emotional steps as deliberate as those traced by Brünnhilde and Siegfried. As a fairy tale—read what one will into it—"Turandot" proves more acceptable. As a fairy tale Mr. Hockney has presented it—with a beauty, passion, and intensity awaiting performers who share his vision of the work. It moves to San Francisco next year. —ANDREW PORTER



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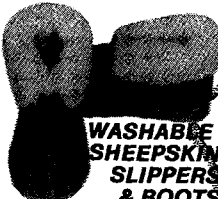
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BOOKS

Laughter from the Yokels

THE generations for whom H. L. Mencken was an exhilarating cultural presence have passed, or are reluctantly passing, on; Mencken's prose has passed into the care of scholars who were born after the Sage of Baltimore ceased to write, in 1948. Indeed, Marion Elizabeth Rodgers, the editor of "Mencken and Sara: A Life in Letters" (1988) and now of "The Impossible H. L. Mencken: A Selection of His Best Newspaper Stories" (Doubleday; \$27.50), looks from her jacket photograph to have been born after Mencken died, in 1956. She has done a thorough and affectionate job of sifting through approximately three thousand of his newspaper articles, and choosing, arranging, and introducing a hundred and seventy of them—nearly seven hundred big pages' worth—as they appeared, from 1908 to 1948, in the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*, the *New York Evening Mail*, and the *New York American*. A number of Mencken's editorial columns were later published, with revisions, in *The Smart Set* and *The American Mercury*, of which he was an editor, and then collected in one of his six volumes of "Prejudices," but many of his news reports, dispatched from political-party conventions, the Scopes trial in Tennessee, a Pan American Conference held in Havana in 1928, and such datelines as London and Jerusalem, have never been reprinted. At least two-thirds of this volume's contents, Ms. Rodgers estimates, "have not been seen since their first appearance in the newspapers where they were praised or damned over sixty years ago."

There is more here to praise than to damn. A few typos and opaque sentences mar the editor's, and her typists', accomplishment of translating "old newsprint which looks like so many fleas on a page" into book type. The title that somebody chose comes on too strong, and implies a presumably slimmer companion volume entitled "The Possible H. L. Mencken." Ms. Rodgers' introduction and headnotes admirably explain the historical context of Mencken's reportage and, in some instances, act as a helpful

corrective to his not infrequently violent and myopic opinionizing. Gore Vidal, however, has contributed a superfluous foreword that strives to match Mencken sneer for sneer. "For several decades," Mr. Vidal lets us know, "I have been trying to convince Europeans that Americans are not innately stupid but merely ignorant and that with a proper education system, et cetera. But the more one reads Mencken, the more one eyes suspiciously the knuckles of his countrymen, looking to see callouses [*sic*] from too constant a contact with the greensward." Prohibition, the foreword assures us, "made the United States the world's joke-nation, a title still uncanceled," while God is put in His place as "the Big Fella in the Sky." Not all sneers are of equal value. Mencken's sneers convince us that he has concrete, if squintingly perceived, objects in view; Mr. Vidal's seem in contrast quite abstract, rooted in nothing less airy than his belief that sneering becomes him. His foreword serves, perhaps involuntarily, to illustrate the perils of Menckenism pursued in a void, without Mencken's old-newsmen's interest in the nitty-gritty of American life.

To the reader of the nineteen-nineties, indurated by the shocks and swoops of the New Journalism as electrifyingly practiced by Norman Mailer, Tom Wolfe, and their lessers, much of Mencken's journalism may seem rather low on voltage. Writing tidily to his daily quota of two to three thousand words, he hymns the ways of cooking Chesapeake crab, and lists two hundred and fifty-two "bald-headed geniuses." Behind his cigar smoke and swirling rhetoric, he was something of an affable pedant. Ms. Rodgers' introduction tells us that in 1896, at the age of sixteen, "he graduated from the Baltimore Polytechnic with the highest marks ever achieved by any pupil in the history of the school." Preëminent

academic prowess is rather rarely given to the scatterbrained souls who take up the practice of literature; another example that comes to my mind is D. H. Lawrence, who at the age of nineteen placed among the top dozen in the all-England King's Scholarship examination. Both prize scholars became roarers, shamelessly reckless in their assertions because, it may be, they knew that they were smarter than everyone else, including professors. Has any writer ever insisted more than Mencken upon other people's stupidity? "Stoneheads," "jackasses and morons," "ignoramuses," "numbskull," "ox," "pestiferous idiot"—these are epithets lifted from adjacent essays on two newfangled insults to Mencken's intelligence, the telephone and the radio. In the next essay, movies are dismissed as "fodder for half-wits." He concedes (in 1929—as if Chaplin and Eisenstein and Carl Dreyer did not already exist) that someday "someone with an authentic movie mind will make a cheap and simple picture that will arrest the notice of the civilized minority." When that happens, "the movies will split into two halves. . . . There will be huge, banal, maudlin, idiotic movies for the mob. . . . And there will be movies made by artists, and for people who can read and write."

The split between the civilized minority and the barbaric remainder became, during the Scopes trial of 1925, an abyss over which Mencken gazed with horror at the specimens of *Homo neanderthalensis* who have "fought every new truth ever heard of and . . . killed every truth-seeker who got into their hands." The "great masse of men," he perceives, are "immortal vermin," who, "even in this inspired republic, are precisely where the mo was at the dawn of history. They are ignorant, they are dishonest, they are cowardly, they are ignoble." As he warms to his topic, the vermin shrink to microorganisms virtually begging for the mercy of extermination:

The popularity of Fundamentalism among the inferior orders of men is explicable. . . . The cosmogonies that educated men toy with are all inordinately complex. To comprehend their veriest outlines requires an immense stock of knowledge, and a habit of thought. It would be as vain to try to teach to peasants



to the city proletariat as it would be to try to teach them to streptococci.

"What all this amounts to," he goes on, "is that the human race is divided into two sharply differentiated and mutually antagonistic classes, almost two genera—a small minority that plays with ideas and is capable of taking them in, and a vast majority that finds them painful, and is thus arrayed against them. . . . The intellectual heritage of the race belongs to the minority, and to the minority only." How can we tell one genus from another? Luckily, a ready test exists: Beethoven. "Of the 110,000,000 so-called human beings who now live in the United States, flogged and crazed by Coolidge, Rotary, the Ku Klux and the newspapers, it is probable that

at least 108,000,000 have never heard of him at all. . . . The fact saves good Ludwig's bacon. His music survives because it lies outside the plane of the popular apprehension, like the colors beyond violet or the concept of honor."

Mencken's persuasion that everything human he disliked arose from the downright stupidity of most other people considerably limited his insight into the forces operating in a democracy. He makes no attempt to understand the rationale of Fundamentalism—that is, the perception (hidden from many liberal clergymen) that to admit that the Bible is inaccurate in a single detail is to negate it as a divine handiwork, and thus to imperil the only local intellectual structure that lends individual lives significance and comfort. Mencken describes a meeting of Tennessee Holy Rollers, grippingly, as an orgy of "poor half wits"; for him, witnessing it—first from afar in the woods, and then from up close, the reporter calmly smoking a five-cent cigar—was "like peeping through a knothole at the writhings of a people in pain." That Mencken, with the aid of Beethoven and a stein of beer, was able to keep smiling in a universe bereft of God didn't really make him a more complex organism than those



"On the plus side, I've got great name recognition."

still in the grip of Christianity's rococo doctrine. He too readily assumed simplicity for any mechanism not his own. In discussing the "American language," he avers that "philologists spend a lot of time studying the dialects of the Eskimo, the Hausa and the Navajo, not one of which has even a refined grammar." Is this true, or is it truer that many small and dying languages in fact possess a grammar more inflected than that of widely spoken, well-worn tongues like English and Mandarin Chinese? Certainly there is a grammar, an elaborated and complicating statement, in popular culture to which Mencken was, in the case of jazz, deaf and, in that of the cinema, blind.

Though ostensibly a specialist in the follies of the booboisie, he often misread popular tides; he predicted that Hoover would lose in 1928 and—initially—that he would win in 1932. He never understood Roosevelt's strength; he never cared to contemplate the economic desperation, in a nation whose work force was one-fourth unemployed, that Roosevelt was addressing. He scorned "the New Deal schemes to uplift the downtrodden and bring in Utopia at home." He voted for Landon and Willkie, and thought that they

both lost because they weren't right wing enough: "It is impossible to beat a demagogue by swallowing four fifths of his buncombe, and then trying to alarm the boobs over the little that is left." Mencken implied that Hoover lost in 1932 not because of the Depression but because of Prohibition:

They [the electorate] don't much care what he has to say about the budget, or the gold standard, or farm relief, or any other such tiresome matter, but they remember with relentless tenacity how shabbily he tried to fool them on prohibition. That is the one question that really interests them. It is the only honest issue in the campaign.

"Prohibition" is the longest entry in the compilation's index; Mencken alludes to it in almost every column. It was for him, and the generation he influenced, a sore point and a touchstone, a supreme instance of government gone awry, a triumph of Baptist buffoons over the rights of amiable hedonists: "Whatever lies above the level of their [*Homo neanderthalensis* specimens'] comprehension is of the devil. A glass of wine delights civilized men; they themselves, drinking it, would get drunk. *Ergo*, wine must be prohibited. The hypothesis of evolution is credited by all men of education; they themselves can't understand it. *Ergo*, its teaching must be put down." In his

fierce dispatches from the Scopes trial, the parallel infringement of liberty is drummed home:

I sincerely hope that the nobility and gentry of the lowlands will not make the colossal mistake of viewing this trial of Scopes as a trivial farce. . . . Deeper down there are the beginnings of a struggle that may go on to melodrama of the first caliber, and when the curtain falls at least all the laughter may be coming from the yokels. You probably laughed at the prohibitionists, say, back in 1914. Well, don't make the same error twice.

Not that, in the era that saw the rise of Fascism and Stalinism, such alarms were uncalled for; what is curious in Mencken is his adamant lack of sympathy with Roosevelt's successful attempt to hold the American fabric together, or with any politician's attempt to achieve practical ends. He himself disavowed any "lust to improve the world." He explained in 1925 that he described the Fundamentalists, "dwelling luxuriously upon their astounding imbecilities, their pathetic exploitation by mountebanks," out of no wish to change matters. "Such spectacles do not make me indignant; they simply interest me immensely, as a pathologist, say, is interested by a beautiful gastric ulcer." Democracy seemed to him an incurable disease; he defined it, in a report from the 1920 Republican Convention, as "the domination of unreflective and timorous men, moved in vast herds by mob emotions." Twenty years later, reporting from the Democratic Convention, he reflected how, since the days of Jackson, "judicious men . . . warned that giving the vote to incompetent, despairing and envious people would breed demagogues to rouse and rally them, and that the whole democratic process would thus be converted into organized pillage and rapine. It has come to pass under Roosevelt, and no one seems to be able to fetch up a plausible remedy."

Many Presidents and seekers of the Presidential office are caricatured in these screeds, with hilarious gusto and with an unrestrained candor that would burn a hole in the editorial page of most contemporary newspapers. Some of Mencken's flights—his examination of Warren Harding's language, termed "Gamalielese" ("It reminds me of a string of wet sponges; it reminds me of tattered washing on the line; it reminds me of stale bean-soup, of college yells, of dogs barking idiotically through endless nights. It is so

bad that a sort of grandeur creeps into it"), and his rapturous obituary of William Jennings Bryan—are anthology pieces, monuments of American satire. But his obituary of Calvin Coolidge strikes, amid its humor, a rueful note of self-confrontation. Our stolid, laconic thirtieth Chief Executive had been amply limned by Mencken before; in 1924 he called him "the vacuum in the White House," in 1931 he wrote that the former President had all the character of "a cast-iron dog on a lawn." However, when Coolidge unexpectedly died—having seemed to be "precisely the sort of man who would live to a vast and preposterous age, gradually mummifying in a sort of autogenous vacuum"—Mencken mainly recalled the man's luckiness, and marvelled at the ease with which Coolidge had slipped up the political ladder into the highest office: "No man ever came to market with less seductive goods, and no man ever got a better price for what he had to offer." The journalist inevitably notes Silent Cal's failure to tackle any of the nation's problems during his tenure, and his notorious ability to sleep long hours: "Wrapped in a magnificent silence, his feet upon his desk, he drowsed away the lazy days." But Mencken then asks himself if this narcoleptic inactivity was altogether bad, and concludes not: "The worst fodder for a President is not poppy and mandragora, but strychnine and adrenalin. We suffer most when the White House bursts with ideas." In retrospect the country will remember of Coolidge "only the grateful fact that he let it alone. . . . If the day ever comes when Jefferson's warnings are heeded at last, and we reduce government to its simplest terms, it may very well happen that Cal's bones . . . will come to be revered as those of a man who really did the nation some service." With some abashment, Mencken confronts in Coolidge his ideal President—the one who does nothing.

This fitted Mencken's anarchic credo,



put forth in 1924: "I believe that all government is evil, and that trying to improve it is largely a waste of time." In the spirit if not the exact language of the Berkeley *Barb* four decades later, when Vietnam and pot had produced the greatest invitation to scofflawry since Prohibition, he scorns the "Polizei" and praises criminals: "Try to imagine a race so broken to the yoke that it no longer produced highwaymen! God help the United States if it ever comes to that." A column on the Constitution ringingly begins, "All government, in its essence, is organized exploitation, and in virtually all of its existing forms it is the implacable enemy of every industrious and well-disposed man." Public servants are comically corrupt peddlers of buncombe: "The one aim of all such persons is to butter their own parsnips. They have no concept of the public good that can be differentiated from their concept of their own good." Such an insight can be effortlessly extended abroad: "Politics in Latin America, as in the United States, is idealistic only in words. Fundamentally, it is simply a struggle for jobs, with the hindmost left to the Devil." Perceptions so clear-eyed leave little scope for indignation, which is bred of disillusion, and in fact Mencken, except where his own existence was molested by prohibitions on liquor or reading matter, did not wax indignant. He waxed poetic.

Ms. Rodgers in her introduction quotes Mencken as claiming, "I am at my best in articles written in heat and printed at once." The urgencies of newspaper work curbed his natural verbosity and pedantry, while giving his robust and combustible mind display space. The pending deadline licensed his disinclination for intricate second thoughts, and the hasty compression of mental effort produced many marvelous verbal flowers. It is one thing to accuse public leaders of buncombe; it is another, and finer, to call their receptive followers "buncombophagi." The stale metaphor "counting noses" for the voting process takes on bizarre vitality as Mencken lets himself run with it: "The [Scopes] case will be decided by counting noses—and for every nose in these hills that has ever thrust itself into any book save the Bible there are a hundred adorned with the brass ring of Bryan." His rolling periods, studded with German words and revivals from obsolescence

like "aurochs" (the nearly extinct European bison, used loosely to mean "ox" or "average American"), were inimitable—except by S. J. Perelman, who took them to their logical conclusion of a laugh in every sentence. There are plenty of laughs here. Exploring the English diet in general, Mencken finds good words for English mutton, and decides that it is "the product of English grass—unquestionably the best grass on this piebald ball. Ah, that the English nobility and gentry could dine as well as their sheep!" Of Truman's campaign in 1948 he writes, "If there had been any formidable body of cannibals in the country he would have promised to provide them with free missionaries fattened at the taxpayers' expense." No journalist practicing today can hit quite so orotund and jocular a note, not because none are as clever as Mencken but because none can, in this age of airplanes and round-the-clock CNN, luxuriate in his peculiar distance from the shared national life.

"I believe my chances in Germany would have been at least as good as they have been in America, and maybe a great deal better. I was born here and so were my father and mother, and I have spent all of my 62 years here, but I still find it impossible to fit myself into the accepted patterns of American life and thought. After all these years, I remain a foreigner." Mencken confided this to his diary not in the gemütlich days of the Weimar Republic but in the ninth year of Hitler's dictatorship, with the United States launched on a mighty war to relieve the world of the patterns of German thought as they had developed. It was not his German ancestry that held him aloof; Dreiser was of more recent immigrant blood than he, and identified wholly with American striving. It was something, possibly, about Baltimore. "The city into which I was born in 1880 had a reputation all over for what the English, in their real-estate advertising, are fond of calling the amenities," begins the fourth chapter of his autobiographical "Happy Days." For twenty-four years, he boasts in "The Impossible H. L. Mencken," in his column "On Living in Baltimore," he kept an office in Manhattan yet continued to commute the "four long hours" to his native city, where he lived in one house for forty years. Even now, does not this cozy semi-

major city exercise a powerful gravitational force? Does not the work of its two leading literary residents, Anne Tyler and John Barth, exhibit a kindred sense of happy insulation, of brimming sufficiency in an exemplary province? When Mencken writes about Baltimore virtues, it is of the horsecars and old stables and the "unutterably charming" neighborhoods; when he writes of New York, it is as a tourist, marvelling at the luxury hotels and the well-stocked shops, the ceaseless construction and the traffic jams. "Baltimore is agreeable to me . . . New York irritates me." In his stubborn conservatism and conscienceless jubilation, he was—dare we say it?—a yokel.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TAX INSPECTOR, by Peter Carey (Knopf; \$21). The tax inspection of Catchprice Motors, in Franklin, Australia, has been brought on by the owner, a methodically mad old woman whose children run the dealership. Her daughter, though she drinks too much, has been keeping things together while becoming a successful country-and-Western singer; at forty-five, she talks about leaving home with the belligerent righteousness of someone who's just attained her majority. A son believes that *he* is the linchpin of the business, and that he has been much wronged by having one son who is a Hare Krishna and another who is crazy. Only one Catchprice has escaped: he is a wealthy real-estate developer who mixes with Sydney socialites. He falls in love with the tax inspector of the title, a beautiful thirty-four-year-old pregnant but unwed Greek immigrant. Madness is a formula for mayhem, and it ensues. Much of Mr. Carey's novel is funny, some of it is ghastly, and all of it is written with vigor and snap.

COWBOYS ARE MY WEAKNESS, by Pam Houston (Norton; \$19.95). Twelve short stories, in which a mostly first-person narrator shoots rapids, races half-broken horses, and acts as an assistant hunter's guide even though she's opposed to killing animals—all in pursuit of an assortment of wild men, who, whatever their fascination for her, remain strangely phantomlike to the

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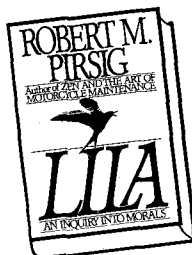
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—X.J. KENNEDY

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reader. Their elusiveness is matched by the narrator's own: despite the meticulous exploration of irreconcilable differences, these are chronicles not so much of relationships as of a series of random collisions. Ultimately, they seem to point to the phenomenon of attraction to what one wishes to become; the wise-cracking narrator is in many ways as smart, tough, and daring as any cowboy. And though some of the stories come to disappointingly pat conclusions, the collection is illuminated by a sturdy sense of humor and a gift for poetic description.

FAMILY MONEY, by Nina Bawden (St. Martin's; \$17.95). Fanny Pye is sixty years old, recently widowed, and living happily alone in London until one evening, on her way home from a neighborhood restaurant, she is knocked out while witnessing a savage street fight. When she wakes up in the hospital, bruised and unsteady, she finds herself unable to remember what happened, although she is the key witness in what is to become a murder investigation. Equally humiliating is Fanny's realization that this incident has rendered her old and incompetent in the eyes of her children: isn't it time Mother gave up the family house and moved into something more practical? The house in question, a slum property when Fanny and her husband bought it, is now worth half a million pounds. Whether or not it should be sold, and what should be done with the proceeds, is the ostensible subject of Ms. Bawden's latest book: a sly yet generous depiction of enlightened self-interest. At the novel's heart, however, is Fanny herself, and the troubling and liberating ways in which this violent episode reverberates through her life—jarring things loose from the past and redirecting her future.

NOTE: "Sleepwalker in a Fog," a collection of stories by Tatyana Tolstaya, has been published by Knopf (\$19). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE END OF HISTORY AND THE LAST MAN, by Francis Fukuyama (Free Press; \$24.95). The author holds the unfashionable view that human history has an end, a purpose, an

ideal form toward which all societies have been evolving, and that end is liberal democracy accompanied by a more or less market-driven economy. Mr. Fukuyama is intelligent, brief, and lucid—he deserves a medal for the clarity with which he expounds political theory. Reinterpreting Hegel in a way that may surprise his readers, he finds that Hegel's thought, truly understood, contributes to the cause of liberty rather than (as most of us were taught) to statism. The author applies his abstract ideas to the problems of specific governments and societies that we see around us, and though he writes at a time when all forms of absolutism and authoritarianism seem to be on the defensive, his book isn't mere cheerleading; his refined speculations suggest plenty of ways that liberal democracy might falter, here and abroad.

BENEVOLENCE AND BETRAYAL: FIVE ITALIAN JEWISH FAMILIES UNDER FASCISM, by Alexander Stille (Summit; \$25). This searching study comes alive because the author's skills extract from documents and interviews the moment-by-moment texture of the past. Mr. Stille tells us that before the Second World War there were about forty-seven thousand Jews in Italy, out of a total population of forty-five million. The first of his five families is that of a rich banker and ardent Fascist, who could not believe that his idol, Mussolini would betray his trust and waited too long to flee. Another family produced a member of the anti-Fascist underground; he was turned in to the secret police by the cousin of a family friend. A poor family from the Rome ghetto suffered the worst losses—members killed outright or in death camps. The story of a Genoese family includes a pilot, a rabbi, and a priest. Mr. Stille's fifth family, in Ferrara, survived the camps by luck and cleverness, and eventually managed to take up their old lives again.

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Rockland (Maine)
Courier-Gazette]

Last weekend John Travolta met Ben Murdock in the dining room of the Samos hotel. John was dining alone and Ben was visiting with his family for the night. The had a lot to talk about since Ben knows John Travolta's plumber.

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